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THE NEW YORKER

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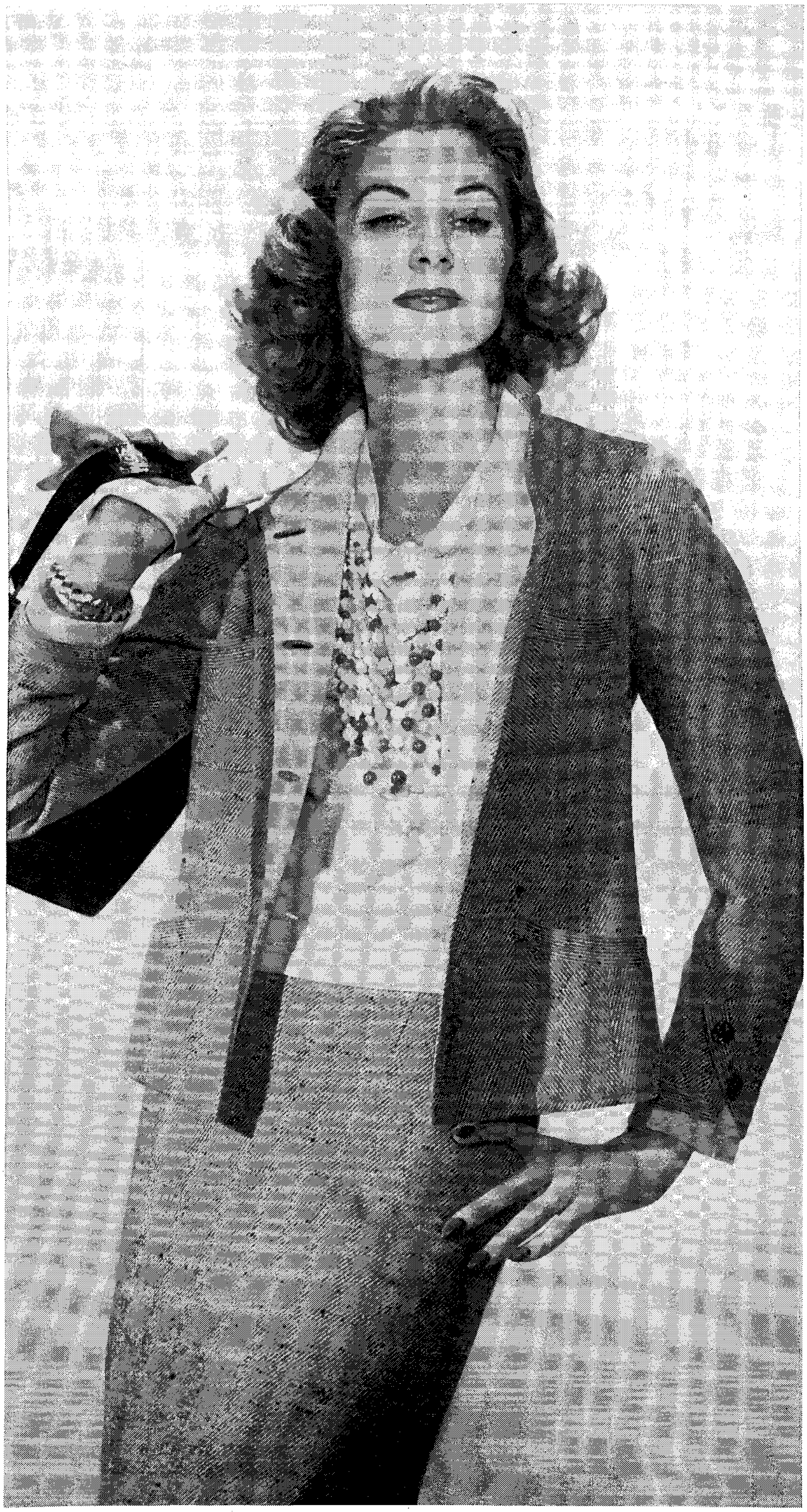

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Hidden River—This is a play dealing with every man's political responsibility, and it makes its point. Ruth and Augustus Goetz adapted Storm Jameson's novel, and their admirable cast includes Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. Robert Lewis is the director, and the Gallic interior was designed by Stewart Chaney. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach in the leading roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually effective sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's and Frank Conroy's. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault Company—The final performances by this colorful and polished troupe of French repertory players. The late Jean Giraudoux's play "Intermezzo," with music by Francis Poulenc, opens Thursday, Feb. 14, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A double bill—"Le Chien du Jardinier," Lope de Vega's Spanish comedy, adapted by Georges Neveux, and "Les Adieux" (sketches, poems, songs, and pantomimes)—opens Monday, Feb. 18, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Regular evening performances at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are highly efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Uncle Willie—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always entranced his admirers in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed; Oliver Smith designed the setting; and Louis and Bebe Barron provided the abundant and peculiar sound effects. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. Lucienne Hill supplied the translation, and Harold Clurman is the director. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Long Runs—**the diary of anne frank:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **inherit the wind:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **middle of the night:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has a leading role, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

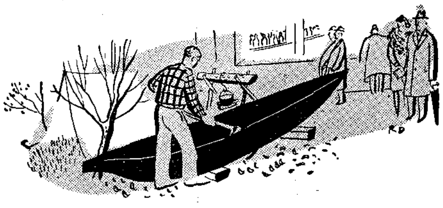
Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell in a comedy by Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries, based on the latter's novel. Presented by the Theatre Guild and staged by Mr. Fields. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy includes lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 17, and special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **MR. WONDERFUL:** Sammy Davis, Jr., in something to do with the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare (for the time being) plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—A comedy by Ronald Alexander, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews. Produced and directed by Shepard Traube. Opens Thursday, Feb. 14. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, Feb. 15-17: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 22: "Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Ben Bagley's excellent revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, Charles Strouse, and Lee Adams. The cast includes Dody Goodman, Dorothy Greener, Paul Mazursky, and Fay De Witt. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Friday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

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DOWNTOWN THEATRE—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," which has been staged by Day Tuttle. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Two plays presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. "Measure for Measure," with Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Richard Waring, will play through Sunday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Taming of the Shrew," with Nina Foch and Pernell Roberts. Preview Tuesday, Feb. 19, for the benefit of St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie; for tickets, call UL 5-5107. Formal opening Wednesday, Feb. 20. Will run through Sunday, March 10. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Twelfth Night," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. With Gerald Hiken and Laurinda Barrett. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Swan Lake," "Pastorale" (première), "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Filling Station," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "Fanfare," "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Serenade," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 17: "Filling Station," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Souvenirs," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 17: "Allegro Brillante," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 20: "Filling Station," "The Still Point," "Picnic at Tintagel," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Divertimento No. 15," "Pastorale," "Allegro Brillante," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday matinées and evenings, Feb. 22-23: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—As their second production this season, the group will do "The Last Five Minutes," a modern Italian comedy by Aldo De Benedetti. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, at 8:40, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A collection of butterflies (mostly social) and moths (mostly of the flame) has been provided for patrons eager to improve their minds. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lilo, who is spending her leisure time singing vigorously in the handsome Cotillion Room about the pleasures, legal and otherwise, of a certain city on the Seine, has joined the ladies who like, in the course of their evening's work, to strip down to a play suit. An orchestra operated by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Denise Lor, the new dish on the Persian Room's dinner and supper menu, is taking time off from singing on television to see how the rest of us live. Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in action the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—So many Lombardos nest in the Grill at night that it's easier to dance to their twitterings than it is to just talk. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the inflexible order of the evening, is presenting Doretta Morrow, who, not content with letting the customers know that she has a beautiful voice, feels impelled to manage a special costume change so they'll know that she has beautiful legs. In between her dinner and supper recitals, the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Ray McKinley, the Glenn Miller band, and a houseful of fine old

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Glenn Miller orchestrations, which still withstand the test of time. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Man is born to trouble, say the tense little couplets of Lena Horne, who looks and sounds as if she meant every word of them. This neat bit of spellbinding is available at dinner and supper in the Empire Room; Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischa Borr's band function all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The quickest way of getting away from it all is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch restless New York turning into a Jack and the Beanstalk. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

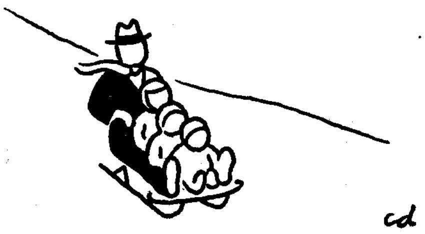
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture, complete with green bay tree, where the browsing is decorous indeed. Addison Bailey's cocktail, dinner, and supper piano is in keeping with the mood. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. George Rosner does a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style county fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violinists to the left of you, violinists to the right of you, violinists in front of you volley without thundering. The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, take over whenever these boys pause. The music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eadie and Rack have abandoned globe-trotting, for a while, in favor of evening-long two-piano recitals that offer humor as well as harmonics. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is now the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best table-side manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The bar-and-grill sounds more like its old self now that Cy Walter has sat down again at the piano. He plays from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A new assembly room for those whose interests begin and end at the stage door. Life here, which is on the posh side, begins at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin every evening but Monday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, a rhyming dictionary with a piano, has come a long way (from St. Louis) to intone his inventive ballads. He's around this decorator's dream after ten. Closed Mondays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Mondays.... **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano by Steve Weltner, a recent import from South America. This begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A bustling music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when Monica Boyár is singing and a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An armchair-and-chaise-longue sort of lounge, designed for conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

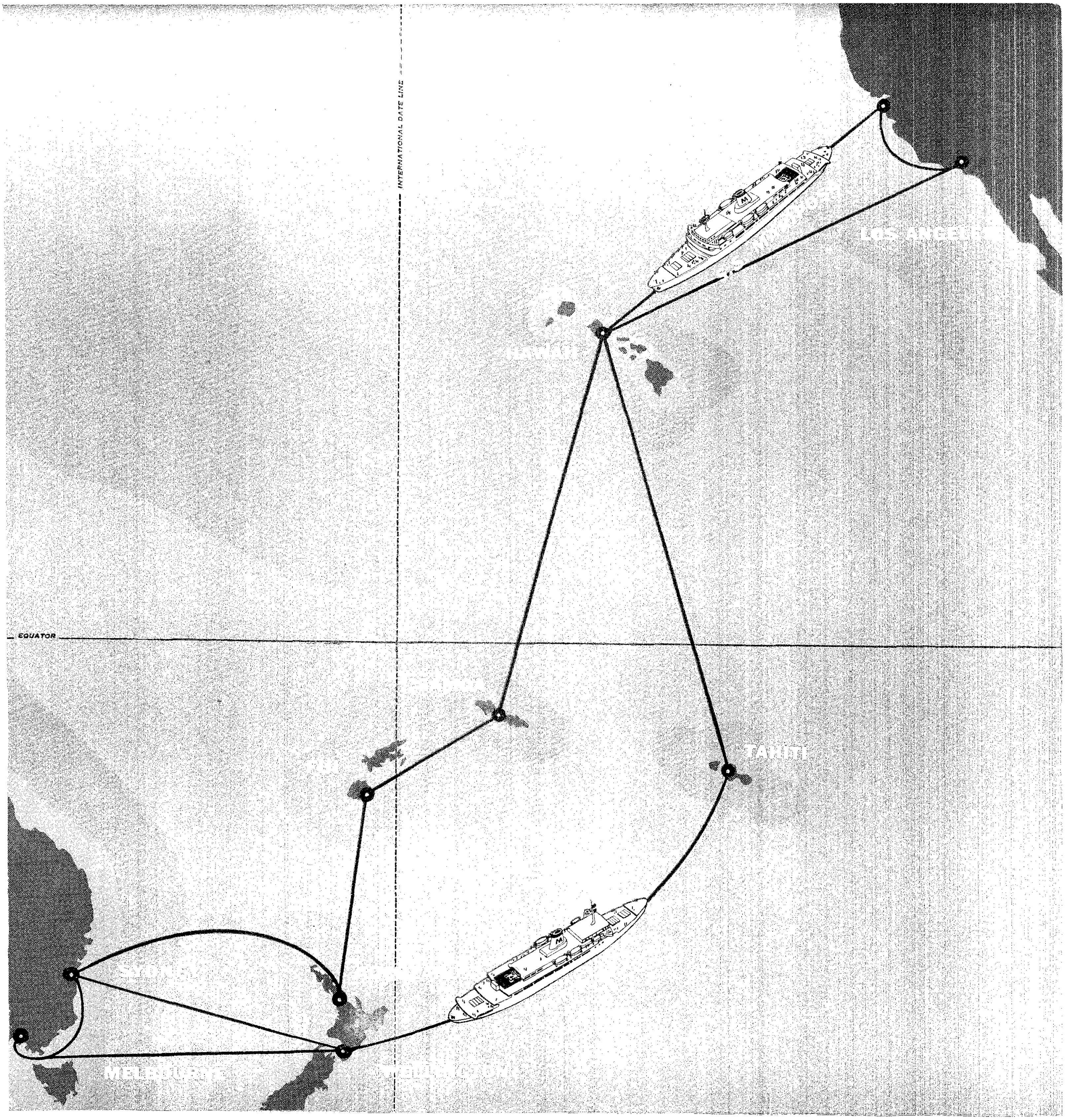
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The principals in the all-in-fun festival are Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder), two perfect specimens of night-blooming flora; Orson Bean, with his shaggy-dog and shaggy-Martian stories; Dorothy Loudon, whose attack on foolish old hit-parade songs is wild and witty; and Johnny Mathis, a high-style jazz singer who can't always leave well enough alone. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements make everything sound its best. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session, from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, our own Little Buttercup, is giving her raffish ditties that fine old hop, skip, and jump treatment. Abbey Lincoln, the rest of the cast, represents a newer *schola cantorum*. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard finds this a handy place to go right out of her witty little mind, which (since practice makes perfect) she does with neatness and dispatch. There are also Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; Joey Carter, who has jokes in every category; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and the piano soliloquies of Warren Vaughan. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, by the way, Phil Leeds, a humorist of extra dimensions, will replace Mr. Carter. Closed Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who holds the floor most of the evening, has messages for all of us, so deftly garbled in transmission that the end product is not only utter confusion but utter joy. There are, in addition, the obstreperous clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell; Portia Nelson, whose treatment of both sad and sardonic songs leaves nothing to be desired; and the Norman Paris trio, with its unique evening-dress syncopation. Closed Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Mabel Mercer arrives at eleven to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto, and Sam Hamilton, her perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. There are also ballads by Felicia Sanders, who often toasts her lyrics over a rather warm fire. She starts at ten every evening but Monday. Miss Mercer and Mr. Hamilton are absent Sundays.... **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkiest troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday, his vacation time, Isobel Robins sings about what is left of romance. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. Also around are Nancy Andrews and her love-'em-and-leave-'em chanteys, and Dick Smart, a more romantic vocalist. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Andrews; Mondays, amateur talent replaces Mr. Smart.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Carmen Amaya's long and honorable career is, at the moment, being continued in this Jack London sort of café, where she is the life of the flamenco dance party that goes on two or three times every evening of the week.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the land of cotton, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin have a go at the piano and drums. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A kind of jazz that is part rumpus, part byplay, part community sing. The professional participants are Dorothy Donegan's threesome and Jonah Jones' foursome. Their music starts at nine, and there's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a glorious old yesteryear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music—Bernard Peiffer's trio and the Chuck Wayne quartet, which is introducing Dick Wetmore, a quadruple-threat instrumentalist, to our town. The theme of both squads is that there's great hope for the future. The first group is off Mondays, the latter Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Carmen McRae, Charlie Ventura's



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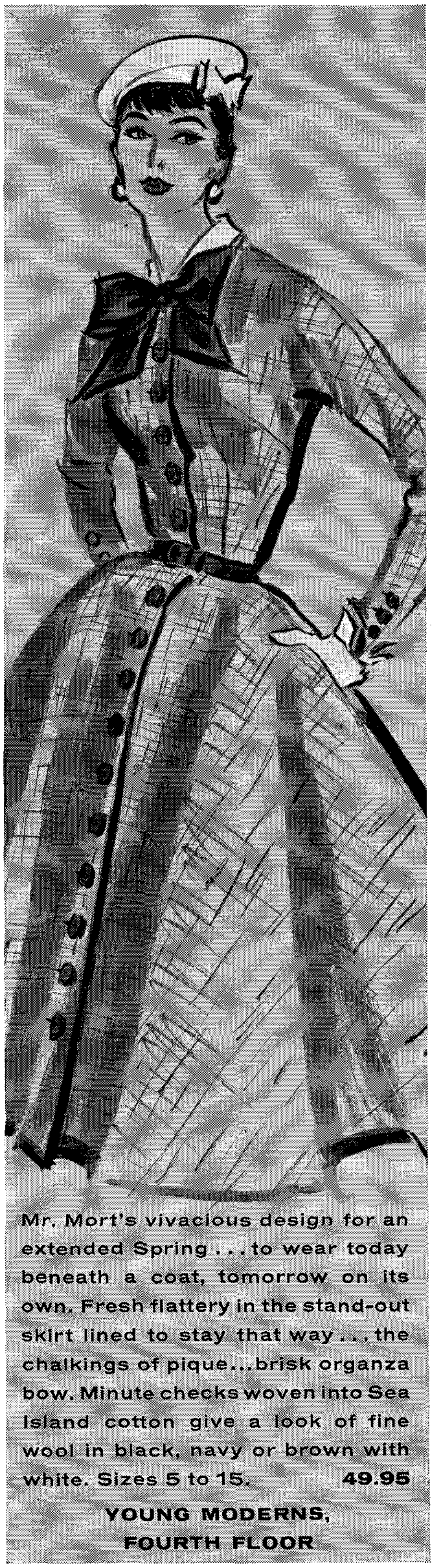

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quintet, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers become airborne with the greatest of ease, and modern is the word for the work they do. Everybody's around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is an enthusiastic trio led by Russ Haddock, a young piano man who appears to belong to no school at all. Frannie Thorne, the interlude pianist, is in a more introspective state of mind. The music begins at nine. No action Mondays.... **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The littlest music room of them all, and devoted mainly to the proposition that the old order is dead, long live the new. Cy Coleman, the recreation director here, leads his trio into action every night except Sunday.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Mood music of 1957, 1958, et seq. Buddy De Franco's quintet and Ronnie Bright's trio do a good job of interpreting it. Closed Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A week-end contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, and Dick Wellstood.... **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel secedes to the Solid South between nine and one, when Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs) keep the heat turned on. The intermission pianist is Sanford Gold, a good man in a clutch. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEONARD BASKIN—A first showing here of sculptures that nicely combine Early American folk-art forms with modern suggestions; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GIFFORD BEAL—A big, inclusive, generally interesting memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by this American artist, who died last year; through Friday, Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

JEAN BRISSON—Still-lifes and landscapes by a young French painter new to New York; through Feb. 28. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Etchings and lithographs based on La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Arabian Nights," and the Bible, together with some varied water colors and drawings; through March 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

JANE BRASWELL CRAWFORD—Billowing, cloudlike abstractions, in a local début; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Figures, landscapes, and animals are depicted in this Italian artist's third one-man exhibition in America; through March 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

LIN EMERY—A first exhibit here of the artist's craggily effective abstract sculptures and bas-reliefs; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

JEAN FAUTRIER—This Parisian artist is currently represented by thirty-one canvases; through March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—About fifteen recent abstract oils; through March 2. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—A dozen of her latest gigantic Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 2. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JAN GELB—Paintings and drawings by a native New Yorker; through March 2. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New paintings, much broader in feeling and design than heretofore, in his first showing since 1954; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WILLIAM M. HARNETT—A group of this nineteenth-century painter's still-lifes; through March 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JOHN HARTELL—Landscape paintings, mostly, in a sort of mixture of the abstract and Impressionist styles; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JOE JONES—Water colors, prints, and color lithographs dealing with maritime subjects, as well as sculptured drawings; through Feb. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Twelve oils and several sculptures (his first), in bronze, all done in Italy while on a Fulbright award; through March 2. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

DORIS ROSENTHAL—Oils and pastels on Mexican subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EGON SCHIELE—A review of water colors and drawings by this Austrian Expressionist (1890-1918); through Saturday, Feb. 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

THOMAS SILLS—A new set of abstract paintings, full of bubbling forms and glowing colors; through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

WALTER STEIN—Large, shadowy paintings, adroitly mingling realistic designs with occasional abstract overtones; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

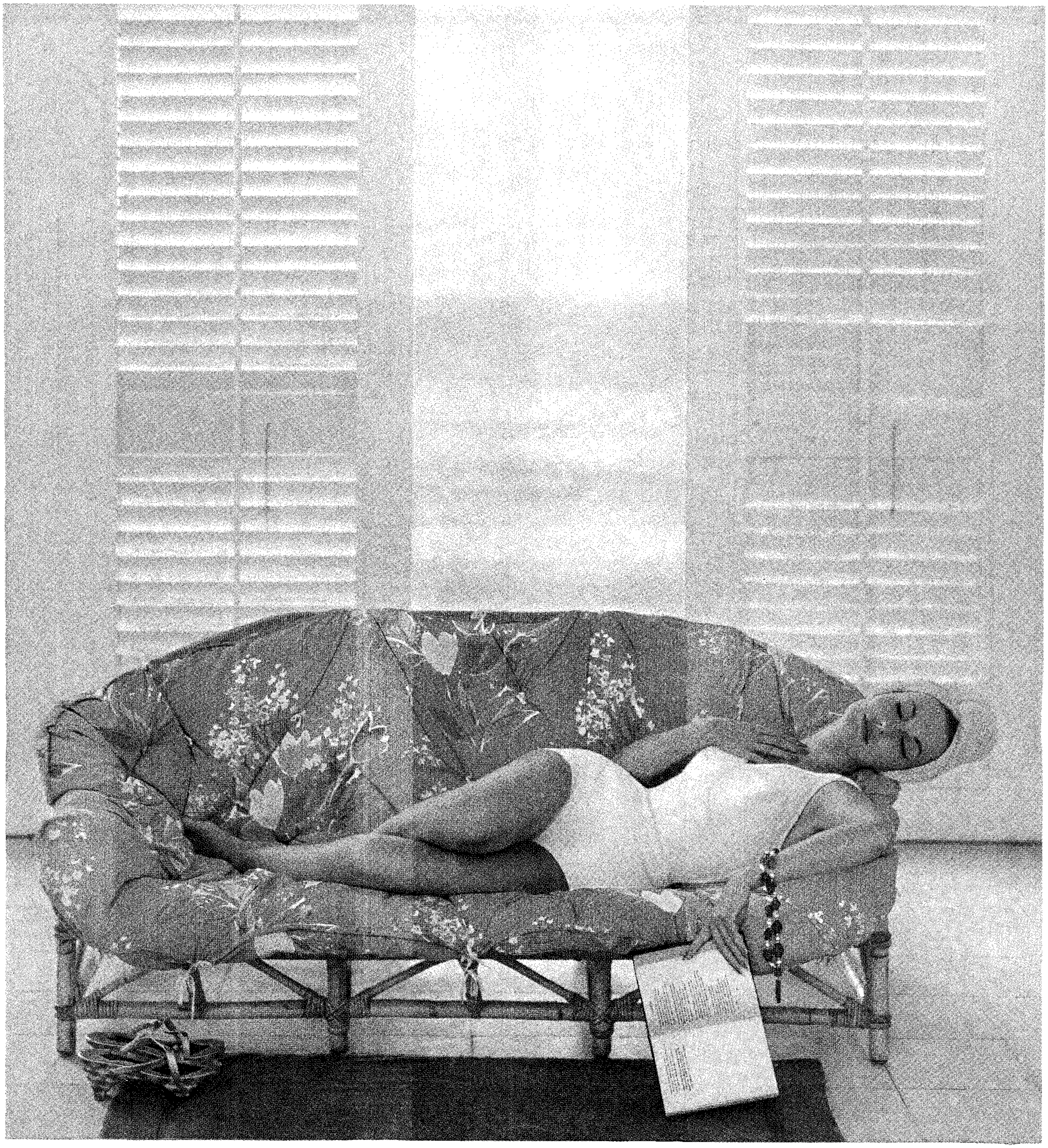
EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—His fourteenth annual show, comprising thirty-two gouaches on a wide variety of subjects; through March 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

HANS UHLMANN—Water colors, drawings, and stainless-steel sculptures, turned out between 1951 and 1956 in Germany; through March 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—A retrospective of some sixty oils; for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. Through March 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.: The midseason exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the League of Present-Day Artists, whose members include Nancy Dryfoos, Domenico Facci, and Helen Gerardia; through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four twentieth-century American paintings by a dozen painters, among them John Marin, George Bellows, and Eugene Speicher, plus a collection of oils, water colors, and drawings by Edward Hopper; through March 1. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with items by Chaim Gross, Louis Schanker, Seymour Lipton, and others; through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9.) ... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The February offering contains fifty oils chosen by Samuel Adler, Victor Candell, and Paul Cadmus; through March 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a presentation of paintings by artists identified with it, including Ben Benn, Charles Heidenreich, and Charles LeClair; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 11 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show entitled "Incantations," made up of ab-



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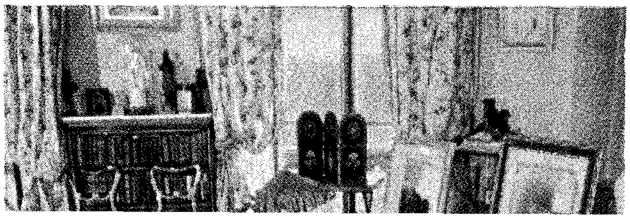

stractions by Hans Hofmann, David Hare, Pierre Soulages, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through March 2. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through March 16. . . . WORLD HOUSE GALLERIES, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The opening exhibition in this new establishment is called "The Struggle for New Form" and consists of paintings and sculptures, on loan, dating from the end of the nineteenth century to 1950 and ranging from Manet to Pollock; for the benefit of Just One Break, Inc. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

CUBANS; GROUP SHOW—A display of present-day Cuban paintings, with examples by sixteen invited artists; through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 11 to 6.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Works by seven French painters, including Vlaminck and Buffet, and one Italian sculptor, Carmelo Cappello; through March 1. . . . HELLER, 63 E. 57th St.: Felice Casorati, Bruno Cassinari, Renzo Vespignani, and nine other contemporary Italian painters; through Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-six oils by such artists as Miró, Chagall, and Rouault, all of them being shown here for the first time; through March 9. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: "Masterpieces Recalled," comprising fifty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir (to name a few) that have been handled by the gallery and are on loan from private collections and museums; for the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through March 2. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Oils by twelve modern masters, among them Kandinsky, Modigliani, and Severini; through March 16.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Harry Gottlieb; starting Monday, Feb. 18. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Giuseppi Guerreschi and Israel Levitan; starting Monday, Feb. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Theodor and Woty Werner; starting Monday, Feb. 18. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Antonio Tàpies; starting Thursday, Feb. 21. . . . JAMES, 70 E. 12th St.: Rita Dean-in Abbey; starting Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Whitney Hoyt; starting Monday, Feb. 18. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Hedda Sterne; starting Monday, Feb. 18. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5. The Versailles rooms will be closed on Washington's Birthday.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About fifty drawings, by artists from North and South America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, acquired by the Museum over the past few years; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A selection of prints by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944); through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," composed of a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by about thirty Puerto Rican artists, in our first

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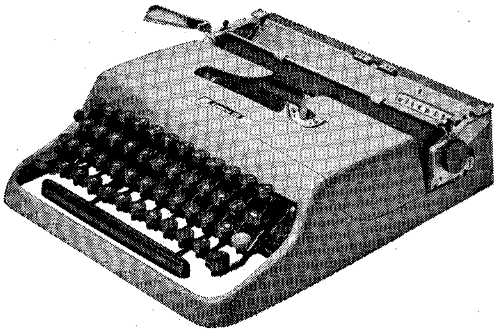

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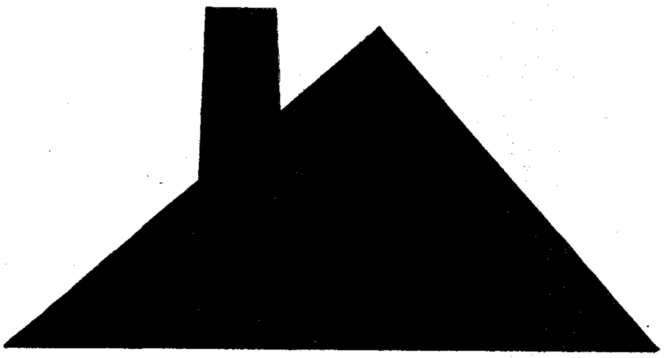

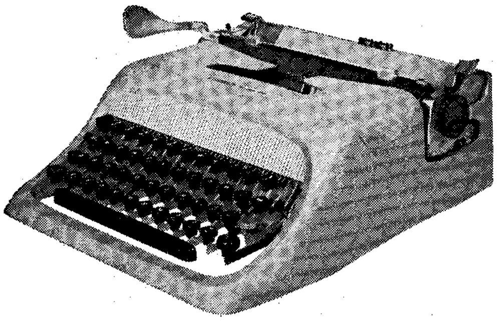

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York view of what seems to be a renaissance down there; through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings (1815-65) from the M. and M. Karolik collection of nineteenth-century American art, most of them lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Licia Albanese, Nadine Conner, Margaret Roggero, Martial Singher, and Ralph Herbert. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Gianni Poggi, Walter Cassel, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1:30: "Siegfried," with Martha Moedl, Wolfgang Windgassen, Otto Edelmann, and Norman Kelley. (The third of four special-subscription performances.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 18, at 8:15: "Das Rheingold," with Martha Lipton, Mariquita Moll, Ramon Vinay, and Hermann Uhde. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Hermann Uhde. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Opera Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Sandra Warfield, Walter Cassel, and Jon Crain. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Aida," with Antonietta Stella, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, and Kurt Boehme.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter directing on Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 15, at 2:30; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:30 (all with Maria Stader, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:45 (with Jean Casadesus, piano).

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting an all-Bartók program, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. A benefit sponsored by the American Hungarian Studies Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Leontyne Price, soprano; Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; the Rutgers University Choir; and the Philadelphia Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Musical Salute to Negro History Week—A symphony orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, plus Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Charlotte Price, soprano, and Tessa Yerzy, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn

Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Bach program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Julius Baker, flute; and Isidore Cohen, violin. The second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

New Works for Chamber Orchestra—Carlos Surinach conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call TR 9-5512.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

American Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Gloria Sylvia, mezzo-soprano; Grant Williams, tenor; and Mack Harrell, baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing performances of Falla's "El Retablo" and Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," both in concert form, with Martial Singher, baritone, and others. The last in a series of four concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

George London—Bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 8:40.)

Leonard Rose—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:40.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of German Reformation and baroque music. The last in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:40.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The third in a series of ten concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. It will involve Jean Heafner, soprano; Max Pollikoff, violin; and composers Robert Starer, David Johnson, Anthony Strilko, and Vladimir Ussachevsky. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5:30.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor, in the first of two lieder concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Associates—The New York Woodwind Quintet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:40.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 19, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Jazz Concerts—Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie and his orchestra, Joe Williams, Jeri Southern, Bud Powell's trio, the quartets of Terry Gibbs and Phineas Newborn, Jr., Chet Baker, Lester Young, Zoot Sims, and others are due to be on hand. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 15: Spider Webb vs. Neal Rivers, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)....¶ Monday, Feb. 18, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30.

Tennis—Professional matches: Ken Rosewall, Richard Gonzales, Jack Kramer, and Francisco Segura. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 1:30.)...¶ Amateur matches: U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 20-21, at 6; Friday, Feb. 22, at 1:30 and 8; Saturday, Feb. 23 (semifinals), at 1:30; and Sunday, Feb. 24 (finals), at 2. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:15: New York Athletic Club....¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 6:45: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 11.)...**LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Play—The Traveling Playhouse presenting "The Enchanted Treasure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Feb. 22, at 10:30 and 3.)

Variety Show—"Young Davy Crockett," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957; through March 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Washington's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations figures are interviewed and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings on WCBS-TV, from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Prose and Poetry Readings—At **VANDERBILT HALL**, New York University: Robert Graves reading from his own works. (40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Henry Hull reading from the works of Mark Twain. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**NATIONAL SPORTS AND VACATION SHOW:** All the paraphernalia for the wide-open spaces, plus demonstrations of fly casting, golf driving, archery, logrolling, and retrieving. There will also be an exhibit tracing the history of firearms from the blunderbuss to today's automatic weapons. (Friday, Feb. 15, from 6 to 11; Saturdays, Feb. 16 and 23, and Washington's Birthday from 11 to 11; Sundays, Feb. 17 and 24, from 1 to 10; and Monday through Thursday, Feb. 18-21, from noon to 11.) . . . **NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW:** The latest in photographic equipment and techniques, as well as special displays by the New York Press Photographers Association and other groups. (Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 20-24. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sunday, 2 to 8.)

Stars in the Drawing Room—An exhibition of theatrical costumes, paintings, and photographs illustrating the various fashions that have appeared on the New York stage from 1872 to 1954. Included in the collection are costumes that were worn by Gertrude Lawrence, Ina Claire, and Lynn Fontanne. Through June 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Treasures Preserved and Interpreted—Some two hundred rarities in a show arranged as a tribute to the collectors and scholars who have preserved and interpreted these works of art and literature. Among the items are Mesopotamian cylinder seals, medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, a first edition of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and drawings and water colors covering a wide range of centuries and countries; through April 20. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 15, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1:45: French and Venetian furniture and decorations, from the estate of Beatrice B. Cartwright and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, at 1:45: The bibliographical library of William B. Liebman, together with Americana, first editions, and other literary material, belonging to Mrs. Sherman Flint and others.

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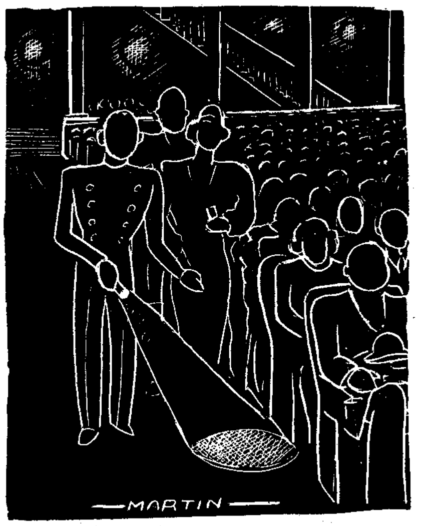
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne and written by S. J. Perelman, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Giant—A Texas-size view of Texas, which is apparently populated by a peculiar band of primitives in a permanent state of uproar. Adapted from the novel by Edna Ferber and directed by George Stevens, the movie goes on for some three and a half hours, leaving the cast, headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean, looking winded at the finish. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Feb. 19.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 20.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the resilient ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, based on the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad slapstick to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the career of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Private's Progress—This first-class British comedy finally proves that there's a lot of humor to be found in the military life. The hero is Ian Carmichael, who plays a scholarly and bemused private; he is assisted skillfully by Richard Attenborough and Dennis Price. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Feb. 16, tentative.)

The Proud and the Beautiful—A drunken doctor and a despondent widow find glum but interesting romance in a seedy Veracruz suburb that is in the grip of an epidemic of spotted fever. A French film, adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre and directed by Yves Allégret. Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan top a capable cast, which includes a good many native Mexicans. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Feb. 16.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural romp concerned with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 20.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 20, tentative.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 17-19, tentative.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Judy Holliday at her funny best in an adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichmann play about a lady who, although she owns only a few shares in a business enterprise, succeeds in taking charge of it by getting the other stockholders to rally around her. With Paul Douglas, Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, and John Williams. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 20.... ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 20, tentative.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong, but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—Ostensibly a clinical look at the problem of nymphomania, but actually more successful as a melodrama. The cast, in which Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin are prominent, cannot be faulted. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Wee Geordie—How a ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A pleasant British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 17-19.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Feb. 15.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Feb. 16.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 14.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Feb. 20.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock (1953)—An Italian film about a number of young girls who are plunged into tragedy by the collapse of a stairway. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 16.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Feb. 17.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 16: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst.... ¶ Feb. 17-20: "The Good Earth" (1937), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Feb. 14: "Written on the Wind," Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Feb. 15: "Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Anna Kashfi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Three Violent People," Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Feb. 20: "The Wings of Eagles," John Wayne, Dan Dailey.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Top Secret Affair," Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Girl Can't Help It," Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).

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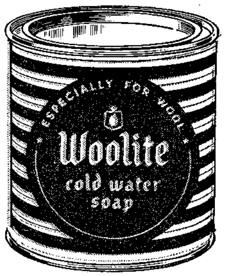
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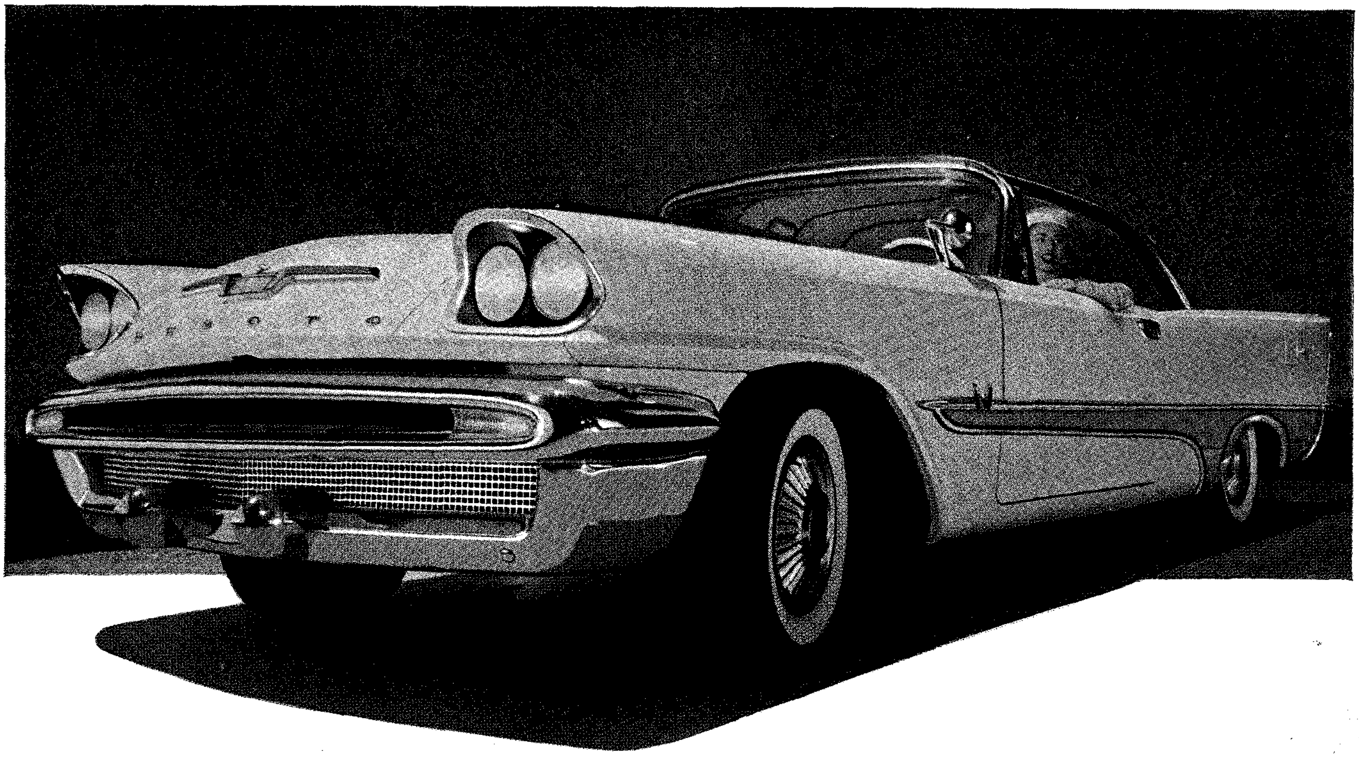

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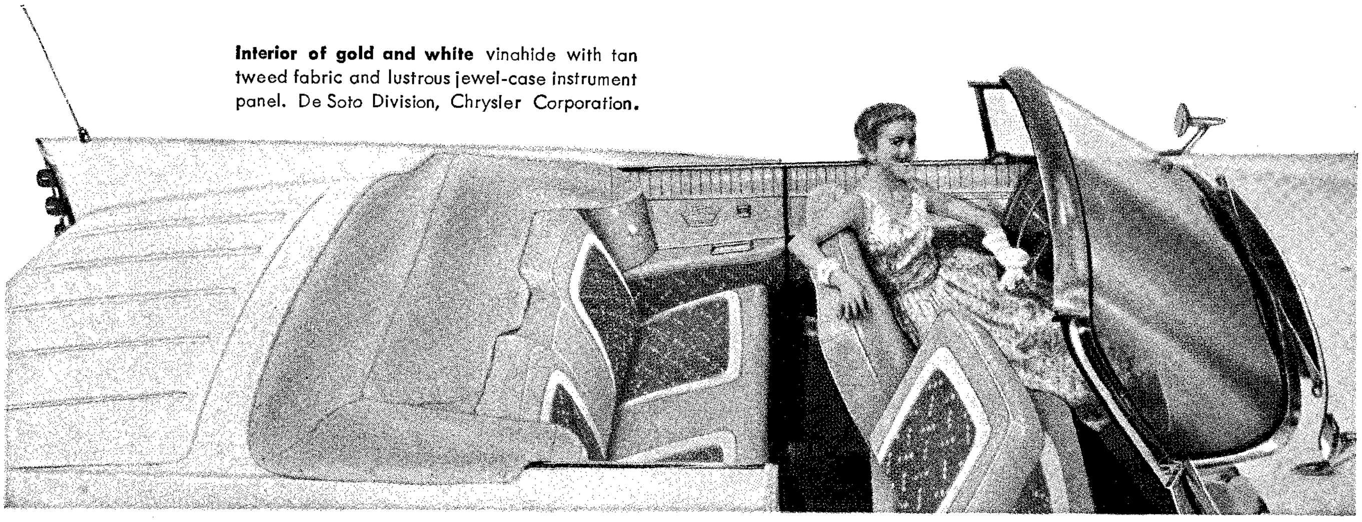

Interior of gold and white vinahide with tan tweed fabric and lustrous jewel-case instrument panel. De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

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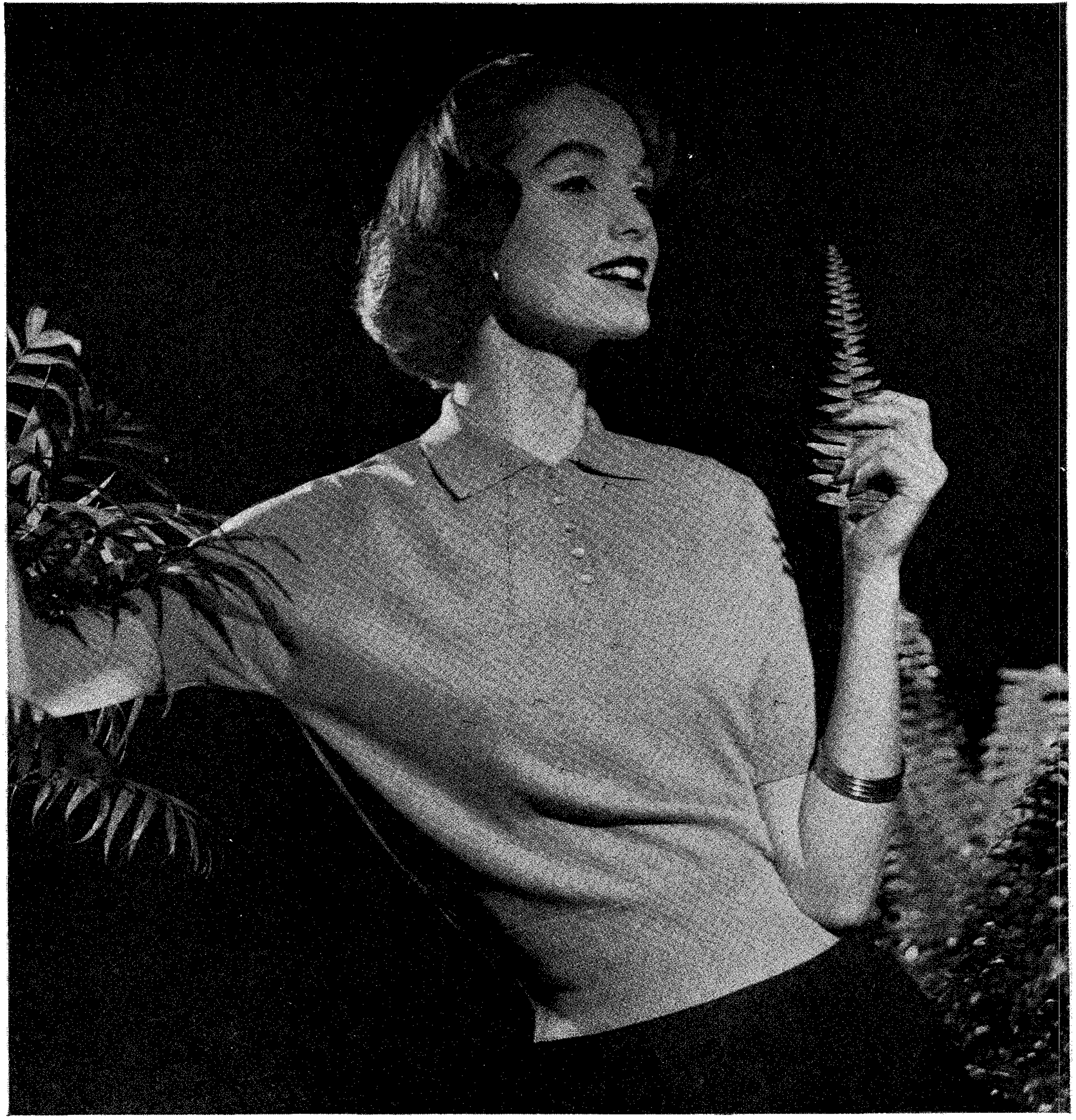

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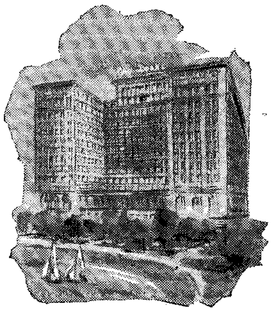

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

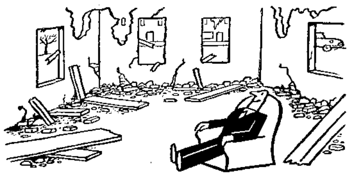
Notes and Comment

IN a hospital room where we lay recently, waiting to get our cylinders rebored, a nurse appeared and asked if there was anything we wanted. "Scotch," we replied, with admirable candor. The nurse seemed stunned by this six-letter word. She was game, though, and put in a couple of phone calls—one to the doctor for permission, the other (we concluded) to the janitor of the building for the whiskey. The drink came after a while, a rich blend of cooking sherry and Listerine. Out of consideration for the nurse, we drank it down. Then we got to work and changed our will. After we're gone, the hospital will receive, each morning for a period of one year, a case of good whiskey. It will be carried in on the shoulder of that liveried chauffeur in the Imperial ads, with the Rolls-Royce standing quietly in the background. We have specified Haig & Haig Five Star, just to give Imperial a jolt and to get that elegant driver out of his rut.

MODERN medicine is a wonderful thing, but we doubt whether it ever catches up with modern man, who is way out in front and running strong. One morning at the hospital, the *Times* was delivered to our breakfast table (by a woman tall enough to reach to that dizzy height) and we turned idly to an article on tranquillizers, headed "WARNS OF HEALTH PERIL." Clinicians, the article said, have found some of the effects of the drugs to be Parkinsonism, allergic dermatitis, constipation, diarrhea, jaundice, and depression. We finished our frozen juice and turned to face an entering nurse, who presented us with a tiny paper cup containing a white pill. "Take this," she said, smiling a knowing smile. We bowed and she left. We picked up the pill, examined it closely, and there, sure enough, was the familiar monogram of Miltown. Dutifully we swallowed it, and immediately felt the first symptoms of Parkinson's disease, the first faint flush of yellow jaundice. Then we looked back at the tray and noticed that our morning milk had arrived in a wax-paper carton—the same sort of carton that was in the news some months ago, suspected by scientists of being carcinogenic. Recklessly we poured the milk and raised the glass to our image in the mirror. "Cheers!" we croaked, and fell back onto the pillows, in the last stages of allergic dermatitis.

THE curative value of a hospital, for us, is that it keeps us busy. In our normal life in the outside world, we seldom have anything to do from morning till night and we simply wander about, a writer who rarely writes, lonely and at peace, getting through the day cunningly, the way an alcoholic works his way along from drink to drink, cleverly spaced. But once we're in a hospital, the nights and days are crowded with events and accomplishment. Supper is at six, breakfast at nine, which means that for about fifteen hours we subsist in a semistarved condition, like a man in a lifeboat; and when our stomach is empty our mind and heart are full, and we are up and about, doing housework, catching up on correspondence, outwitting the air-conditioning system, taking sleeping pills, reading names on nurses' badges, arranging flowers, picking up after the last tenant, fighting the roller shade that has lost its spring, making plans for death, inventing dodges to circumvent therapy, attaching a string to the bed table to render it accessible to the immobilized patient, flushing undesirable medication down the toilet, prying into the private affairs of the floor nurse, gazing out at the wheeling planets and the lovely arabesques of the Jersey shore. Dawn comes, and an early nurse, to test with her little fingers whether our heart still beats. And then we shave and practice counting to fifteen, so that when they jab us with Sodium Pentothal and ask us to count, we can race them to the knockout. Busyness is really the solution to a man's life, in this cold sunless clime. And a hospital is the place.

CLUB life has been recommended as the answer to our sort of footlessness, but we have always resisted clubs, because of the extraordinary dreariness of the interiors (so unlike the birdhouse at the zoo) and because of the presence of distinguished people (so unlike the bar of the place where we eat). This morning, however, we received a nudge from a friend in Boston who is a member of the Tavern Club of that city and who wants to put our name up. We must admit that his proposal is unusually enticing. "You will be interested to hear," he said, "that the damn place burned down just before Christmas." It is a tempting thought: membership in a smoldering ruin, and a delicious four-hour train ride just to go and come.



KING SAUD's visit illustrates, in a curiously vivid fashion, the meaning of President Eisenhower's people-to-people program—its difficulties and its possibilities. The King got the brush from Mayor Wagner and many others on the score that he "wasn't our kind of a fellow," an ancient sentiment that still shapes most of the world's events, still keeps people from people. But Saud showed up with a lame son, and a child who has a game leg turned out to be standard, any place in the world. Suddenly people felt in touch with people. It corroborated our theory that community feeling becomes a possibility when life is reduced to a size and shape that are within a person's range of understanding and sympathy. The way to effect unity, perhaps, is to erect an enormous telegraph pole in the sky, visible by mirrors and by television to all persons everywhere, and get a kitten stuck on top of it. This would break everybody down instantly, and the man who would climb the pole and rescue the kitten would be Everyman.

Travelrama

WE don't want to alarm anybody, but we went up to the International Travelrama, at the Coliseum, under the impression it would be the world in miniature, and found it virtually deserted. Not only that, the first exhibit we saw was for the Niagara Cyclo-Massage, whose sole international relevance seemed to be that it "Relaxes Nervous Tension, Encourages Sleep." An elderly but still viable couple came and stood by us, and the Cyclo-Massage man, snubbing us as hopelessly tense, walked up to them and said, "Come in and try it." He gestured ingratiatingly toward his vibrating nostrums, which resembled riveting machines for children.

"No, thanks," the old man said. "I tried one at the Sportsmen's Show."

"But you didn't buy it."

"No. No, I didn't. Way I see it, you just don't have time to use one of 'em."

"What? You watch television, don't you? You read your evening paper, don't you? Well, what's easier than when you're watching television to plug in the Cyclo-Massage and give yourself a good going over? It's a golden opportunity. Or even in your office. You're sitting there, feeling drowsy, so you plug it in, turn a dial, and in five minutes you're relaxed."

"I was feeling drowsy before," the old man pointed out.

"Drowsy, irritable, jumpy," the salesman went on. "It's all the same thing. We all get that way once in a while."

"*No!*" the old man said, and steered his wife away.

While these two fish slipped through the net, a middle-aged lady in a slanting blue hat was rubbing her stomach with the device and squealing; she looked very nervous to us, but it might have been the slant of the hat.

Seeking more cosmopolitan vistas, we moved over to the exhibit labelled "Peru"—a nation that, to judge by its representation at the Travelrama, is populated largely by animal-shaped pots and multicolored shawls and rugs. Nearby was an intriguing stall consisting solely of the placard "TRAVEL AMERICA GUIDE" and some questions pinned onto a blue curtain: "Is there a motel in? Can I get a drink in? Can I take my dog?" There was no one in sight to answer these questions. After some searching, we located three chill-looking ladies wearing "Travelers Aid" armbands and seated below the Antarctica exhibit—glaciers, penguins, and tractors modelled in some white stuff. It seemed clear enough that we *couldn't* take our dog, so we didn't ask.

The ratiocinative French had established a bookstore, and a phonograph was going, to further occupy the mind. Assimil, Languages on Records, had pressed the disc that was on the turntable. An insinuating male voice was saying from the grooves, "*Bonjour, Mademoiselle. J'espère que je ne vous dérange pas?*"

A startled but courteous female answered, "*Mais non, Monsieur. Que désirez-vous?*" Be careful, Mademoiselle, we thought; this slippery elocutionist isn't the sort of man to let a "*désirez-vous*" pass.

He said smoothly, "*Savez-vous où est votre oncle?*" Your uncle, indeed, we thought, and winked at a girl in the Haiti exhibit. ("*Joie de vivre,*" her poster said, "*en Haïti.*") Despite our good advice, the lady on the record continued her discussion with this heel, and pretty soon they seemed to be inside a café, listening to some choke-voiced female specialist in double-entendre sing, "*La bonne aventure, ô gai! La bonne aventure!*"

The chanteuse subsided, the tinkle of glasses could be heard, and our hero and heroine cozily agreed that "*les chansons qu'elle chante sont absolument idiotes!*" though they confessed that they both adored music, provided it lacked "*les exagérations du jazz.*"

We sought relief from this sordid scene and were drawn toward some wholesome, bouncing music radiating from the Israeli pavilion. Within, a beautiful black-haired girl was saying, "Uff course. We have men-ni friends."

"Arabs?" her interlocutor, a youth wearing a City College beanie, asked, leering.

"Uff course. It's not we and not they who decide to do it. There's always someone else on top." She waved her exquisite hand aloft in a charming theocratic gesture. As we left, we thought we heard her say, "This song, it is one that my people sing while waiting for streetcars."

Looking for the other side of the story, we proceeded to the Egyptian booth. We had read in the papers that the two exhibits were adjacent, but this was not quite true; they were separated by the Belgian Congo (only a cardboard elephant was in attendance), Germany (this industrially irrepressible race had erected numerous stiff photographs of airplanes, railroad engines, girders, and skylines), Switzerland (lovely but oddly inaccessible—a kind of pod that you entered by the stem), and T.W.A. (crowds of people waiting to have their pictures taken, free, beside a fake fuselage). Since the people in the Egyptian pavilion invariably had their profiles toward us, we were unable to get their attention and elicit their views.

Farther along, there was the display of the U.S. Customs, consisting of two silent, unbluffable men and a sign saying that 39,374 ounces of narcotics were seized in 1956, and, nearby, that of Japan, distinguished by a rubber-tired rickshaw bearing a traditionally polite admonition: "MOST DELICATE, Kindly Do Not Touch." Hong Kong was represented, anachronistically, by Eden & Co. Australia was represented by a poster of koala bears; England, by Old English Lavender; Belgium, by a board of flashing lights and a sulky beauty. We (the national, not the editorial, "we") were represented by the New Electric Hairemover; Collier's Encyclopedia; Amberine Combs; *Sports Afield* (it was the "Afield," no doubt, that made them think this was the show for them); *Time* (time is important the world over); Praktina, Tomorrow's Camera Today (Praktina is one of the first firms to name their product in Esperanto); and the general atmosphere of good intentions.

Oppressed

THE seven-year-old son of a friend of ours was recently rebuked for making designs in clay upon the newly painted walls of his playroom. "I'm getting sick of this," the boy complained. "Everything I do, you blame on me."

Magic

WE have had a ride in an Isetta 300, and it is a ride that we will not soon forget. An Isetta 300 is a German-made car (Bayerische Motoren Werke AG München Grüss Gott)

ALICE ARMONK
PARADISE ...INED
STUDIO 2

"For suspense, how about this? All the time she's waiting at the altar, he's top plane in an airstack over Idlewild."

• •

designed by Italians, and it is about as strange a car as we have ever seen. As for the ride, we turned up last week, by appointment, at the showroom of the Fontana Trading Corporation, at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and were taken in charge by Mr. Robert Bogart, a slim, brisk salesman. The floor of the showroom was filled with small, buglike automotive objects. "These are Isetta 300s," said Mr. Bogart, beaming with something close to paternal pride. "Look at them. There has never been anything like the Isetta 300. Out of this world! Like spaceships! Sixty-two miles to the United States gallon of gasoline. The height of a baby! Weight: seven hundred and seventy pounds. Price: nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars delivered, not including local sales tax. Pronounced 'I-setta.' Hop in." He pointed to a gray-and-red bug.

"We enter Isetta 300 through the front," said Mr. Bogart, with grace.

"We do what?" we asked Mr. Bogart.

"We enter Isetta 300 through the front. The front is the door," said Mr. Bogart firmly, twisting a handle on the front of the car.

The front swung out and to one side. "Step in," said Mr. Bogart, "turn around, and sit down." This we did. Mr. Bogart followed, sat beside us, and closed the front. We looked out through a picture window at the showroom floor. "You noticed, of course," said Mr. Bogart, "that the steering wheel went up when I opened the door, and went back to functioning position when I closed the door. Away we go!" He signalled to a man who stood near an exit to the showroom. The man opened the showroom exit, and we rolled out onto East Fifty-ninth Street.

Pedestrians' eyes popped. "The Isetta 300 commands attention wherever it goes," said Mr. Bogart. "Notice how the eyes of the entire block are upon us." This was true.

"What is that?" cried the driver of a Department of Sanitation truck.

"An Isetta 300," called out Mr. Bogart, scooting alongside the truck and narrowly missing a Chevrolet convertible.

"I can go between any two cars," said Mr. Bogart. "I can park on a penny, I can park on a nickel, I can park on a dime. I can turn corners and not tip over." We turned a corner and did not tip over.

"I *cannot* tip over," said Mr. Bogart. "It is physically impossible, in normal driving, for an Isetta 300 to tip over."

"How come?" we asked.

"No differential in the rear," said Mr. Bogart. "Ordinarily, if a front wheel of a car goes off the road, a rear wheel goes over, too. Not true of the Isetta 300."

We scooted between a Cadillac and a Consolidated Laundries truck. Matter of inches. "You haven't seen anything yet," said Mr. Bogart.

A moment later we were tooling up the East River Drive. "Air-cooled engine," said Mr. Bogart. "Can't freeze in the winter, won't steam in the summer. Gearshift right here to my left, next to the window. Nineteen-gauge steel. Pound it later, pound it and pound it, pound it as much as you want." We were whisking along now.

"Hits a maximum of sixty-three miles per hour," said Mr. Bogart. People in silly old standard-make cars were waving at us.

"What kind of car is *that*?" cried a lady in a Ford.

"Isetta 300," called out Mr. Bogart, happily.

"See what I mean?" he asked us. "Are you getting the kind of a ride you wanted? It's designed like an egg, you might say. It's like a baby carriage. You might call it the cockpit of an airplane. Kids yell, 'Spaceship! Hey, outer space! Yah yah!' Goes between *anything*. Watch." We went between two large cars. Matter of inches.

"There's a spare behind the seat," said Mr. Bogart. "Isetta 300 seats two adults and a child. The perfect car for a second car, for the professional man, for the lady doing her shopping, for advertising stunts. Do you think you're getting where you want to go? Perfect for the city. Parks on a dime. Cops would rather be hit by an Isetta 300 than by a Cadillac. We have three thousand now on hand, and have sold five hundred in the metropolitan area. There are seventy-five dealers throughout the country, and it's the car of the future. Two thousand miles on three pints of oil. I said *three* pints of oil."

"You said *three* pints of oil?" we said to Mr. Bogart.

"I said three pints of oil," said Mr. Bogart.

Off the Drive at Ninety-sixth, back onto the Drive at Ninety-second, and down to Sixty-third.

"Hey, what kind of a car is that?" cried a policeman at Second Avenue and Sixty-third.

"An Isetta 300!" called out Mr. Bogart.

"Wow!" said the policeman. "From outer space!"

"See what I mean?" Mr. Bogart said.

Down Park to Fifty-ninth, a swing around, and we parked in front of the showroom, on a dime.

"It's magic," said Mr. Bogart. "Actually magic!"

We climbed out through the front, pounded Isetta 300 on her nineteen-gauge steel, and departed.

•

OVERHEARD on Fifth Avenue, one old plutocrat to another: "Congress ought to get a taste of its own medicine. Tax *them* out of existence!"

Peer's Remarks

THE Pierpont Morgan Library, which *is* doing things by halves, began to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary just before Christmas, with a dazzling selection from its stores of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early printed books, bindings, literary manuscripts, and drawings. Now, having put this show on the road, it is continuing to celebrate with an exhibition of more of the same, this time laying the emphasis on the former owners of its showpieces. The grand preview of this display was signalized at the Morgan Library one evening last week by some thoughtful and erudite remarks from the twenty-eighth Earl of Crawford, the eleventh Earl of Balcarres, Lord Lindsay and Balniel, Baron Wigan, and the Premier Earl of Scotland. This, or these, is, or are, all the same person. We learned this from *Burke's Peerage*. Burke himself was not a peer, but he was knighted for getting out the *Peerage*. We learned this from the Encyclopædia Britannica. The Premier Earl of Scotland is the oldest Scottish earl in point of title. Lord Crawford is a mere fifty-six, but his senior earldom stems from 1398. He is a tall man with a commanding profile and a commanding head of hair. We learned this by looking at him when Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., the director of the Morgan Library, let us preview the preview on the day of the preview.

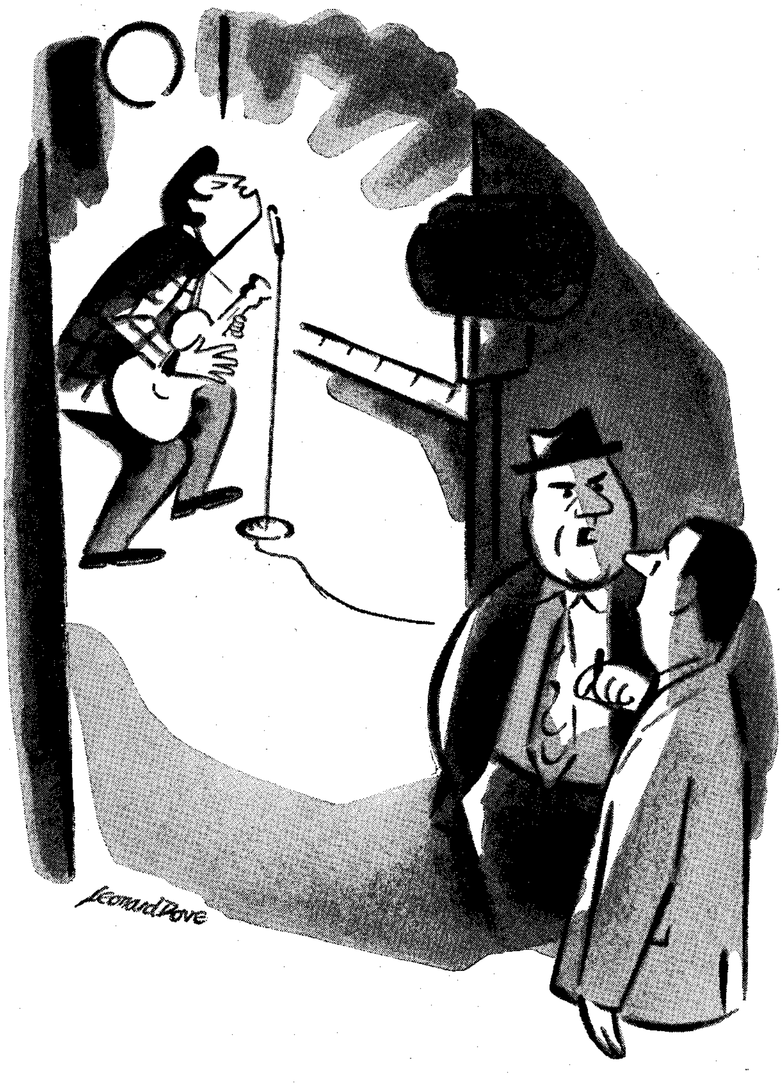
"We have sixty-eight collectors represented in this exhibit whose birth and death dates we know, and their average age was seventy-three," Mr. Adams said as the three of us moved from a third-century papyrus manuscript of the "Iliad" to the only surviving portion of the original manuscript of "Paradise Lost." "Collecting is an open-sesame to longevity."

We asked Mr. Adams if there were some previous owners whose life spans he didn't know.

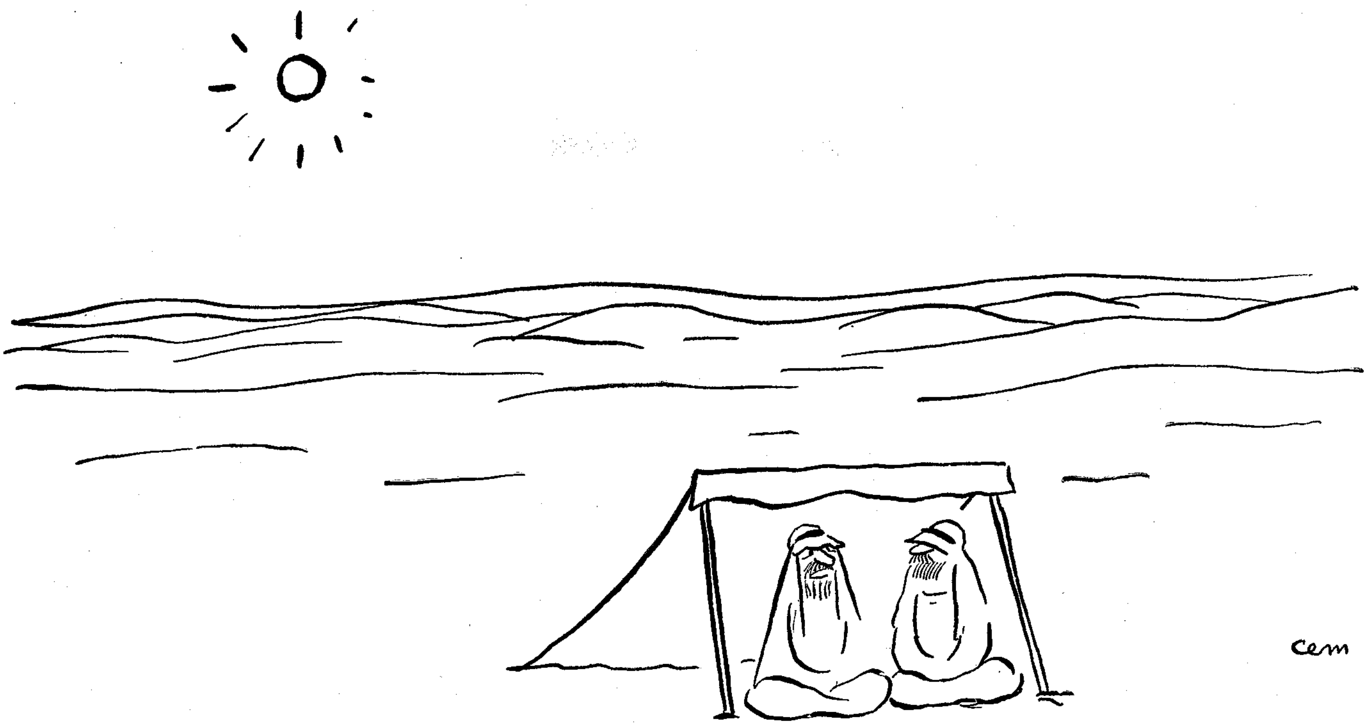
"We don't know the date of birth *or* death of Richard Bennett, an Englishman whose library Mr. Morgan bought for around seven hundred thousand dollars in 1902 through Quaritch the son," he said. "This was in some respects the cornerstone of the Morgan Library; it included over a hundred illuminated manuscripts, some six hundred incunabula, and thirty-two Caxtons. Mostly, these things were acquired by Bennett from the libraries of William Morris and the Earl of Ashburnham. Bennett also bought, through Quaritch *père*, from the great library formed by Lord Crawford's great-grandfather and grandfather. Bennett is reputed to have been an eccentric from Manchester who rejected any folio taller than thirteen inches, but did he really exist or was he an invention of the elder Quaritch?"

"Ha!" said Lord Crawford as we paused before an illuminated manuscript of the Gospels once in the possession of Thomas William Coke, Earl of Leicester. "I'm descended from this old bird. He was called Billy Coke. The billycock hat was designed for him and named after him. I think you call it a bowler."

We traipsed past treasures once owned by Marcus Fugger, Jean Grolier, Queen Elizabeth I, Eleanor of Portugal, St. Agnes of Bohemia, the Emperor Maximilian, the Duke of Roxburghe, and the Earls of Gosford, Arundel, and Sunderland. "This is the Crawford case," Mr. Adams said, and we inspected half a dozen rarities, among them the first book on heraldry printed in Spain,



"Now you got it? If no one rips the shirt off his back, you rip the shirt off his back."



"Where's New York and who the hell is Wagner, anyway?"

• •

which had been bought, pre-Morgan, by Lord C.'s great-grandfather.

"I wouldn't mind having them back, don't you know," said the Premier Earl.

Mr. Adams winced.

We pressed Lord Crawford for some details about himself, and learned that he was head of the House of Lindsay, a trustee of the National Gallery, in London, a third-generation trustee of the British Museum, and chairman of the National Library of Scotland, where he has a palatial house—Balcarres House. "Full of things," he said. "Much bigger than anyone wants. You rattle about like a pea. I wish I could afford a secretary. I went to France after school—Eton—to learn French, and stayed in the house of a minister. Very austere life. Prayers. I was in the House of Commons until my father died, in 1940, when I had to resign and go into the House of Lords. You can't renounce a title. The system makes some very good people ineligible for Prime Minister."

"Lord Salisbury, for example?" Mr. Adams said.

"My brother-in-law," Lord Crawford said, nodding. "English collectors are worse off than Americans in some ways. They can't deduct gifts to museums and libraries on their income tax."

We went home for a nap, and regained the Morgan Library in time for Lord Crawford's anniversary address. He had been asked to talk about his great-grandfather, the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford, and he said, in part, "Seventy years ago, dispersal of his books by gift and sale had begun. What remains is *magni nominis umbra.* He was from the first precocious. At eight, he compiled an English grammar intended 'to teach little boys the principal words how to spell.' At thirteen, he began to study every book within his reach. At Eton, five hundred early editions of the classics covered one wall of his room. He began to collect on a large scale at twenty-four, thanks to a bequest from an eccentric kinswoman who lived in a mock Gothic priory surrounded by tame foxes and lawyers. His library absorbed room after room at Haigh Hall. Pictures were taken down to make room for more shelves. Ancestors were removed from halls to bedrooms. Entire sections were lent to scholars. The largest collection of Samaritan manuscripts in existence was lent for a year. He and his son Ludovic, who came to collect with him, acquired a hundred thousand books, and he knew the exact position of every one on every shelf. His library correspondence is bound in a hundred and fifty volumes. The Chinese section of his library filled a thousand feet of shelving. He had agents all over. He knew how to *wait* for what he wanted. In a letter to a friend, he compared himself to a rattlesnake charming little birds until they fell into his throat. He believed in the influence of private libraries on *families,* who, in turn, influenced the state, but toward the end of his life, as public libraries increased, he saw that private libraries would have to specialize. Ludovic, who was president of the Royal Astronomical Society, formed a special collection of twelve thousand astronomical books."

Along with nearly three hundred other guests, we adjourned to the East Room for a collation.

A lady with bright-blue hair asked a butler for some coffee, and said, "May I have milk?"

"At Mr. Morgan's we only have cream," the butler said.

Hangers-On

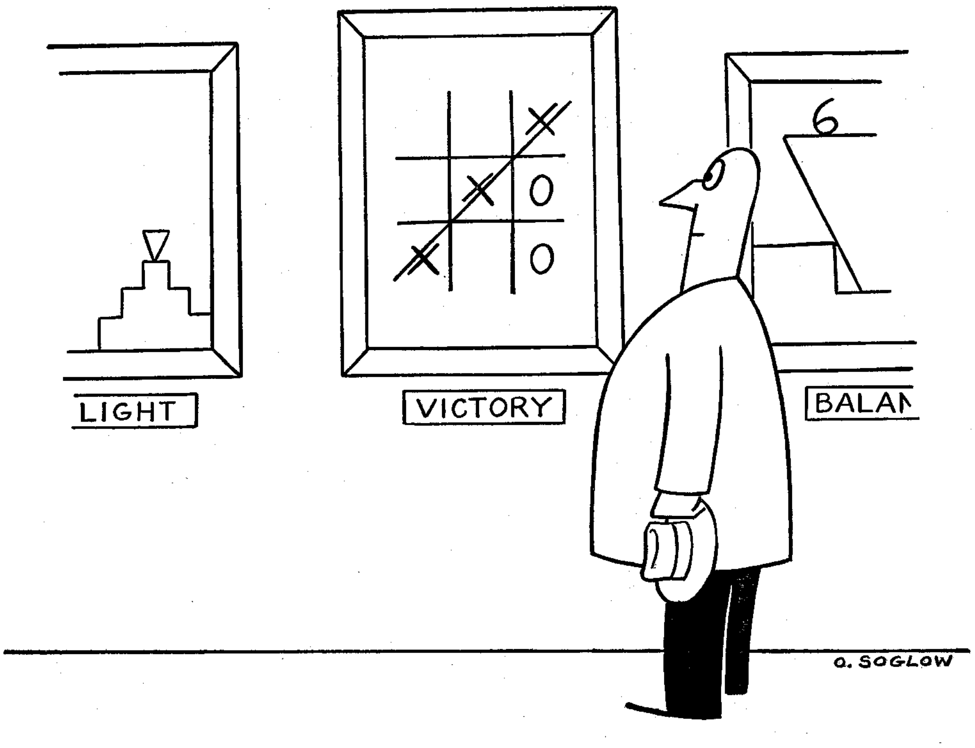
TAKING a constitutional in Central Park one brisk morning last week, we paused by the pond near Fifty-ninth Street to watch the ducks maneuvering among the patches of ice. We were joined by a tall, thin, red-nosed elderly gentleman, bundled in greatcoat and muffler. After the usual observations on the weather, the gentleman glared savagely at the ducks and said, "Those are the only birds that I dislike. They have wings to fly where it is warm and balmy, and what do they do? They paddle around here, freezing, waiting for a handout. They've got no gumption, no get-up-and-go. They're a symbol of the times. Generally, I toss a rock at them, but today I've got a touch of bursitis. You wouldn't care to . . ." We told him we were stern in our devotion to the Audubon Society, and went our way.

THE TEEMING PRESBYTERIANS

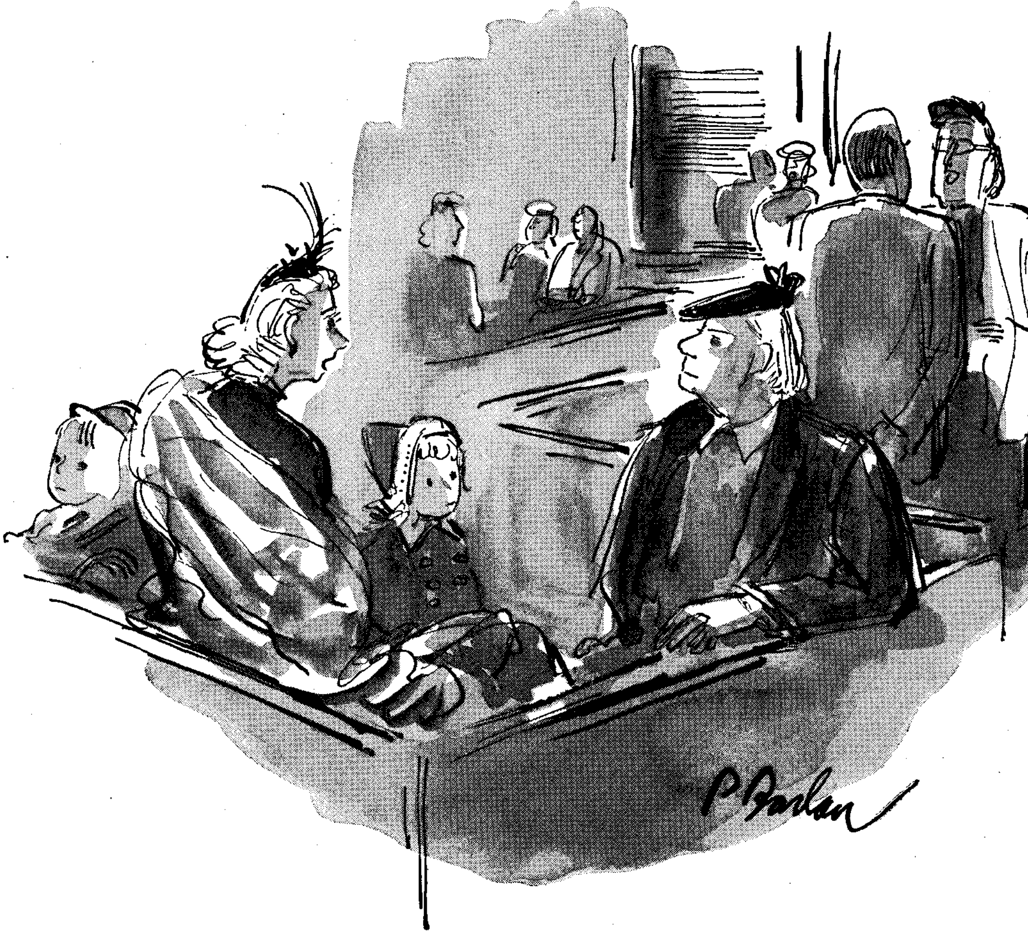
FOR some years now, I have been lamenting the fact that when I was born I was surrounded every which way by Presbyterian clergymen and their wives. It is only in the last few weeks, though, that the uncanny intricacy and lordly extravagance of the encirclement I have had to endure has been made clear to me, by earnest genealogical research. I have frequently comforted myself in the past by surmising that what happened to me at birth represented only a whim of fate, and that if I had been born in some other place, under some other name, things might have been different. I now know that my fundamental difficulties would very probably have been the same. There were few other places, and few other names, it turns out, that would have been of benefit to me, and my luck would have had to be extraordinary, which it isn't, if I had happened to choose a place and a name that hadn't been already included in the broad strategical plan. I could have been born in any of the Southern states (except Florida and Louisiana, but including Texas), or in Kansas, Missouri, or Illinois, and my name could have been Anderson, Austin, Bondurant, Bratton, Brown, Couch, Dabney, Flournoy, Garner, Ghiselin, Glasgow, Hare, Harris, Harrison, Hutcheson, McLaughlin, McNutt, McPheeters, Montgomery, Morrison, Prentis, Preston, Rosebro, Smith, Telford, Walker, or Young, instead of McKelway, and it wouldn't have done me any good. I still would have had a lady named Mary Moore for a great-great-grandmother, and I still would have had major groups of Presbyterian clergymen and their wives for uncles and aunts and cousins, and minor flocks of unborn Presbyterian clergymen and their wives for future nephews, nieces, and cousins. I could have gone to Japan or China and have been born under several of those names and I still would have been in a fix identical to the one I've been in all my life, except that my father and my uncles would have been called Presbyterian missionaries instead of Presbyterian clergymen. They would have been clergymen all the same. This is the kind of knowledge that increaseth not sorrow but exasperation.

It happened that I did go to Japan in 1928, under my own name, in search of change and exotic pleasures. I was then in my hopeful twenties. As soon as the cousins to whom my mother had written notes got hold of me, it was like home. I avoided China and drifted to Siam, which is exactly halfway around the world from Washington, D.C., where I was brought up. Offspring of kinfolk I had outmaneuvered by not stopping off in China were well established there. The same methods that had transformed the main islands of the Japanese Empire made the Kingdom of Siam, in time, like home.

Many individuals of both sexes, mostly Scotch, English, and Irish, coöperated in creating the preposterous situation that existed at the time of my birth, but certain American Indians belonging to a small Shawnee tribe of aboriginal Virginians also had a hand in it. Mary Moore—the same great-great-grandmother I would have had if I'd been born into the Andersons, Austins, Bondurants, etc., wherever they were functioning—was captured by those Indians in 1786. Only ten years old at the time, she was not married and had no descendants. The Indians held in their savage hands the future of a large proportion of the population of what is now known as the United States of America. They kept Mary Moore in captivity less than a year. They took her with them through Ohio and Michigan to Canada, where they let her go, but she didn't stay up there. She returned to Virginia, married a Presbyterian clergyman in 1798, quickly had eleven children, and the avalanche was on. Five of those children became Presbyterian clergymen, one of them married a Presbyterian clergyman, and one of them was an outstandingly businesslike, as well as generative, Presbyterian deacon. He encouraged both related and unrelated Presbyterians to put various forms of currency (including wampum they had obtained from solvent Indians) into collection plates of Presbyterian churches in order that his brothers, his sister, and his sons, daughters, and in-laws could afford to raise more Presbyterians. The youngest of Mary Moore's children thoughtfully studied medicine and became an accomplished obstetrician.



Soon Mary Moore's grandchildren outnumbered the Indians who had turned her loose. There were thirty-five grandchildren in the Mary Moore tribe and only thirty-one Indians in the Shawnee tribe. Before long there were an even hundred great-grandchildren in the Mary Moore tribe. One hundred and thirty-eight great-great-grandchildren appeared overnight. One hundred and fifty-six of those two generations of Mary Moore became either Presbyterian clergymen or their wives. Then came a hundred and thirty-two great-great-great-grandchildren. The statistical report on great-great-great-*greats* has not been issued, although there is now a Mary Moore Association—an organization of which I am an observer, not a member—to get it out. The count of great-great-great-greats can't be completed because the avalanche is still rolling and tossing. About ten years ago there were said to be fourteen four-g people. Three of my five nephews have raised that to twenty-two since then, and my only niece has upped it to twenty-five. The fourth nephew is a West Pointer, is unmarried, and is travelling, but I doubt whether he will enjoy it. The fifth is still studying for the ministry at the seminary at Princeton and expects to get to work as a Presbyterian clergyman as soon as he is ordained. If the average of approximately two four-g people for each three-g person is being maintained by the rest of the alphabet and their allies, the score must now be three hundred and thirty, or more than ten times the number of those Indians—for whom, it seems to me, a tribal name more suitable than the Indian "Shawnee" would have been the Anglo-Saxon "namby-pamby," which, according to my dictionary, derives from the name of a pastoral writer named Ambrose Philips, who died in 1749. It became so common a term that it was reduced to lower case, whereas "Shawnee," idiotically, is still awarded the capital letter.



"One thing more. Will you mind being called Nanny?"

IN a negative way, the Shawnees are entirely responsible for the Mary Moore avalanche, but they are also partly responsible for it in a positive way. It has been asserted again and again, from pulpits, by scores of Mary Moore's descendants, that it was what she saw happening around her among the Indians when she was in captivity that made her return to Virginia with a firm determination to increase the influence of the Presbyterian Church. I believe that, and I have a corollary, rather than a contradictory, theory, based on my recent studies.

For many of the facts I absorbed before forming this theory I am indebted to the late Dr. Robert Bell Woodworth, D.Sc., who, although only a great-nephew by marriage of Mary Moore, took an interest in her that would be excessive in a husband or lover. Dr. Woodworth had the McClure Company, Inc., of Staunton, Virginia, publish a new edition of a little volume that was read aloud to me over and over by many different people when I was a child. It is entitled "The Captives of Abb's Valley, A Legend of Frontier Life, by a Son of Mary Moore." It was originally published in Philadelphia in 1854 by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sunday School Work. The author of it was Mary Moore's eldest son, the Reverend James Moore Brown, D.D. I still have a copy of the original edition, and, my interest in it having been revived by Dr. Woodworth's new edition, I am planning to read it soon, silently, to myself. It contains the story of Mary Moore's adventures with the Indians, along with her son's reflections on that subject and many others. I have a certain affection for it, because it was the only book one could read, or listen to, on Sundays in my household, except, of course, the Bible, and of the two I preferred "The Captives of Abb's Valley." Besides the original story by the Reverend Dr. Brown, which I recall as being wordy in most places and skimpy in its descriptions of what the Indians did among themselves, the new edition of "The Captives of Abb's Valley" has a genealogical appendix of two hundred and fifty-four pages, compiled by Dr. Woodworth. The Reverend Dr. Brown's story occupies only ninety pages. When I heard about the appendix a few weeks ago, I got in touch with the Mary Moore Association and bought a copy of the new edition. It has been my chief source of study, but I have also gone over some of the books by people to whom Dr. Woodworth says he is indebted.

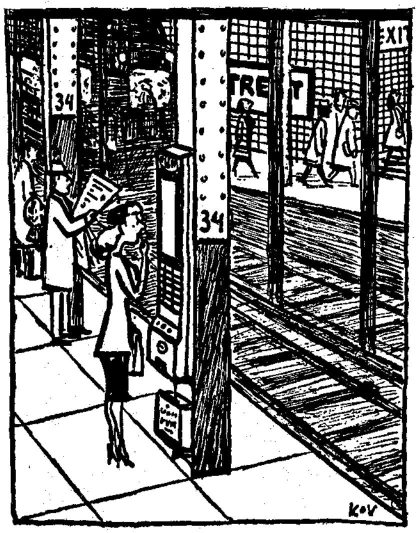
In a foreword, Dr. Woodworth says, "The aim of this new edition, undertaken at the instance of members of the Mary Moore Association, is to show that the stream of grace and goodness, which had its first known rise in the pious ancestors of Mary Moore, has not yet ceased to bless the City of God. Everywhere found, in places of high renown in Church or School or State or in the realms of lowly, unmarked usefulness, the descendants of Captain James Moore and Martha Poage have been, in the main, worthy scions of their pious ancestors. While not one of them, the writer has had personal acquaintance with a number of them; he can therefore bear witness to their zeal for God. The genealogical appendix is an historical record, and not a panegyric." That exactly expresses the spirit of this essay, and it supports my theory when it says that Mary Moore's ancestors, as well as her descendants, were pious.

CAPTAIN JAMES MOORE and Martha Poage were Mary Moore's father and mother. I will get around to them, but first I'd like to go back much further than them, because my theory is that although Mary Moore's observations while a captive of the Indians contributed to her decision to start the avalanche, the impulse was in her blood and was, for a number of reasons, irresistible. For one thing, if her own great-great-grandmother had married a clergyman, as she was clearly expected to do in England around the middle of the seventeenth century, the avalanche would undoubtedly have started then. Mary Moore must have felt that in getting hers going toward the end of the eighteenth century she was not only combatting contemporary sinfulness but making up for her great-great-grandmother's transgression.

This wayward progenitrix of Mary Moore's, of mine, and of thousands of others outside the direct Mary Moore clergyman line was named Isabella Alleine. Her mother, Theodosia, had transparently set the stage for a phenomenon. Theodosia's father was the Reverend Richard Alleine, rector of Ditcheat, Somersetshire, for fifty years. In addition to his daughter, Theodosia, he had two sons—Richard Alleine II, born at the rectory in 1611, and William Alleine, born at the rectory in 1614. Both of them became clergymen. Richard II was ejected from his pastorate at Batcomb, Somersetshire, in 1662, for his Nonconformity, but that only made him more pliable. He moved to Frome Selwood, in the same shire, and continued to preach Nonconformist sermons and write Nonconformist tracts until his death. His best-known works were "Vindiciae Pietatis" (1660), "The Godly Man's Portion" (1663), "The World Conquered" (1663), and "Heaven Opened" (1666).

The other brother, William, was, according to my chief source, "known as the saintly vicar of Blandford, on the river Stour, in Dorsetshire . . . who lived, rather than wrote, the Gospel in the quiet performance of his duties as a minister of the established Church of England." But he was only a great-great-great-great-uncle of Mary Moore's, and was so extremely non-Presbyterian that he had no children.

Theodosia, who had also been born at the rectory at Ditcheat, Somersetshire, went out of her way to find a husband who not only was in the same line of endeavor as her father and her brothers but had the same name. As early as 1430, there had been some Alleines in the neighborhood of Calm and Devises, Wiltshire. Theodosia was aware of this. They were distant cousins of hers, descended from Alan, Lord of Buckenhall. One of them was known as "the worthy Tobias Alleine of Calm and Devises," and was "evidently a merchant of some importance and [had] a large family." It appears to have been of a size that could easily be watched from a distance. "His fourth child, Joseph Alleine, was born at Calm and Devises early in 1634 and set forth in the Christian race in 1645," my chief source says. "That same year his brother Edward, a clergyman, died at the age of but twenty-seven and Joseph wished to succeed him. He studied at Poulshot under William Springe; entered Lincoln College in April 1649; was chosen scholar at Corpus Christi November 3, 1651; graduated, Bachelor of Divinity, July 6, 1653 and became a tutor." He was not to be any kind of bachelor for long. Theodosia Alleine, who lived a tiresome walk from Calm and Devises, waited tranquilly with her plans in Somersetshire until Joseph Alleine, B.D., got through tutoring, became the Reverend Joseph Alleine, and was "ordained in 1654 as curate to Rev. George Newton, vicar of St. Mary Magdalen Church, Taunton, Somersetshire, about which time he married Theodosia Alleine."



It was their daughter, Isabella, who, instead of marrying a clergyman of one name or another, married a farmer who was only the nephew of a clergyman. This farmer was named John Rutherford. His uncle was the Reverend Dr. Samuel Rutherford, D.D., one of the most celebrated Doctors of Divinity of those times. According to my chief source, the Reverend Dr. Samuel Rutherford, D.D., "was born at Nisbet, near the Teviot River, in the parish of Crailing, Presbytery of Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, in 1600. He was educated at Edinburgh, 1617-1621; was Professor of Humanities, 1623-1626; lost his place because of an affair with Euphemia Hamilton, whom later he married; pursued theological studies; was licensed to preach in 1627 and became pastor for nine years at Anwoth, near Kirkcudbright, in the shire of that name, southwest of Roxburgh. In 1636 he issued his first book, 'Exercitationes Apologeticae pro Divina Gratia;' he was forbidden to exercise the functions of a minister and sent to Aberdeen to reside. After eighteen months exile he was restored to place and office and became (1638) Professor of Di-

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THE SENSUALIST

Each Disc contains not more than ½ minim of Chloroform together with Capsicum, Peppermint, Anise, Cubeb, Licorice and Linseed.
—From a box of Parke-Davis throat discs.

Come, Capsicum, cast off thy membranous pods,
Thy Guinea girlhood's blossoms have been dried.
Come, Peppermint, belovèd of the gods
(That is, of Hades; Ceres, in her pride,
So Strabo says, transmogrified
Delicious Mintha, making her a plant).

Come, Anise, sweet stomachic stimulant,
Most umbelliferous of condiments,
Depart thy native haunt, the hot Levant.
Swart Licorice, or Liquorice, come hence,
And Linseed, too, of these ingredients
Most colorless, most odorless, most nil.

And Javan Cubeb, come—thy smokable
Gray pericarps and pungent seeds shall be
Our feast's incense. Come, Chloroform, née Phyll,
In demiminims dance unto the spree.
Compounded spices, come: dissolve in me.

—John Updike

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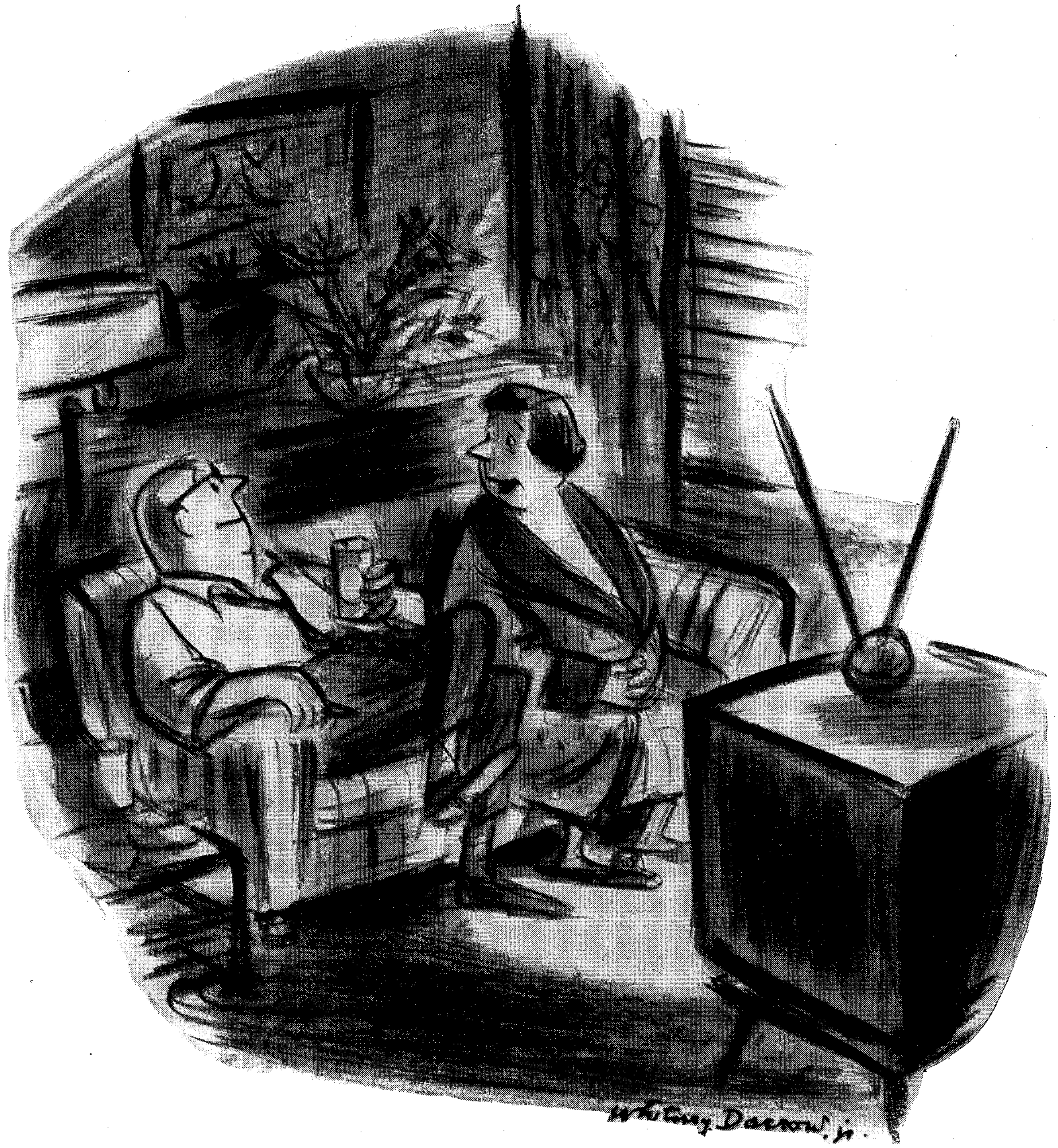

"Surely, Fred, there must be more to life than ***this****."*

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vinity at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews University. In 1643-1647 he was one of the five Scotch ministerial commissioners to the Westminster Assembly in London which framed the Westminster standards of the Presbyterian Church. On his return he became Principal of New College, St. Andrews, and in 1651 rector of the University. At the restoration (1660) his book 'Lex Rex and Due Right of Presbytery,' a treatise on constitutional law, was burned and he was cited before the Court of High Commission, but died March 23, 1661. His last words were, 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.' " He wrote surveys as well as books. His best-known books were "Exercitationes Apologeticae pro Divina Gratia" (1636), "Plea for Presbytery" (1642), "Lex Rex and Due Right of Presbytery" (1644), "Trial and Triumph of Faith" (1645), "Divine Right of Church Government" (1646), "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself" (1647), "De Divina Providentia" (1651), and "Influences of the Life of Grace" (1659). His best-known surveys were "A Survey of the Spiritual Antichrist" (1648) and "A Survey of the Survey of Church Discipline by Hooker" (1658).

The Reverend Dr. Rutherford's first wife, the tractable Euphemia Hamilton, died in 1630, and the Reverend Dr. Rutherford was a widower for ten years before he got married again—this time to Jane McMath, after a formal engagement. If Theodosia had not insisted on having a clergyman with the same name as her own and had married the Reverend Dr. Rutherford during that decade of inertia, she could have brought forth a cataclysm instead of seeing her daughter fail to start an avalanche, but she didn't. Theodosia married her Reverend Joseph Alleine and they had Isabella, who married the Reverend Dr. Rutherford's nephew, John, who stuck to farming. The Reverend Joseph Alleine was a resourceful Nonconformist but lacked the Reverend Dr. Rutherford's powers of concentration. "He was one of the best loved of the Puritan preachers," it is said of Isabella's father, "and a considerable scholar, minister, scientist, explorer and perhaps physician." His best-known works were "Explanation of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism" (1656), "A Call to Archippus" (1664), "Divers Cases Satisfactorily Resolved" (1672), and "Alarm to the Unconverted" (1672), which was published in 1675 under the title "A Sure Guide to Heaven," was widely circulated in Colonial America, and "was read in many a home and turned many to repentance."

Be all that as it may, Isabella Alleine's husband, John Rutherford, had a desire to get away from the influence of the author of "Exercitationes Apologeticae pro Divina Gratia," and Isabella herself was not against leaving the vicinity in which "A Sure Guide to Heaven" had been composed. This tendency to try to get away seems to be common among members of clerical families who do not want to be clerical themselves. It is noticeable again and again in the chronicles of Mary Moore's forebears and descendants. A few of the forebears, like John Rutherford and Isabella Alleine, actually give the impression of having achieved the illusion of getting away, only to find out in their old age or somewhere else that their direct descendants are bringing them back into the thing by being, or marrying, clergymen. One of Mary Moore's own brothers tried to escape by becoming a Methodist and encouraging his children to get out of Virginia and go West before the avalanche enveloped them. Most of them went to Missouri and Kansas, and were later responsible for formidable cascades of Methodist clergymen, several of whom gave the matter a second thought, switched, and became Presbyterian clergymen. Total escape was achieved by one of these children of Mary Moore's brother: "James Rutherford Moore, b. Feb. 23, 1798, removed to Texas after its admission to the Union in Dec. 1845, 'wealthy ranchman, married an Indian woman.' " He was not, however, a direct descendant of Mary Moore—only a nephew. Instances of unsuccessful attempted total escape on the part of her direct descendants are too numerous and pitiful to mention. Perhaps the only bona-fide example of successful total escape by a direct descendant of Mary Moore is that of my Cousin Frank. The extreme measures he employed are set down by my chief source as follows: "Rev. Francis Brown Rosebro, Philadelphia, b. Lewisburg June 15, 1883, ed. Fredericksburg College, A.B., and Johns Hopkins Univ. Master St. Paul's School, Baltimore, and Hoosac School, Hoosick, N.Y., ordained deacon in the Episcopalian Church, 1911, priest in 1912, both by Bishop Doane of Albany, N.Y.; curate Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., and Episcopal pastor at Yale Univ. 1914-1924, curate St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, 1925-1930, since 1930, vicar St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., not married." What had become of Cousin Frank was such an unmentionable subject in my early surroundings that for many years I was convinced he was a dope fiend.

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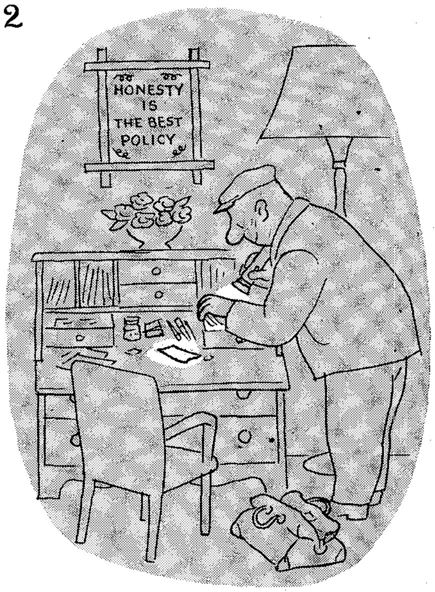
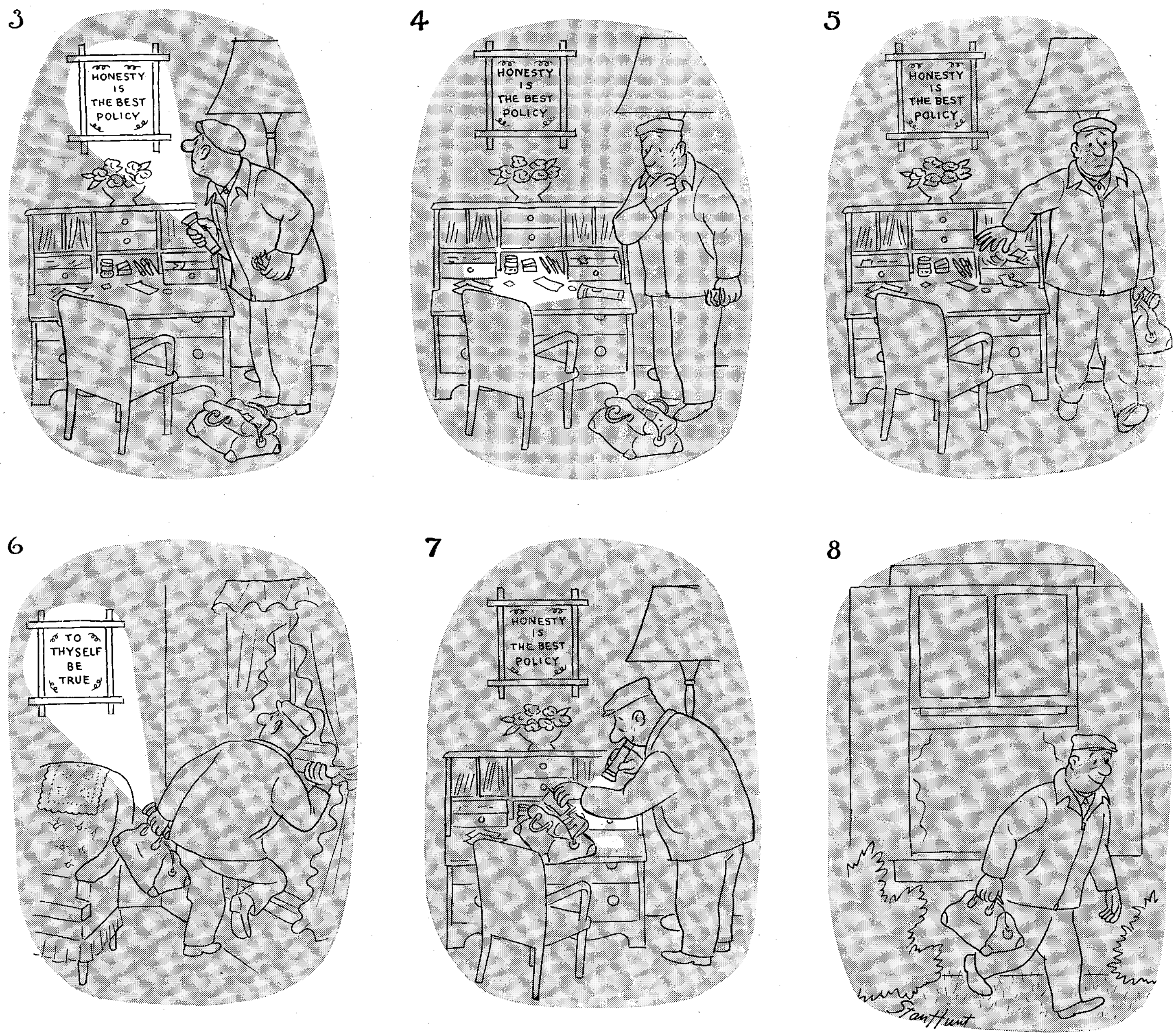


In their attempt to get away in the late sixteen-hundreds, John Rutherford and his bride, Isabella, went to Ireland, where the prevailing religion consisted of a form of worship even higher than Cousin Frank's high-church Episcopalian. John died in his eighty-fourth year, Isabella in her eighty-second. He was known as "a successful farmer and a not overly active member of a small Presbyterian congregation" and she was known as "a good wife and mother." The opportunity that Theodosia had provided Isabella with had been lost forever, and the clergyman line that had been started under such propitious circumstances by the Alleine combination would have seemed to any ordinary, reasonable, unsuperstitious human being to have petered out. John and Isabella had seven children, and not one of the sons became a divine representative of any Protestant denomination or of the religious organization that was prevalent throughout the island they were living on. None of the daughters married any of the former, and it was impossible for any of them to marry any of the latter. One of them, though, was Katherine Rutherford, who later must have been astonished, if not aggrieved, to find herself the great-grandmother of Mary Moore. Like Isabella, Katherine had skirted around an opportunity Mary Moore would have clutched, and afterward she made a seemingly successful effort to get farther away than Isabella had got.

In County Down, in northern Ireland, where John Rutherford and Isabella had settled, there was a promising clerical family that had been founded under historical difficulties by the Reverend George Walker. He was a married man with a family, and was rector of Kilmore and Chancellor of Armagh until he died of natural causes in 1677. One of his sons was the Reverend George Walker II, born in 1618. He was the clergyman hero of the siege of Londonderry and joint governor of that place with the renowned Major Henry Baker. There were plenty of marriageable Nonconformist Walker clergymen in that family for Katherine to marry, but there was another Walker, a gunsmith known as Gunmaker John, who had crossed over from Wigtown Bay, Wigtownshire, in the southwest corner of Scotland, to Ireland, where business was better. Katherine chose Gunmaker John, which one might think would effectually have sealed off the Alleine-Alleine clergyman line, but it was then that things began to lose their firmness, and before long they were perceptibly shaky. Gunmaker John and Katherine had eleven children and set out for America in 1730 in a sailing vessel, accompanied by most of the children and by two of Gunmaker's nephews, one of them known as Gunstocker John and the other named Alexander. Alexander commanded the sailing vessel. Gunstocker John made only the stocks of guns, whereas Gunmaker John made the entire article—or did make the entire article until he taught Gunstocker to make the stocks. They settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and found that business, no matter how they operated it, was even better than it had been in Ireland. The Walkers had descended from a prodigious progenitor known to genealogists as John Walker of Wigtown, who was Gunmaker's father and the grandfather of Gunstocker and Alexander. Through them he was credited as early as 1902 with having four thousand seven hundred and fifty descendants in this country "scattered north, east, south and west," as one authority says. It was Gunmaker and Katherine, though, who produced Jane Walker, who married James Moore, who produced Captain James Moore, who married Martha Poage and had Mary Moore.

WHEN Jane Walker married James Moore, which she did in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1734, she was carrying out a tactical maneuver that Mary Moore would have approved


3
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
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HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
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HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
6
TO THYSELF BE TRUE
7
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
8
Stan Hunt

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of if she had been born and had learned how to influence events. However, Mary Moore was not born until 1776. It may seem reasonable to conclude that Mary Moore had nothing to do with the marriage of Jane Walker, her grandmother, to James Moore, her grandfather, but I have an inclination to avoid being cocksure of anything in which this ancestral line is concerned, except for names and dates, and I will stick to them. The facts are that this James Moore was a son of James Moore I, a Presbyterian of Northern Ireland. James Moore II came to Chester County in 1726 "*with his brother Joseph, who died of consumption while in preparation to be a Presbyterian minister.*" The italics are mine. This is the earliest intimation of the presence of clergyman germs in the blood of the Moores. As we know, they were dormant in the blood of Gunmaker's daughter, going back to the Alleines. Jane Walker married the infected brother, James, and, with one of her brothers, John Walker III, they moved to Virginia and settled down in a clearing on a creek. They named it Walker's Creek. It was in what is now Rockbridge County, not far from Jump Mountain. Nobody but a genealogist would have suspected that in the stillness of that wilderness, in the shadow of Jump Mountain, circumstances were working up by leaps and bounds to the Mary Moore avalanche, but they were. The Moores already had four children and they began raising the number to ten. With precisely the same number in mind, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian family named Poage had settled that same year on a stream they named Poage Run. It was about nine miles southwest of what is now Lexington, not a long horseback ride from Walker's Creek. The father and mother of Mary Moore were on their way.

—St. Clair McKelway

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*Slip found in the wrapper of a shirt from England by a dressy man on West Ninety-fourth Street*]

The Collars to match this Shirt are made to a new design and shape to provide perfect fit and immaculate appearance in the latest style. Owing to the inherent curvilinear form necessary to produce the desired result these collars do not lend themselves so readily to being doubled and folded when presented with their matching Shirt, but as the only consideration in their design was the achievement of outstanding wearing properties, this form of presentation indicates their superior fit round the neck.

AN EMERGENCY CASE

ANY day now, the doctor had said, Oliver would be going home. Oliver had been sitting up for his meals and going down the hospital corridor to the bathroom for more than two weeks. Sometimes a nurse went with him, holding his hand. It wasn't really necessary, he was quite old enough to go alone, but he looked small and defenseless in the oversize bathrobe that didn't belong to him. His left arm was out of its plaster cast. The elbow hurt, and so did one foot, but it seemed to him that he had always been like this. He did not know that he was very pale and that his eyes looked bruised. When people passed him in the corridor and cried "*Pauvre petit!*" he scowled and shied away from their hands.

"*C'est un petit Anglais*," the nurse with him would say. Often she would add the rest of his story in a low voice. "It's all right," she would say. "He doesn't understand French. Besides, he knows. The doctor has explained."

The hospital was in Geneva; that much Oliver knew. He knew that he was in Geneva, and that he was nearly ready to go home to England, and that they were coming to fetch him any day. The car in which he had been driving with his parents had turned over twice. He knew that the way he knew he was in Geneva; he had heard a nurse telling a maid or someone in the corridor. He did not speak French, but he understood more than they thought he did. His doctor always spoke to him in English. In English he had told Oliver that Oliver's parents were now in Heaven; but Geneva, and going home soon, and the car's having turned over twice were the facts Oliver had retained.

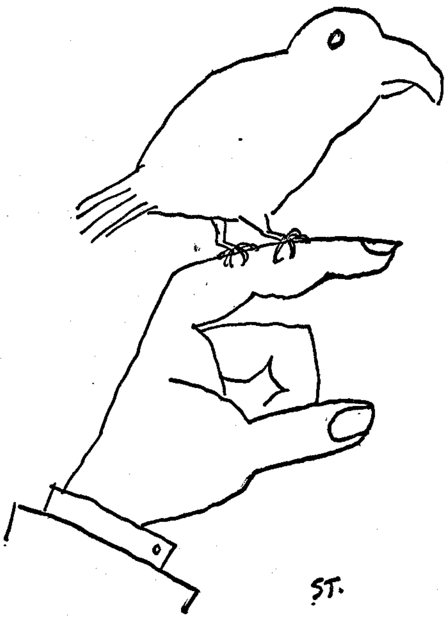
"Your aunt is coming for you on Wednesday," the doctor said. He made his round in the morning and usually got to Oliver's room by ten o'clock. Oliver had no clock, and in any case he couldn't tell time, but he knew exactly when everything was going to happen—when they would come to wash him, when they would wheel in the cart with his lunch, and when they would bring the glass of milk after his afternoon sleep. His room was white and contained two beds, one of them empty and half hidden behind a white screen, and two colored photographs, one on each side of the door. The photographs showed cows at pasture in the Alps, standing in bluebells. On the back of one of the pictures was Oliver's temperature chart; whatever the nurse marked on the chart belonged to Oliver, and he was quite sure that the picture was his and that he would take it home. There was a glass door, hung with white gauze curtains, that opened out to a little balcony. There Oliver was sometimes taken, bundled in blankets, and left in a deck chair. Since there was nothing to see but a bare, sodden garden, he much preferred being inside, in the room he now accepted as home. He preferred it but never said so. He had never once asked for anything.

Oliver's room was called the emergency room; Mme. Beatrice, the most talkative of the nurses, had told him that. They kept it for people who came to the hospital unexpectedly, as Oliver had done, but they also used it for ordinary cases when the floors were crowded. Oliver's version of a crowded floor was a linoleum nursery floor covered with little tanks. He stared while Mme. Beatrice told him that he had stopped being an emergency case but was still in the emergency room because there was nowhere else for him to go. She said all this, and he seemed to understand. The truth was that he could not imagine anywhere else.

"Your aunt," the doctor said to Oliver. "Your charming aunt, Miss Redfern, will be here on Wednesday. Won't that be jolly?" The doctor was fat and wore horn-rimmed glasses. He was loud and cheerful and friendly and kept telling Oliver that he had two little boys of his own.

"That's not *my* aunt," Oliver said.

"Miss Redfern," the doctor said patiently. They had been repeating this dialogue for days. "Your charming aunt, who came to see you after your accident."



"Nobody came."

"Miss Redfern did. She is called Aunt Catherine."

"Oh, Auntie Cath," said Oliver indifferently. He bent over his drawing. There was a small painted table set over his knees, on which he played with the modelling clay they had given him, cut up magazines, and drew airplanes and cats. He drew cats in boots and pullovers, and he drew their toothbrushes and the tubs in which they were bathed at night. When the doctor, pointing to some clumsy, disjointed shape, asked "What is that?" Oliver covered his drawings with his hands. The doctor was curious about the drawings, because he had mistaken the cats' bathtub for a motorcar and thought that Oliver had been drawing the automobile in which his parents were killed.

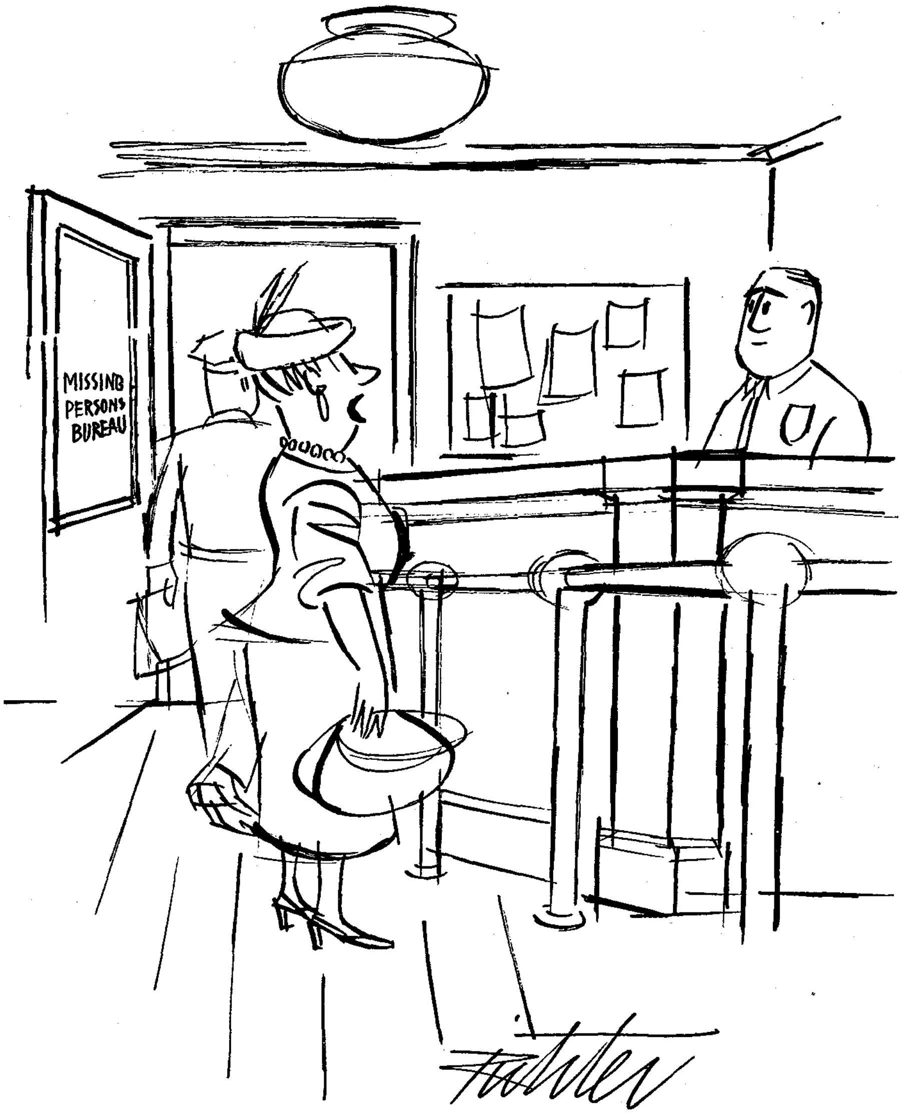
He asked what kind of an automobile it was, and Oliver muttered something.

"What did you say?"

"I said," said Oliver, shouting, "we've got a bigger car than you have at home."

The doctor told the nurses to be watchful and to report anything Oliver said that might indicate he was unquiet or anxious. Oliver was unrewarding. He did not draw, or mention, accidents, his father, or his mother. He spoke of a place called Bedlington Gardens, where everything was bigger, better, and cost more than anything in the emergency room. In his personal reckoning, pennies equalled and perhaps surpassed pounds, but he liked the phrase "costs a lot more." The coming of Aunt Catherine did not excite him. "Is she bringing me a present?" he said. When the nurse replied that she didn't know, Oliver lost interest. He was sitting with the bed levered up and pillows at his back. He still had a pain in his back from some injections, but he was used to it. The doctor had come and gone, and had said this time that Aunt Catherine was coming tomorrow. Now that the doctor's visit was over, Oliver knew that nothing else would happen until lunch, and lunch would be vegetable broth and a bit of meat with two vegetables, kept hot over a dish of warm water. The only uncertainty was dessert, which might be pudding or fruit.

Shortly before lunch, the doors swung open—the padded-leather hall door and the white-painted inner door—and two nurses pushed in a rolling stretcher on which lay a sleeping woman. They pushed aside the screen that separated the two beds, and rolled the wagon up beside the empty bed. They tipped the



"The announcer said, 'Hurry down to your neighborhood drugstore,' and that's the last I ever saw of him."

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stretcher, and the woman rolled neatly onto the bed. She wore a short white nightgown, and Oliver saw her legs were fat and white and streaked with iodine. She moaned, but the moans sounded as if they were coming from far away, so deeply was she in sleep.

The doors opened again, and an important-looking nurse, the one who wore a cone-shaped hat and always came around with the doctor, looked at the woman and felt the bed, and said something angry-sounding to the nurses. They had neglected to warm the bed. She spoke in French, but Oliver understood. Then the nurse looked over at him and, changing her manner to something more pleasant, said, in English, "So you are leaving us tomorrow?"

"I don't know." He kept on staring at the sleeping woman.

The nurse went out, and the others followed. Oliver sat up a little straighter, then found he could see better by getting up on his knees. The sleeping woman lay on her back, breathing noisily through her mouth. He watched her, motionless, and was still watching when they brought in his lunch.

"Oh!" The waitress seemed shocked, and she put the screen between the two beds, so that Oliver couldn't see.

"Did she have an accident?" he said, but the waitress spoke no English.

He ate his lunch. After a bit, a nurse came in and disappeared behind the screen. "Feeling better?" he heard her say, very loud.

The heavy breathing stopped, and a faraway voice said, "Yes, I'm all right."

He heard a rattling sound, then the nurse's voice again: "Do not swallow, please. Hold the water in your mouth and spit it out."

"Is that mine I hear crying?" said the voice, as if its owner were coming closer to the surface.

"You are hearing them all," said the nurse. "This room is over the nursery. I'm afraid it is the emergency room, and not very comfortable. We really were not expecting you just yet."

"Nearly had her on the plane," said the woman, and Oliver heard her laugh softly. He liked her voice, now that it sounded less buried.

"Did you have an accident?" he said loudly.

"There is a little boy in the room," the nurse said swiftly, "but he goes tomorrow." Her voice dropped and Oliver heard only certain words. He felt the tone, full of anxiety, and he felt the sensation in the room of shared secrets.

"Poor little thing," he heard. "Take the screen away. Can I sit up?"

"Not yet." The screen was folded back, and Oliver and the sick lady looked at each other. She had the expression he had seen on people in the corridor and on the faces of new nurses who had just had everything explained to them.

"So you speak English," she said, at last. "I'm so pleased. I shall have someone to talk to, at least until you go."

"Did you have an accident?" he said again.

The two women laughed together. "Mrs. Chapman found a baby in a cabbage in the garden," said the nurse.

Oliver did not reply.

THEY replaced the screen later in the day, and a nurse told Oliver to be very quiet so that Mrs. Chapman could sleep. He did not see her again until the next morning, after his bath. Then they took the screen away, because it was a sunny day and the screen hid the sun from his neighbor. She lay very flat, and Oliver had to kneel on his bed again in order to see her face. She was not young and not pretty.

"That was a nasty dream you had last night, Oliver," she said. "What was it all about?"

"Didn't dream."

"Don't you remember? I rang for the nurse. We put the light on. You spoke to us. Don't you remember at all?"

He said, "I didn't dream. Did finding the baby make you sick?"

She laughed and winced and said, "Don't make me laugh. It hurts. I didn't find the baby. I had it. But that's not what made me sick. I'll tell you all about it if— Can you get out of bed? Of course you can. I saw you trotting off earlier. And you're going home today. Well, then, get out of bed and come over here and find my purse in that drawer. Open the purse and you'll see a packet of cigarettes, and some matches in a little box. Take them out."

He was already across the room, in his white hospital jacket open down the back. The tiles of the floor were cold under his feet. He opened the bag with great care and found the cigarettes and the matches. "You've got money," he said, looking inside, "and a comb, and a dirty handkerchief."

"Don't be rude," said Mrs. Chapman. "Throw over the cigarettes. Can you find me an ashtray? What about the saucer under the drinking glass? That's it." He placed the saucer carefully on the white counterpane and stood waiting. She lit the cigarette and *held her breath, and then blew out* smoke. "Thank God for that," she said. "I enjoy cigarettes again. I never stopped smoking, but I just didn't enjoy it. Now, let me see. What did I start to tell you? Oh, yes. Well, after I had my baby—she's my fifth, so I can nearly think about something else at the same time—about two hours after, I had to have an operation. That's what made me sick. Understand?"

He nodded. "I had an accident," he said.

"I know."

Oliver stirred, waiting. "What else is there?" he said.

"You mean what else about me?"

He wasn't sure what he meant. He didn't want to get back into bed, and he liked watching her while she smoked.

"Do you want to know why I'm in Geneva?" she said. "Because my husband works here. Do you want to know where he is now? He's at a conference in Ceylon. That's so far away I won't even try to tell you about it. Do you want to know why I was on a plane? Because I had to go to England to see *my* mother. She was ill and in a nursing home just like this. Do you like all that?"

"Yes." They smiled comfortably at each other.

"I expect you ought to be in bed," Mrs. Chapman said.

"The doctor comes soon," Oliver said. "The doctor comes, and then lunch."

"You've got the timetable down perfectly," she said. "But I still think you'd better get back into bed."

"My Auntie Cath's coming," he said, lingering.

"She's taking you home, is she?"

"No," said Oliver scornfully, drawing it out. "She can't take me home. We don't even live in the same place."

He climbed back in his bed and watched the door. There was a curious air of change about the day. When the doctor came in, he scarcely looked at Oliver, except to say "Well, my brave little man," which was not his usual manner at all. The waitress who brought the comforting lunch of soup and meat and vegetables said "*Au revoir, mon petit*," which was quite new. A maid came in and took away the modelling clay. It didn't belong to Oliver but to the hospital. Mrs. Chapman slept, not in the moaning way of the day before but quietly. She awoke suddenly and told Oliver that she felt very well indeed.

"Shall I get you a cigarette now?" he said. He had been waiting for this.

"I can reach them, thank you." She looked across at him and said, "You can't read yet, can you?"

"I've got books."

"I know. I mean, can you read writing? . . . I thought not. Don't be so offended. I'm going to write down my address and my name, and maybe your aunt will let you come and visit me. You could come in the summer."

"No," he said. "We go to Warbleswick."

"Where?"

He was pleased at remembering this, and thought it strange that she shouldn't know. "We go to Warbleswick," he repeated.

The afternoon nurse came in and began to gather up his toys. She put them in a cardboard box. "You must be washed now, to look nice for your aunt," she said, smiling at Oliver.

"I've had my bath." The nurse handed him his bathrobe and started to put slippers on his feet. He said, "I've *had* my bath," and when she persisted, grasping his foot, he kicked her with the foot that was free.

"How can you be so naughty when you're going home?" said the nurse. She turned to Mrs. Chapman, aggrieved. "He has always been so good. I think we have spoiled him. Did you see what he did? *Un coup de pied!*"

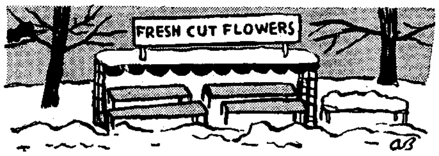
"I should leave him alone if I were you," Mrs. Chapman said.

Oliver had by now thrown bathrobe and slippers on the floor and retreated under the bedclothes.

"He's never been like this," the nurse kept saying, and Mrs. Chapman kept answering. "I'm sure it hasn't been properly explained."

It seemed to Oliver high time that they stopped all this, and high time that his mother came to fetch him away. If Auntie Cath took him, his mother wouldn't know where he was. The taking away of the toys, the unscheduled attempt to wash him suggested that something unusual was about to take place. It could only mean his mother. When the door opened and he heard the voice of Auntie Cath, he stiffened and held the bedclothes, prepared to resist.

—Mavis Gallant



MISTRAL

Percussive, furious, this wind
Sweeps down the mountain and,
Under its pennon of skirling air,
Blows through each red-tiled house as if
Nothing were there: Mistral,
Quartz-clear, spread-eagle,
Falls on the sea.
Gust upon gust batters
The surface—darkening blue—
Into a thousand scalloped fans. Where
Shall our noontime friends,
Cicada, hummingbird,
Who stitched the air with sound and speed,
Now hide? All rocks, islands, peninsulas
Draw near, hitch up their chairs,
Companions in this clearer, clean
Air, while inland fields are stripped of soil.
As I start home, a coven
Of winds is let loose at every corner;
Alone in a howling
Waste, figurehead sculptured in air,
Bent low, deafened, I plunge
On, blind in the face of the storm.

—Barbara Howes

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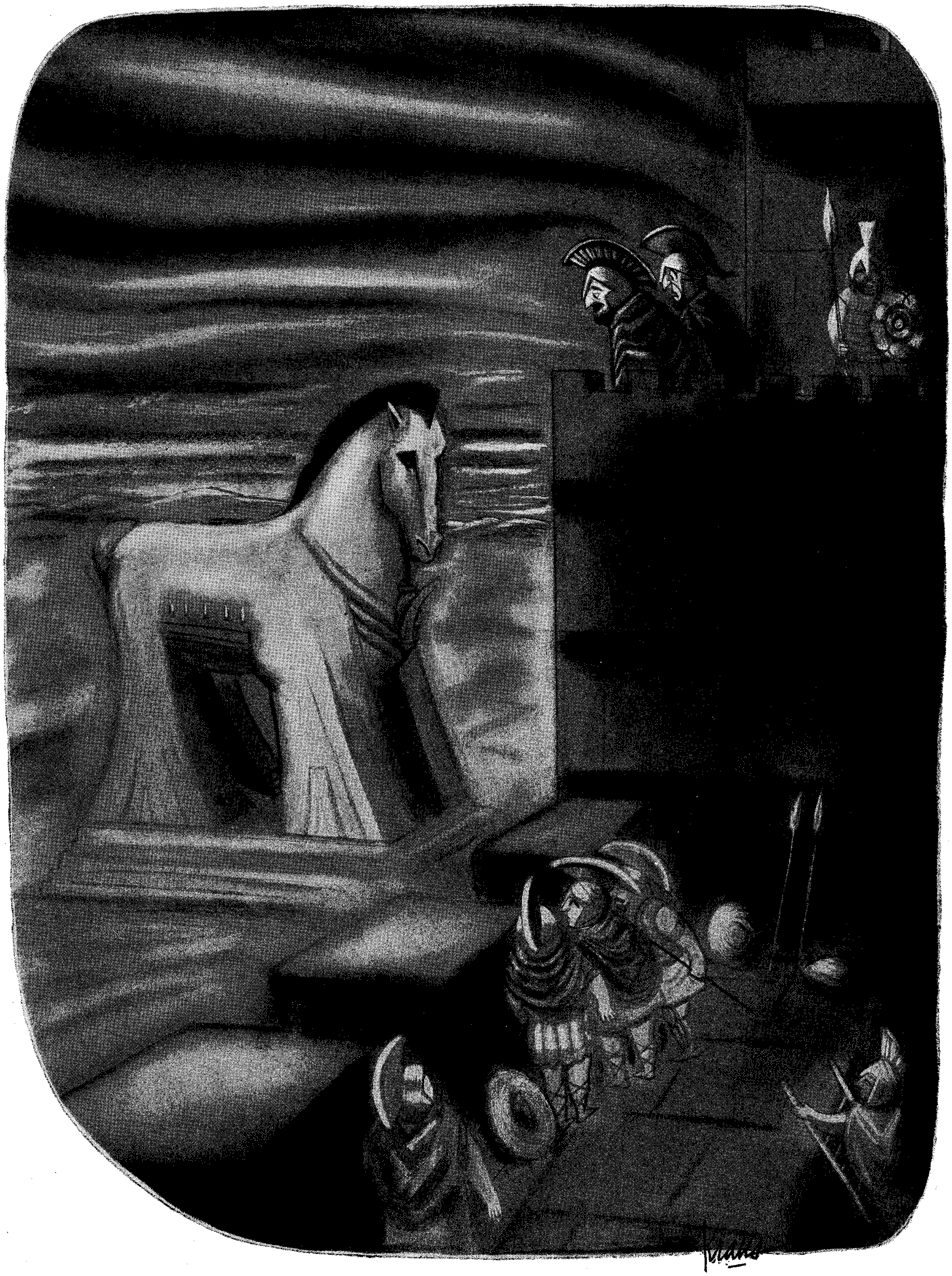
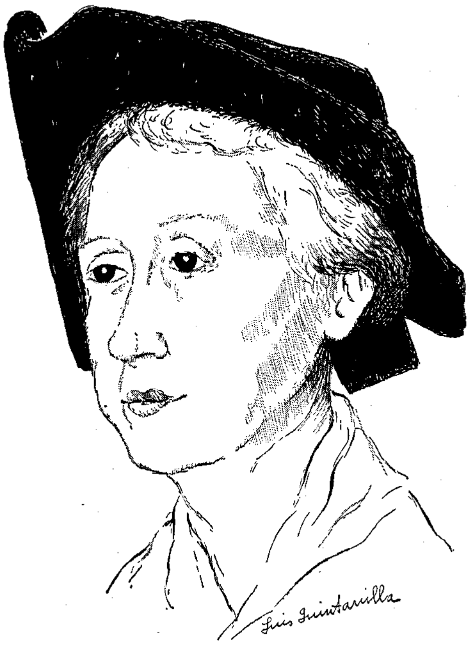


"The trouble is if we accept it, we'll have to give them a gift. Then they'll feel obliged to give us something in return. It'll be one of those things."

PROFILES

HUMILITY, CONCENTRATION, AND GUSTO



Marianne Craig Moore

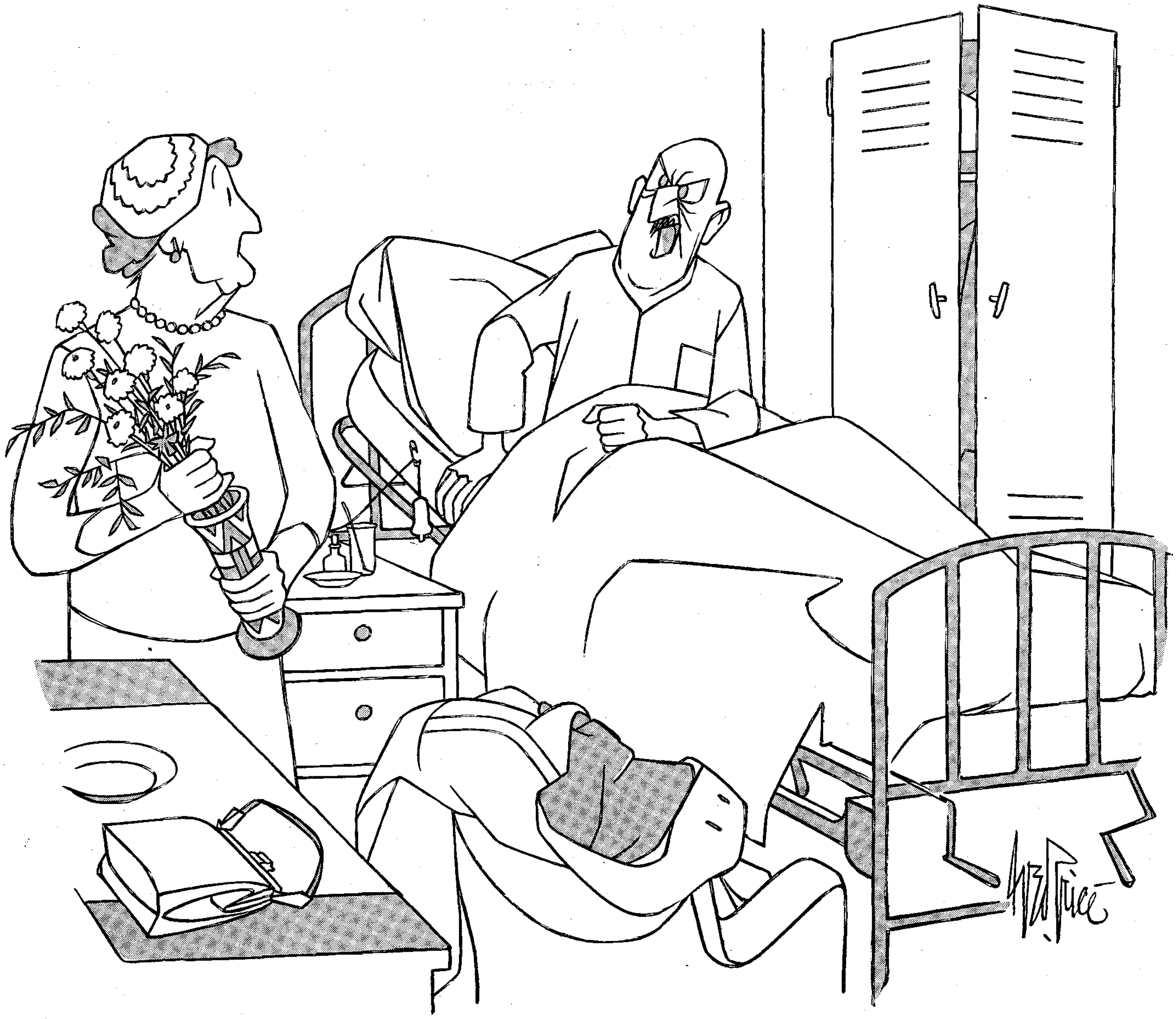
AMONG people who like to feel that they know just how things stand, Marianne Craig Moore is regarded, variously, as America's greatest living woman poet, or as one of America's greatest living poets, or even as America's greatest living poet—three views that combine to establish her squarely as a literary monument, handily labelled for ready reference. There may be some doubt in the minds of those who are not well up on modern verse about just how these titles have been arrived at, but there is no doubt that they are supported by an overwhelming assortment of prizes, memberships in societies of immortals, and honorary Litt. D.s that Miss Moore has collected over nearly half a century of writing verse, and by many qualified authorities, among them a number of distinguished fellow-poets, such as W. H. Auden, who has gallantly confessed to plundering her work for technical ideas, and T. S. Eliot, who has stated that in his opinion "her poems form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time." There are, however, other ways of looking at Miss Moore. A large public that has never opened any of the books responsible for her fame has been led by articles about her in big-circulation family magazines to see her as a quaint and rather stylish spinster who, at the age of sixty-nine, lives in a cluttered apartment in Brooklyn and writes poems about animals—a picture that is essentially accurate, if considerably oversimplified. To some of the more complicated types who frequent literary teas and cocktail parties in Manhattan, Miss Moore is a quite outrageous chatterbox and intellectual comedienne; to others, more fondly disposed toward her, she is a gentle lioness of formidable glamour, capable of non-stop conversational monologues, richly interspersed with observations on life and letters, which they feel should be treasured for their outspokenness and originality. At gatherings of this kind, her meticulous and all but breakneck manner of expressing herself—mirroring a mind in which wisdom and innocence are curiously combined—often produces a flow of imagery and anecdote whose quality leads some of her admirers to contend that she not only writes but talks literature.

And there is still another Miss Moore—the one known to her neighbors in the fairly nondescript area surrounding her modest five-room, fifth-floor apartment on Cumberland Street, in the Fort Greene Park section of Brooklyn. To her neighbors she is, and has been for many years, a familiar and affectionately regarded figure as—dressed with a conservative smartness that often includes a skimmer or a tricorne hat, armed with a shopping basket, and exuding an air of invincible energy and cheerfulness—she passes the time of day with her grocer or her vegetable man. Along Cumberland Street, her claim to distinction rests not so much on her writing or on her drawing-room wit as on certain aspects of her conduct and bearing that mark her, in the eyes of people she has daily dealings with, as a great lady who represents the genteel traditions of a noble and nearly forgotten era. "For my money, they don't come any finer than Miss Moore," says Henry Burfeindt, one of the clerks at the Oxford Delicatessen, a couple of blocks from her apartment. "She gave me one of her books—and she autographed it. It says 'To Henry' in the front of it. One of these days I'm going to lay in the sun and read it." And Mike Moscarella, who runs a shoe-repair shop at the corner of Carlton Street and De Kalb Avenue, a block and a half away, says, "She don't dress modern. She makes friends easy, and she's a real home lady. Very interesting to talk to, too. She likes to talk about scenery and flowers." Among another group of her Brooklyn acquaintances—the parishioners of the nearby Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church—Miss Moore is revered for still different virtues, of a sort not often associated with poets nowadays. She regularly attends services at the church, and invariably says grace before meals. Moreover, she strictly avoids alcohol, tobacco, and even coffee. So highly is she thought of by the church authorities that on several occasions they have asked her to write a special benediction to be delivered at church dinners on Thanksgiving or some other ceremonial day, but this she has so far declined to do. "I don't believe in substituting conscious expression for spontaneous devotion," she says.

THESE diverse facets of Miss Moore's public personality suggest that the individual embodying them is a phenomenon of some complexity. Since poetry—and contemporary poetry in particular—is one of the most personal of the arts, and since connoisseurs long familiar with Miss Moore and her verse believe that her poems are works of self-portraiture to an even greater extent than those of most poets, it is natural to look for clues to the essential character of this phenomenon in the half-dozen volumes of verse that, except for a book of essays and some translations, constitute her life work to date. The poems in these volumes are instantly striking for the exquisite care with which they have been put together; Miss Moore sets down her metaphors and images in neat, precise patterns, using schemes of metre and rhyme that are at once as intricate and as clearly defined as needlepoint embroidery, and even the typographic schemes of her printed verses are fastidiously original. A good example of this last is a fragment from "In Distrust of Merits," one of the few poems she has written on subjects of major social significance:

There never was a war that was
  not inward; I must
fight till I have conquered in myself what
causes war, but I would not believe it.
    I inwardly did nothing.
      O Iscariotlike crime!
    Beauty is everlasting
      and dust is for a time.

In general, her poems reveal an intense preoccupation with often microscopic



"Mildred, leave those alone! You have no jurisdiction in this room."

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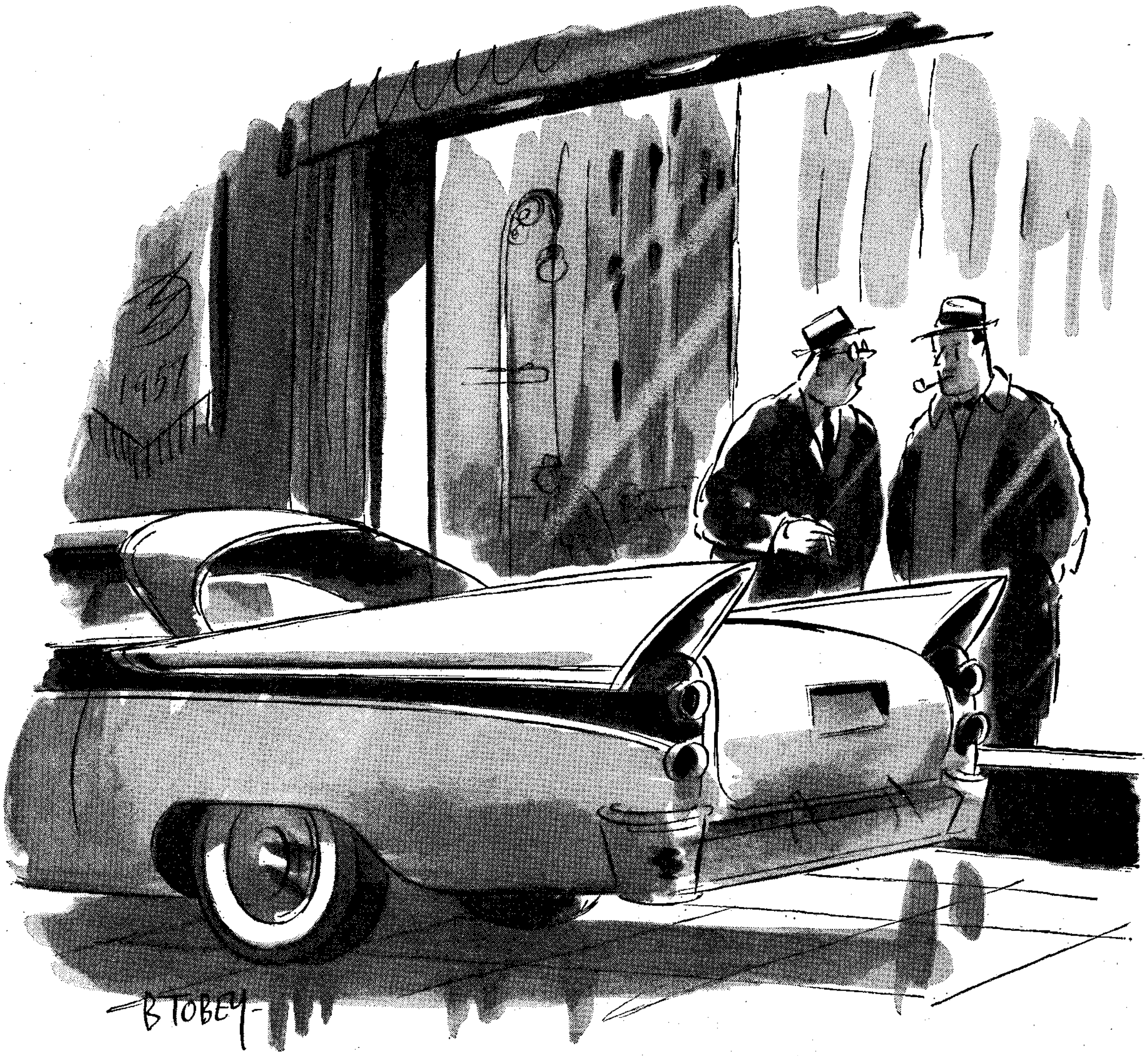
visual detail and an extraordinary joy in the contemplation of such minutiae as the sheen of sea shells, the tendrils of plants, and the legs and wings of insects. While Miss Moore's scrupulous descriptions of her abundant observations would hardly constitute poetry in themselves, she has a flair for symbolism that gives them meaning, making each small object the protagonist of an engrossing drama—a drama that, as often as not, points a moral of some sort. The sequence in which the visual images swiftly appear and vanish is not so much a matter of logic as it is of kaleidoscopic association, and the agility with which Miss Moore jumps from one association to the next is such that even the most diligent reader sometimes loses his way in attempting to follow her—a drawback that she tries to minimize by including a series of explanatory notes at the end of each volume. A reader who, with or without the notes, is able to keep pace with Miss Moore finds himself being led through an aggregation of sensations and perceptions that are similar in effect to a collage or a mosaic, and are highlighted by epigrams and descriptive phrases memorable for the particularly vivid insight they give into one truth or another.

In "The Labours of Hercules," a poem about poetry, Miss Moore has written "that one detects creative power by its capacity to conquer one's detachment, that while it may have more elasticity than logic, it knows where it is going"—an eminently logical assertion and a justification of the elastic, or intuitive, method that characterizes most of her writing. A great deal of the charm of her work lies in the originality of her point of view; somehow she is able to describe things as if they were being seen for the first time by a mind without preconceptions. This faculty, similar to that of a child or a primitive, enables her to avoid clichés of thought and expression; her poetry contains no second-hand ideas, except when she openly borrows from other writers, in which case she takes pains to make that fact clear by using quotation marks—a sort of code, informing the knowing reader that he will find the source listed back among the notes. She seems, indeed, to be perpetually and delightedly poised on the frontier of fresh experience—a narrow and perilous region where she can lean neither on learning nor on generalized principles. Miss Moore is, of course, neither a child nor a primitive but an urbane and educated woman, and her position on this frontier—as consciously maintained as that



"You don't like tail fins and maybe I don't like tail fins, but can you imagine what would happen to the American economy if nobody liked tail fins?"

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of a tightrope walker—demands an air of ingenuousness that is patently calculated artifice but nevertheless a most appealing one.

Much of Miss Moore's poetry takes the form of slyly satirical criticism—criticism of art, of literature, of human behavior—expressed in economical, tightly packed phrases, and in this criticism she shows herself to be something of a stickler for what she considers propriety. Of alcohol, that traditional midwife of the poet, she states uncompromisingly, "The wine cellar? No. It accomplishes nothing and makes the soul heavy." (Since these lines and the quotations immediately following have been taken out of context, they are reproduced here without regard for the typographical niceties of their author's versification.) In discussing literature, she writes, "Originality is in any case a byproduct of sincerity," and she taunts the French by describing them as a people "in whose products mystery of construction diverts one from what was originally one's object—substance at the core." She dislikes "authorities whose hopes are shaped by mercenaries" and "writers entrapped by teatime fame and commuters' comforts." She deplores the abnormal perfection of roses, assuring them that "your thorns are the best part of you." Her attitude toward her art is sometimes rather thorny itself, as when she observes, "Reading [poetry] . . . with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it after all, a place for the genuine." As a believer in good taste, she favors reticence: "The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence; not in silence, but restraint." Objective little notations like these seem to indicate an extremely reflective and slightly acid mind that abhors excess and prefers detached observation to participation, and this impression is reinforced by the rather striking fact that Miss Moore's verse is almost devoid of anything approaching passionate warmth toward her fellow-man; indeed, her fellow-man very seldom appears in it at all. Her love is expended instead on a still-life or a landscape world inhabited by plants and animals that are usually small and very self-sufficient. Yet she is apt to regard this world pessimistically; the environment in which her little animals play out their dramas is nearly always a threatening one. The odds are against them, even though, often covered with protective armor, they make their dwellings in snug holes and have admirable qualities of adaptability and strong powers of survival. They appear as symbols of virtues that Miss Moore repeatedly extolls—courage, patience, firmness, loyalty, integrity, good sense, modesty, persistence, and independence. Like many another poet, Miss Moore celebrates what philosophers have called the *élan vital*, but she celebrates it with restraint, and its most impressive victories in her poetry are achieved by the small living things she portrays as holding their own against the hostile surroundings of nature, as in "Nevertheless":

> The weak overcomes its
>   menace, the strong over-
>   comes itself. What is there
>
> like fortitude! What sap
>   went through that little thread
>   to make the cherry red!

Miss Moore's associative process of thought, which leads her discursively through her world of menaced and courageous creatures and often winds up with a pronouncement on human behavior, is well illustrated by a poem called "Snakes, Mongooses, Snake-Charmers and the Like." This starts off with a tribute to the mongoose's claws, passes on to images evoking the austerity of India and then to snakes and tortoises and chameleons, and finally poses the question of why the snake was in-

POUR UN HOMME DE CARON
A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CREATION SPECIALE DE CARON

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vented. Typically, the answer is oblique, and ends with an aphorism:

We do not know; the only positive thing
about it is its shape; but why protest?
The passion for setting people right is in
itself an afflictive disease.
Distaste which takes no credit to itself is
best.

THE connoisseurs who regard Miss Moore's poems almost literally as self-portraits are convinced that all those tiny beleaguered organisms surviving in adversity by means of fortitude, intelligence, and patience represent Miss Moore herself, and, moreover, that her manner of expression is as revealing as her subject matter. These judgments would appear to be sound, since a reader of Miss Moore's verse who had never met its author or heard anything about her would be justified in concluding that she was a rather remote and isolated individual, a meditative soliloquist, a fascinated observer of life, a digressive but deliberately elegant thinker, a stoic, a moralist, and something of a frontierswoman in the realm of sensation, capable of extracting enormous drama from the slightest experiences and impressions—and all this is pretty much confirmed by the poet's habits and the environment she has chosen for herself. Although her various obligations in the roles of monument, lioness, neighborhood *grande dame*, and pillar of the church involve her in a great deal of what she terms "dashing around," Miss Moore feels and responds to the creative person's need for privacy. Between her forays into the outer world, she lives alone, cooking her own meals at such times as she remembers to eat at all, corresponding with her numerous friends, and inviting the mood of "humility, concentration, and gusto" that she says is conducive to the difficult task of writing verse. She has likened herself during such intervals to "a cat in a basket with the lid on," "a badger under a hedge of poison ivy," and "a rat in a cheese"—similes that not only relate characteristically to animal life but convey a sense of snugness that is plainly very congenial to her.

Miss Moore's apartment is the apotheosis of snugness; indeed, it is snug almost to the point of restricting free movement, owing to a vast collection of miscellaneous objects she has amassed over the years. "I suppose my life is made happier by hoarding these things," Miss Moore says apologetically, and a visitor is likely to suspect that she attaches great sentimental value to everything around her. In addition to the furniture (comfortably old-fashioned and not in itself obtrusive), the hoard includes a tremendous array of books, in which the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer rub bindings with Latin classics and volumes on science, history, and travel—all of them painstakingly dusted and kept either in crowded bookcases or in upended apple boxes that line the narrow hallways. It includes a walrus tusk from the Greely Expedition to the Arctic in 1881, countless porcelain and ivory likenesses of tigers and elephants, and a mass of bric-a-brac in less readily identifiable shapes. And it includes paintings, drawings, and etchings, as well as pictures that Miss Moore has cut from magazines and framed—a display whose sheer square footage threatens to overflow the limited wall space that is not occupied by bookcases. Some of these mural ornaments are so faded that only the sharpest eye can make out what they are supposed to represent; others, more distinct, are works of purely personal interest, executed by friends (a stiff and naïve painting of a flower by E. E. Cummings, for example), or prints by artists of long ago (William Blake, for example). The subjects of the whole informal gallery are preponderantly animals—elephants, kangaroos, alligators, chickens, mice, hermit crabs, and very nearly all the rest. "Our ancestors!" Miss Moore explains, joyously embracing the entire display with a wave of the hand. Occasionally, though, the encroaching multitude of her possessions drives her to the verge of impatience. "I never want to own anything any more," she told a visitor not long ago. "No more shells and feathers! People present you with things they think may suggest an idea for a poem, but there simply aren't enough alcoves and embrasures to put them all in." Miss Moore does not usually remain in this mood for long, however, and she has never been able to bring herself to discard any of her remarkable accretion. Even in her most exasperated moments, the mere mention of some old coin or bit of porcelain in her collection will prompt her to dig it out and show it off with undisguised affection.

In contrast to the rest of the apartment, Miss Moore's kitchen has an air of practicality about it that suggests another side of her nature. A few pots and pans suffice for her culinary needs. "Cook and sew enough of the time and you feel degraded," she says. "I cook only the essentials—meat and potatoes. I've never baked a pie." On

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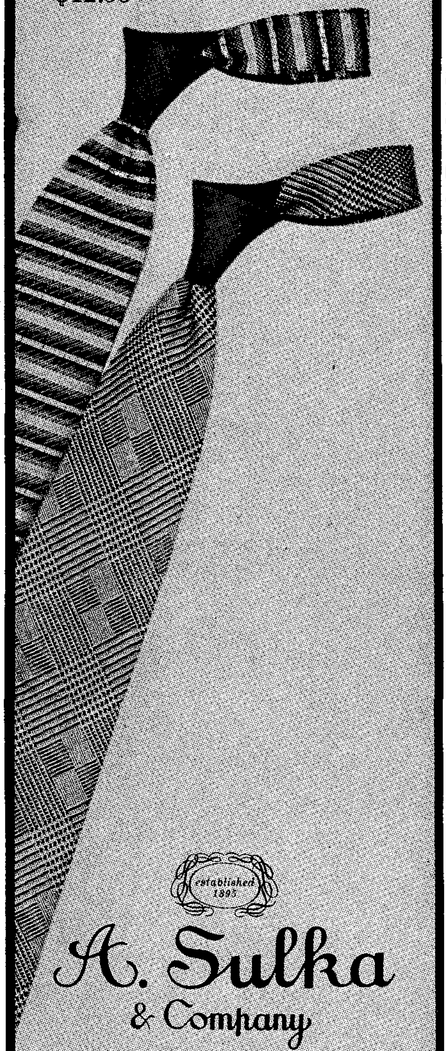

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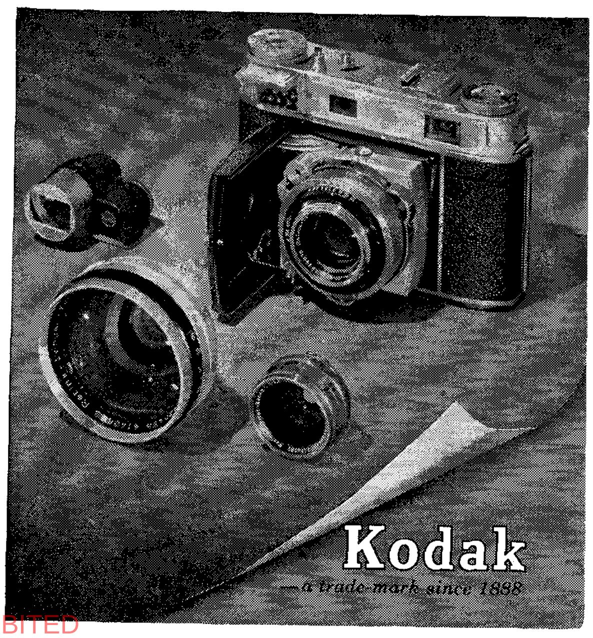

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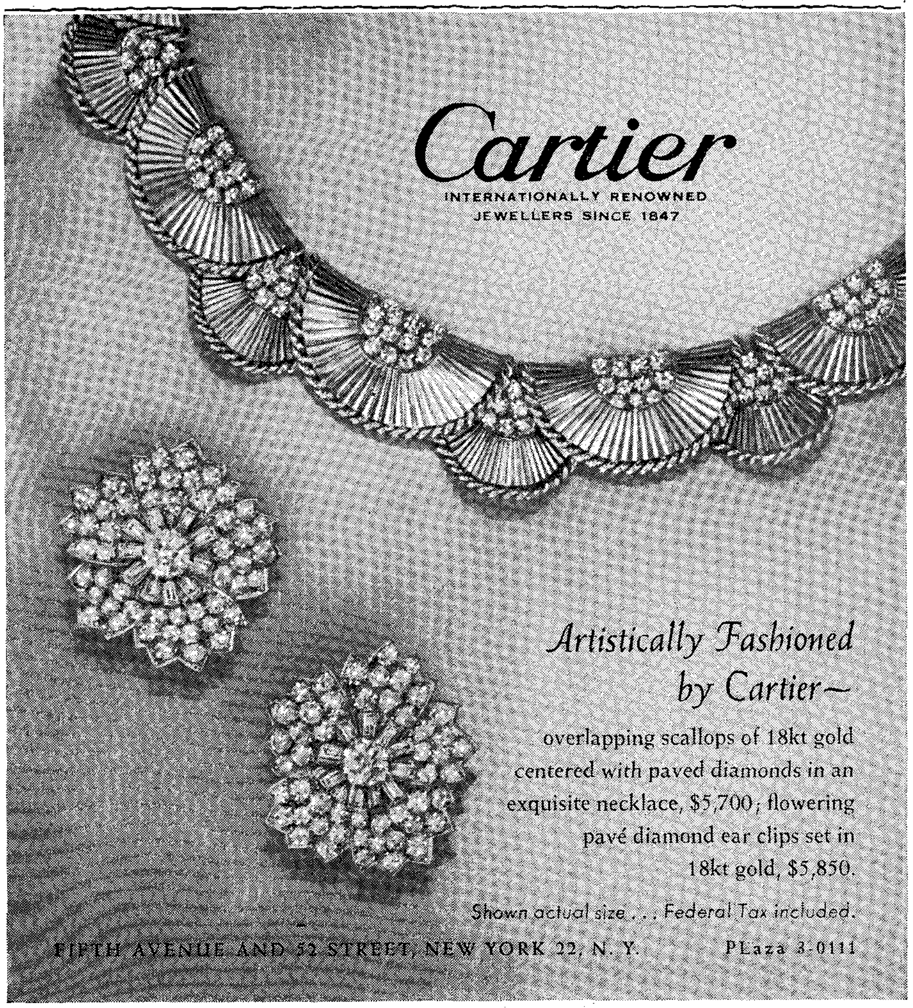
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the kitchen table stands a Mason jar containing carrot juice, to which Miss Moore repairs for sustenance between meals, replenishing her supply from time to time with the help of a vegetable-juicer. "Carrot juice increases vigor," she says. The austerity of her kitchen is relieved only by a singular tool rack, of her own design and construction, in which she keeps various convenient implements—a plane, an auger, a pair of tin-cutting shears, a pair of pliers, two axes, a jar opener, a pair of scissors, and a gimlet, to name a few—all mounted in their proper places with a feeling for order that would do credit to the curator of a museum. The variety of these utensils not only bespeaks Miss Moore's prowess as a domestic craftsman but adds to the impression that her apartment is a thoroughly self-sufficient refuge—that its occupant, when hidden away in it, is as independent of the world at large as a barnacle in its shell.

As a consequence of Miss Moore's literary eminence, she does not remain hidden away as much as she perhaps would like to. Her apartment has become a place of pilgrimage for editors, publishers, critics, poets, artists, and other admiring folk, who gladly undertake the trip across the river in order to pay their respects. While Miss Moore does not encourage wholesale invasions of her privacy, she is nevertheless gratified by an occasional visit and deeply appreciative of the effort people make in journeying all the way to what is for most of them a previously unexplored region of Brooklyn. By way of demonstrating this appreciation, she keeps a large supply of subway tokens on hand, and invariably urges guests from Manhattan to dip into it and so spare themselves the trouble of having to stop and buy one in the station before heading back under the East River. Sometimes her offer of a token is accepted casually, but sometimes it is accepted only after quite a show of reluctance, and once in a while it is flatly refused. There are those who suspect that Miss Moore likes to study the varied reactions to her considerate little gesture, and she is reported to have once admitted as much to a friend. "I know they don't need it, and they know that I know they don't need it, but I like to see what happens," she is supposed to have said. "The most interesting people take it without making a fuss." Questioned about this recently, Miss Moore denied ever having said any such thing. "Why, I would be incapable of testing a person in that way!" she exclaimed. But then she

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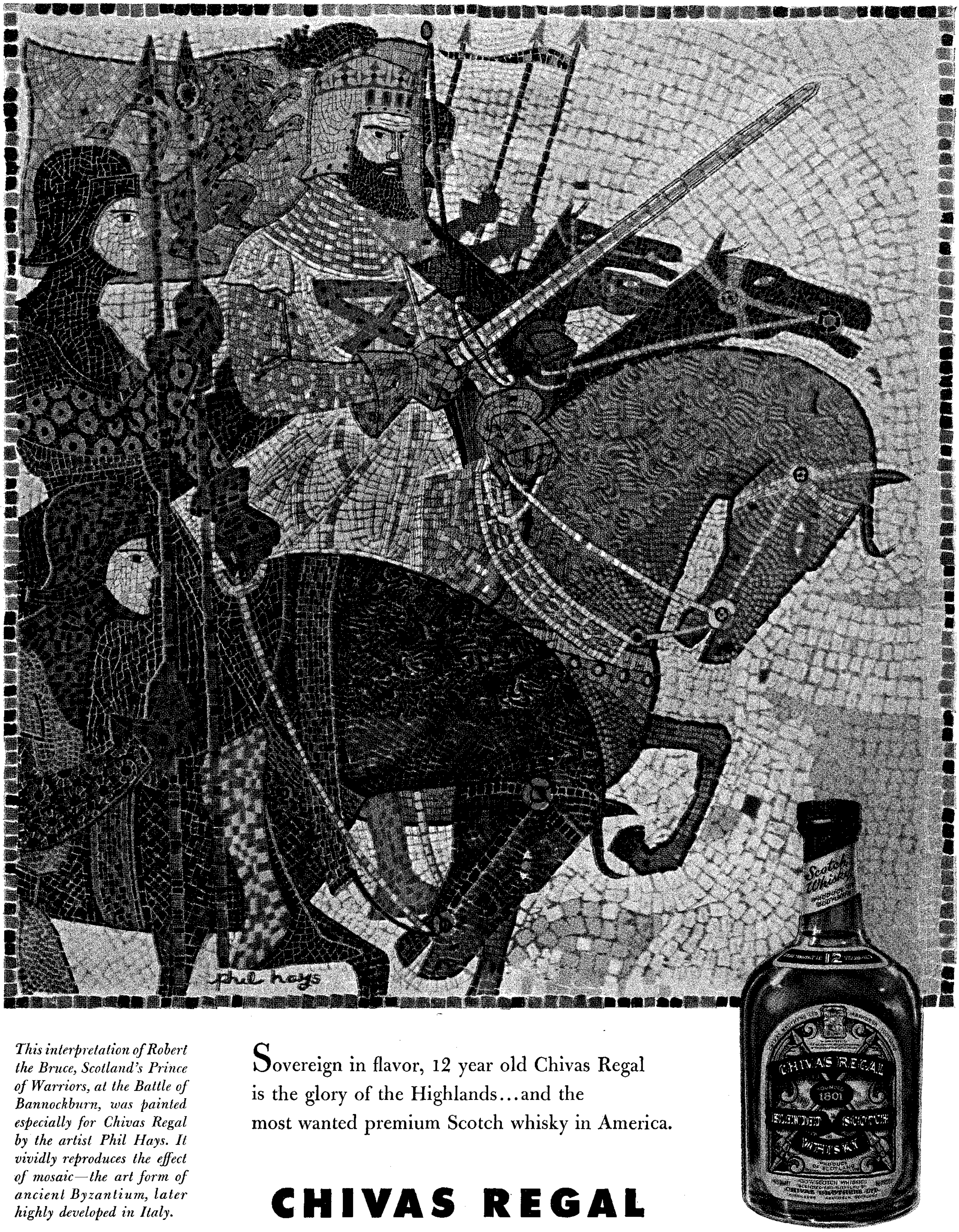

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added, "Still, I do prize people a little more highly if they don't make a big thing of it."

When guests arrive at the apartment, Miss Moore serves them tea, which she brews unostentatiously but with great care, seeing to it that her Chinese teapot is properly warmed beforehand and putting it in an upholstered basket when the tea is ready for pouring. During this ceremony, she moves about swiftly among the treasures in her living room in an easy, athletic fashion not generally associated with women of her age, and her manner, which in privacy resembles that of a preoccupied librarian, is transformed into that of a piquant and highly animated actress. The transformation is a very striking one. Her cheeks redden, she smiles slyly, and she becomes Marianne Moore the public personality, with all the challenges to wit and originality that this implies. She seems to grow appreciably taller. Her face, topped by a braid of gray hair wrapped around her head and held in place by a large celluloid hairpin, assumes an expression of girlish enthusiasm sharpened by occasional gleams of mockery, and she talks softly but very volubly, with a slightly flat drawl that may reflect her Midwestern origins.

Miss Moore's conversation is remarkable for its diversity, and for a certain recklessness that is likely to lead her, by a sequence of crowding and tumbling associations, into fields far removed from her starting point. For instance, while she has a high opinion of tea, she is aware that some of her guests may prefer something stronger, and therefore keeps on hand a bottle of Harvey's Shooting Sherry. There is a hunting scene on the label, and on occasion this has served as a springboard for one of her dizzying monologues. At an afternoon gathering in her apartment a couple of months ago, the label led her to a consideration of other labels (though she might just as easily have veered in the direction of rabbits or quail), and this, in turn, led her to comment on grocery-store stocks, specifically on the stocks of the S. S. Pierce store, in Boston. "Very discriminating grocers," she went on. "Even if they do carry cigars and wine and cosmetics along with their cheese, jam, cakes, soups, and all kinds of crackers. I can't abide dilutions or mixtures, but I like candy. If I drank whiskey, I would drink it straight. I have a lethal grudge against people who try to make me drink coffee. My friend Mrs. Church grinds her own coffee from

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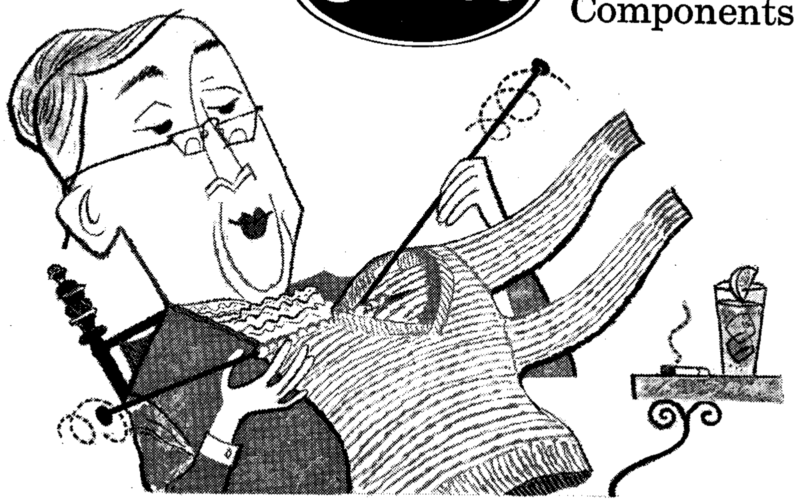

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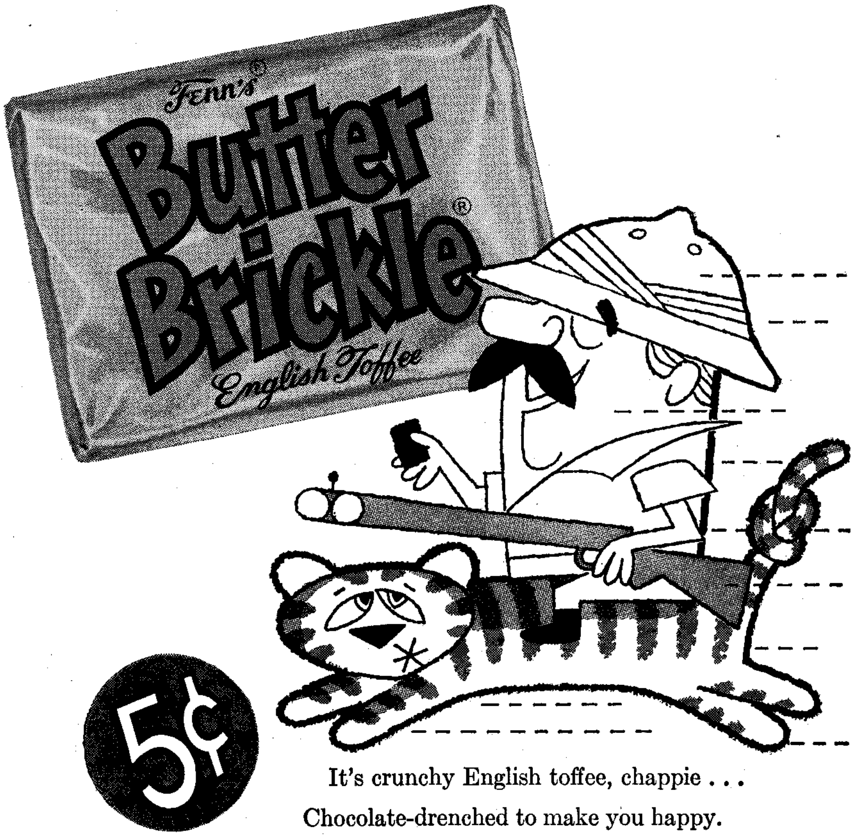

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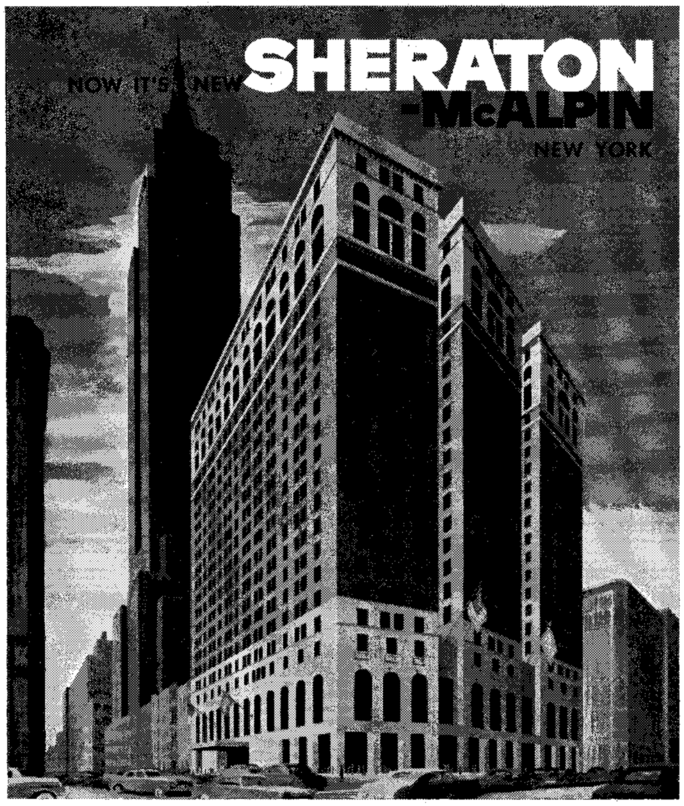

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French and American beans. Her husband's grandfather was a chemical inventor who invented a brand of bicarbonate of soda. His wife is a Bavarian. Mrs. Church, I mean. She had a house at Ville-d'Avray with a big cedar of Lebanon and a dog named Tiquot. They had a gardener who also drove the car. They wouldn't have begonias on the place. They did have a few geraniums, though. Mr. Church was a close friend of Wallace Stevens, who wrote 'The Necessary Angel.' He reprinted an anecdote about Goethe wearing black woollen stockings on a packet boat. I like Goethe. My favorite language is German. I like the periodic structure of the sentences. 'And Shakespeare inspires me, too. He has so many good quotations. And Dante. He has a few, too.' That's from Ruth Draper. At Monroe Wheeler's once, we played a game called 'Who would you rather be except Shakespeare?' I wouldn't mind being La Fontaine, or Voltaire. Or Montaigne? No. I wouldn't be Montaigne—too sombre. I have always loved the vernacular. It spites me that I can't write fiction. And that book of essays I wrote. I let myself loose to do my utmost, and now they make me uneasy. The critics didn't care a great deal for them, but their reviews weren't really vipish. Those readings of my verse I made for the phonograph—well, they're here forever, like the wheat in the pyramids. I'm fond of Bach and Pachelbel and Stravinsky. I'm also fond of drums and trumpets—snare drums. If I find that a man plays the trumpet I am immediately interested. . . ."

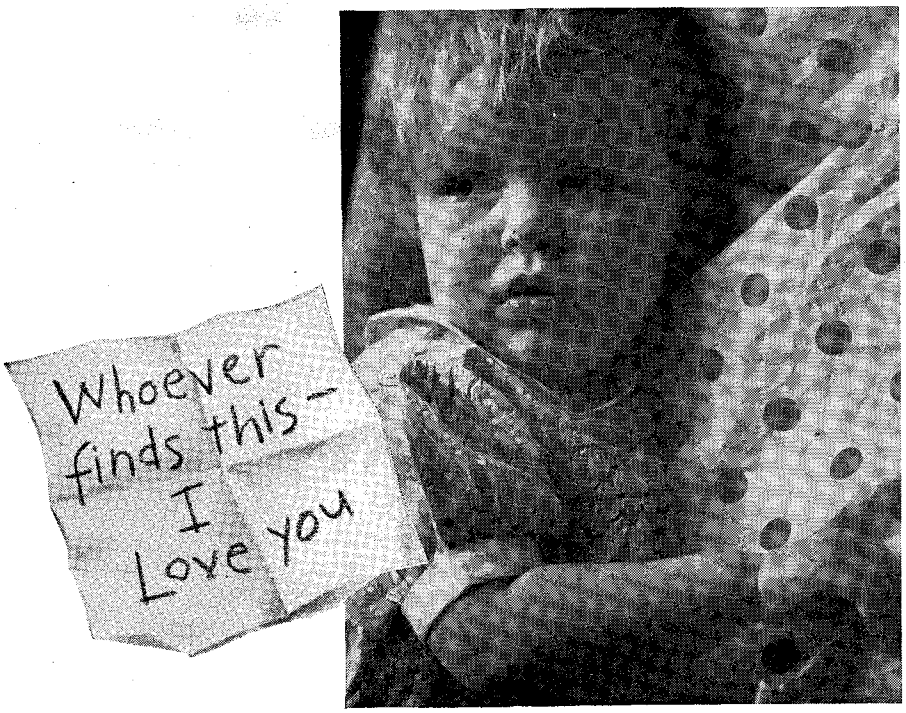
The torrent of impressions and observations continues unstintingly. Miss Moore's listeners, in forming an opinion of it, tend to fall into two groups—those who delightedly occupy themselves in smelting out a memorable simile or adjective, and those who complain that it requires an enormous amount of strenuous concentration to make any sense at all of what she is saying. On the afternoon when S. S. Pierce received its pat on the back, one of the guests finally reached the point of exhaustion, and exclaimed, "Marianne, don't jump around so in your conversation!"

Miss Moore paused, turned pityingly toward the heretic, and replied with spirit, "It isn't jumping around. It's all connected." Then she was off again.

On another recent occasion, a bewildered guest interrupted Miss Moore to ask, "Do you realize where you started this digression?"

Miss Moore drew herself up and, smiling a bit austerely, said, "Wasn't it Aristotle who observed that 'the ability to see a connection between apparently incongruous things is the sign of a poet'?" Then she looked worried. "Or was it the 'mark' of a poet?" she said. "I hate people who can't quote things correctly, and then I go and make all kinds of mistakes myself. Was it the 'mark' of a poet or the 'sign' of a poet?" Another listener remarked that since the line was a translation anyhow, either word ought to be acceptable. But this was not enough for Miss Moore. By the following morning, she had tracked down the passage to its source and begun busily telephoning her guests to make elaborate apologies and give them the accurate version. "The sentence actually reads, 'It is the mark of a poet to see a connection between apparently incongruous things,'" she told one of them breathlessly. "I feel as degraded as a worm at the bottom of an umbrella stand. But I'm so relieved to have got it right at last."

Some of Miss Moore's friends interpret this reverence for scholarly exactitude, so at odds with her headlong habits of conversation, as one of a whole set of attitudes that are related to her conception of morals and propriety. She is as scrupulous in her regard for good form as the heroine of a Jane Austen novel, and there is about her a suggestion of both the Puritan woman and the Prussian knight. She dislikes seeing women apply makeup in public, and she herself, whether in public or alone, has an odd distaste for looking in a mirror, possibly—although she isn't really sure why—because she has a deep-seated feeling that the act is too frivolous. This is not to imply that she is in any way frumpy; on the contrary, while she disapproves of luxurious living in the broad sense, she has a fondness for certain luxuries, especially that of dressing well, and she is under no illusion that a woman can be well dressed on a cut-rate basis. "A friend of mine once told me that I could find the equivalent of Saks Fifth Avenue clothes on Fourteenth Street," she said not long ago. "I don't believe it. Besides, I don't like to get bargains, because I don't feel comfortable exploiting a store." The flow of Miss Moore's thought, whether written or spoken, is interspersed with allusions indicating a deep respect for romantic ideals of behavior—ideals involving monasticism, gallantry, and soldierliness. Despite an inveterate hatred of



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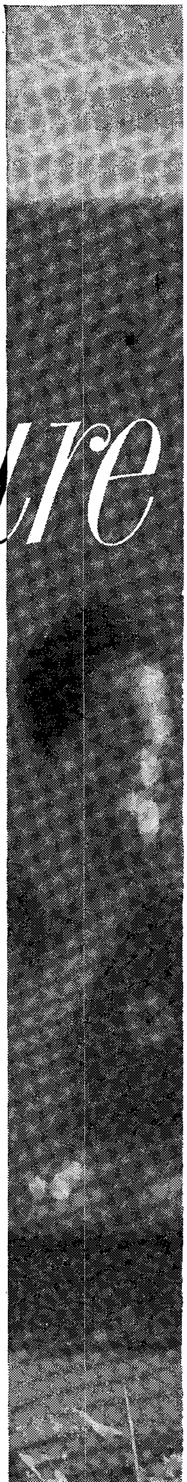

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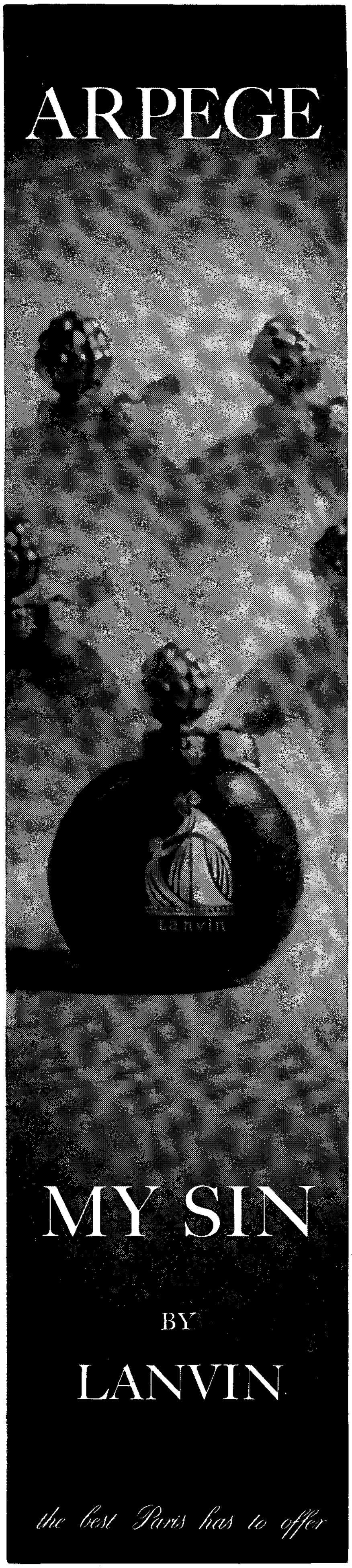

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

war, she thinks highly of the military life. "It means a great deal to me to know that there are in the world a few real enemies of enslavement and that some of them are generals—General Eisenhower, General MacArthur, and General de Tassigny," she told an interviewer in 1951. And, for all the indirectness of her own mental habits, she greatly reveres directness and workaday logic in others. "I like the writing of precise scientific thinkers," she says. "Lots of these scientists don't stand forth as littérateurs, but I find their devotion to fact very stimulating. They are much more competent than I am, particularly where precision is concerned." She prizes the works of chroniclers like Gibbon, and among her favorite authors are Julius Caesar and Xenophon. "Xenophon has wonderful qualities of restraint and latent satire," she says. "He loved horses, and he believed that a good cavalry officer should be religious."

Not one to confine her admiration for living organisms to those on the lower rungs of the evolutionary ladder, Miss Moore goes along with Xenophon in loving horses. Her most daring encounter with them—and possibly with any of the creatures of which she writes—occurred in 1952. She had become so interested in the race horse Tom Fool after reading about him in Arthur Daley's sports column in the *Times* that she wrote a poem in his honor ("Tom Fool is 'a handy horse,' with a chiselled foot . . ."), which appeared in *The New Yorker*. When her milliner, a lady with something of a weakness for the track, heard about the poem, she offered to take Miss Moore to the races at Jamaica, and Miss Moore accepted. She had never been to a race track before and (except for a staged visit with a magazine photographer) she has not been to one since. The experience was, therefore, unique, and, compared to most of her experiences, it was an extremely turbulent one. The two women visited the paddock, where Tom Fool was being saddled, and Miss Moore decided on the spot to risk fifty cents on him. "I've never seen a horse so limber," she says. On learning that two dollars is the minimum bet, she took the plunge at the two-dollar window, fearlessly going all out on a win-or-nothing basis. Tom Fool came in second. "That cured me of betting," Miss Moore says emphatically. As for her surroundings at the track, she had some reservations. "It certainly is a *tough* place, although I tried to look at the best side of it," she said later. "I've never seen so much liquor in my life. And the people in the stands don't seem happy even when they win." The afternoon was cold and the last race was late, and on the way back Miss Moore complained of chills, so her companion took her to her own house, where she broiled her a steak and gave her some brandy to warm her up. Miss Moore accepted the latter only as a prudent medicament, but it added one more fillip to an adventure that struck her as having its decidedly rakish aspects. "I learned my lesson never to become a race-track habitué," she has since told friends, and they have little fear that she will. When Jock Whitney, the horse's owner, read her poem about Tom Fool, he asked to buy the original manuscript. Miss Moore was willing to give it to him but not to sell it to him. "I thought it wouldn't be exactly fitting to be paid twice for the same poem," she says.

ALTHOUGH Miss Moore has a number of very good friends who share her interests, and several hundred acquaintances who are more or less celebrated for their accomplishments in the arts, her closest attachment is to a person of a wholly different outlook. This is her brother, Captain John Warner Moore, who is a retired chaplain of the United States Navy and currently the chaplain of the Gunnery School, a prep school for boys in Washington, Connecticut. While Miss Moore's affection for her brother is naturally attributable in large measure to their blood relationship, it appears to be intensified by the circumstance that he is a man both of staunch religious faith and of staunch military habits—two qualities that his sister, of course, greatly admires. The Captain is a tall, spare, white-haired gentleman, some seventeen months older than Miss Moore, who combines an erect bearing with a fatherly manner in such a way as to give an impression of dignity, dependability, and kindliness. Like his sister, he speaks with a slight Midwestern drawl, and he also resembles her in certain facial and other physical features, and in his patrician air of old-fashioned self-respect. In his time, Captain Moore, who is married and the father of four children, was a small-boat sailing champion in the Navy, winning several titles in the Pacific and officiating as one of the coaches of the Navy team that competed against Germany at Kiel in 1937. While his mental processes are, as might be expected, quite unlike his sister's—his thoughts tend to run on a logical track rather than by free and headlong association—and it

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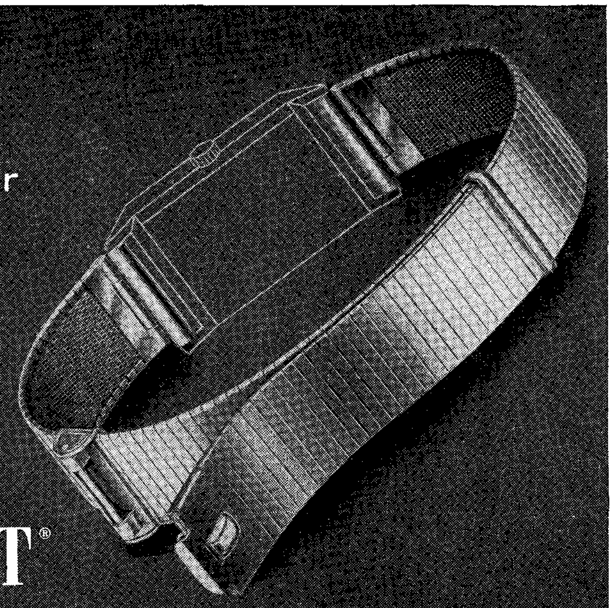

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is evident that he would be much more at home on the deck of a cruiser than in a Manhattan poetry salon, he is extremely proud of the eminence she has attained in the literary world. And Miss Moore, in turn, believes that in at least one way he is her literary superior. "My brother is much better at an essay than I am," she observed recently. "But he doesn't get time to write much. He's too busy with his work at the school."

Miss Moore and her brother are drawn still nearer to each other by a strong personal tie they share—a deep devotion to the memory of their mother, who died ten years ago. It would be difficult to imagine a closer family relationship than the one that existed between Mrs. Moore and her two children. A devout Presbyterian who also had a high opinion of the Quakers, she combined her religious feeling with definite literary leanings by saying a different grace—newly minted by her and often in poetic form—before every meal; as her son has recalled, "She had faith in the providence and goodness of God, and matters of honor were more important to her than food." She was a vigorous fighter for causes she believed in, and these, when she was in her prime, ranged from woman suffrage to crusading against cruelty to animals; in the first instance, she marched in parades, and in the second she stopped in the street to remonstrate with drivers who were mistreating their horses. People who were acquainted with Mrs. Moore differ widely in their recollections of the sort of woman she was; some remember her as a frighteningly intellectual person and a tremendous talker, while others remember her as demure, tenderly attentive, and gentle, though possessed of a strong will and easily outraged by any offense against her notion of correct behavior. In general, however, both sides agree that she was small, quite pretty, distinctly Irish in appearance, and rather witty. ("Knowing the mother, it was easy to see where Marianne's sense of humor came from," a friend of the family remarked recently.) And almost everyone qualified to judge believes that as a mentor and critic she could with justice claim part of the credit for her daughter's success. Probably the person best qualified to judge is Miss Moore herself, and she readily admits that she often made changes in her poetry to please her mother, and sometimes incorporated figures of speech her mother suggested. For years, mother and daughter were almost inseparable, enjoying a spiritual and mental intimacy so profound that some of their friends came to think of the two women as a single personality. A good many of the mementos in the Brooklyn apartment are closely connected with Mrs. Moore in the mind of her daughter, who further keeps her memory alive by observing little household procedures of which she approved, such as using a Pyrex pot, rather than a kettle, to boil water for tea, "because Mother said you couldn't air a kettle properly, and she wouldn't have one around."

Neither Miss Moore nor her brother ever knew their father, who was a construction engineer and a member of an old New England family that settled in Ohio immediately after the Revolution, but some of his forebears—among them Clement Moore, the author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas"—showed literary proclivities or exhibited other traits of character that a genealogical theorist might consider significant in explaining Miss Moore's development. Her paternal grandfather, for example, was a well-to-do river pilot and shipowner in Portsmouth, Ohio, who, in addition to taking a great interest in birds and cats, was bookishly inclined and owned an enormous collection of morocco-bound volumes; he finally gave it to the Carnegie Library of Portsmouth, retaining only a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which he methodically read through in his declining years, starting with the letter "A." His brother, also a pilot (Captain Bixby, celebrated in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," learned the ways of the river from him), had such a tender regard for insects that he wouldn't allow flypaper in his house and had a long record of fishing drowning flies out of the river.

It is not recorded that Miss Moore's father, John Milton Moore, had any similar side interests. Shortly after the Civil War, his father and uncle pooled their resources and opened a foundry in Portsmouth to manufacture boilers and other fittings for steamboats, and it was there that he learned his trade. In 1885, he married Mary Warner, the daughter of the Reverend John Riddle Warner, who was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian minister then preaching in Kirkwood, Missouri. John Moore, being something of a visionary, was obsessed with the idea of building a smokeless furnace, and not long after his marriage he took his wife to Newton, Massachusetts, where, against the advice of his father and uncle, he put up a factory of his own for that purpose. The venture failed, and the resultant financial worries so preyed on his mind that he suffered a breakdown, from which he never re-

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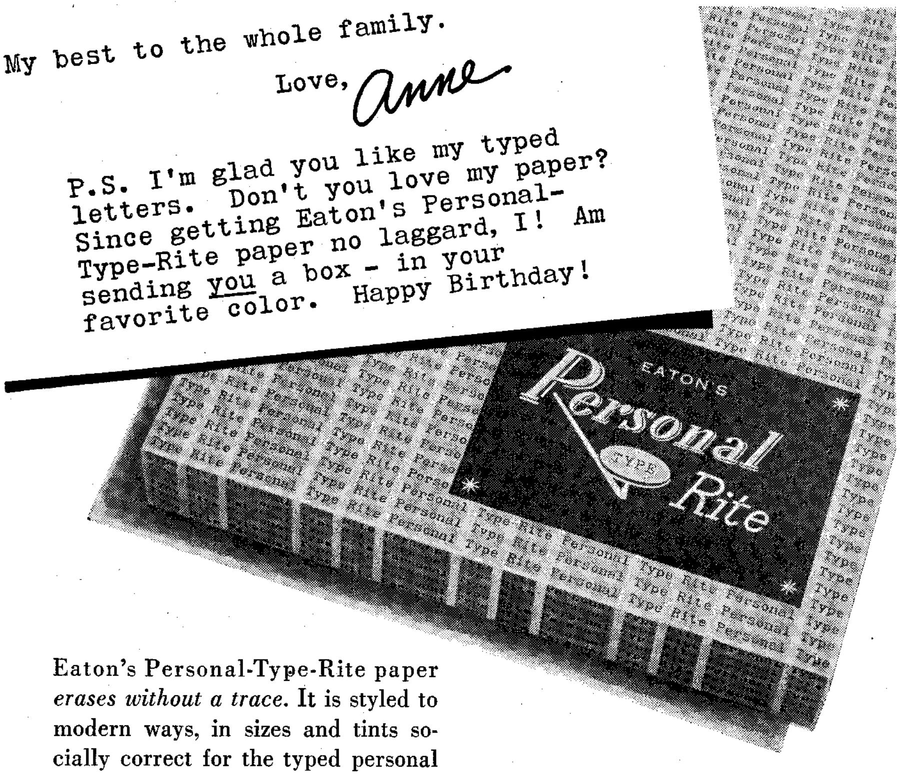

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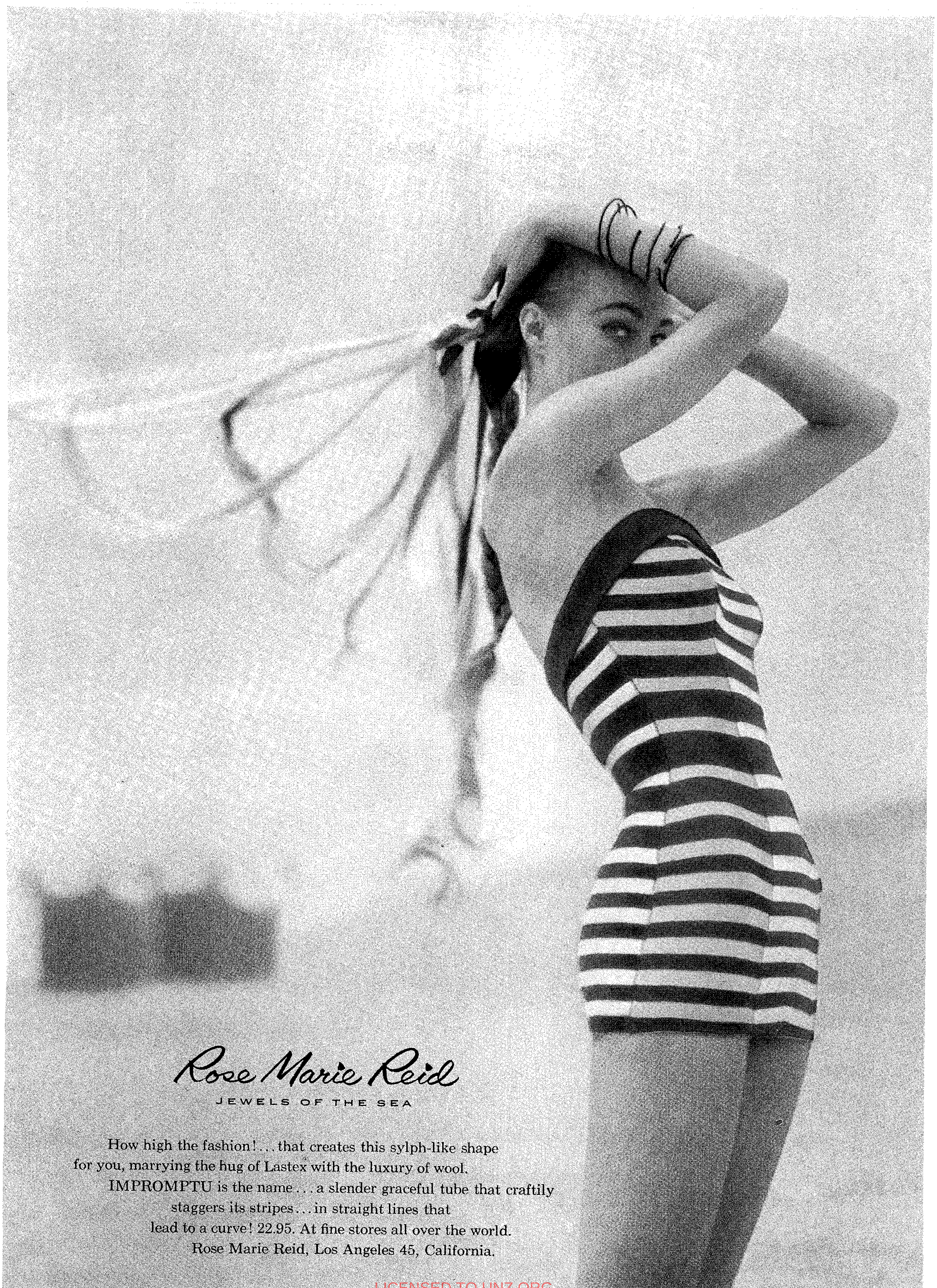
covered. The Reverend Mr. Warner, a widower, fetched his daughter back to Kirkwood, together with an infant son she had borne while in Massachusetts, and she moved in with him as his housekeeper—an arrangement that was soon briefly suspended by the arrival of her second child, Marianne, on November 15, 1887. The marriage was, in effect, terminated; her shattered husband returned to Portsmouth, where his parents took him under their care, while she continued to keep house for her father until he died, in 1894.

After staying briefly with relatives in Pittsburgh to get her bearings and plan her future, Mrs. Moore was persuaded by a friend to move to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where she rented a house and settled down to raise her children, living on a small inheritance from her father. She became known to the community as a cultured and intelligent woman, and when, in 1900, an English teacher was needed at Carlisle's Metzger Institute, a school for girls that has since become a part of Dickinson College, she was offered—and accepted—the job. Even so, the little family was often in financial difficulties, but Mrs. Moore was a woman of indomitable vigor and optimism, and she managed so well that she was once able to take her children on a vacation trip to Florida and contrived to send them to college after they had graduated from the local high school. The son chose Yale and his sister Bryn Mawr, where—curiously, since for years she had been carefully instructed in literature by her mother—she was unable to meet the requirements for taking the advanced courses in English she had been looking forward to. "I was interested in the English and foreign-language courses, but I was too young, too immature for them, so most of my time was spent in the biology laboratory," Miss Moore recalled the other day. She did quite a bit of extracurricular writing, however, including some verse for *Tipyn O'Bob*, the college monthly literary magazine. Of these poems Miss Moore observes today, "A few of them were of some interest metrically, but in general they were tentative and ephemeral."

After graduating from Bryn Mawr, in 1909, Miss Moore took a secretarial course at the Carlisle Commercial College, and this enabled her to get a job as an instructor in typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping at the Carlisle Indian School, where one of her pupils was the famous Indian athlete Jim Thorpe. Not surprisingly, she found the subjects she taught uninspiring. "I



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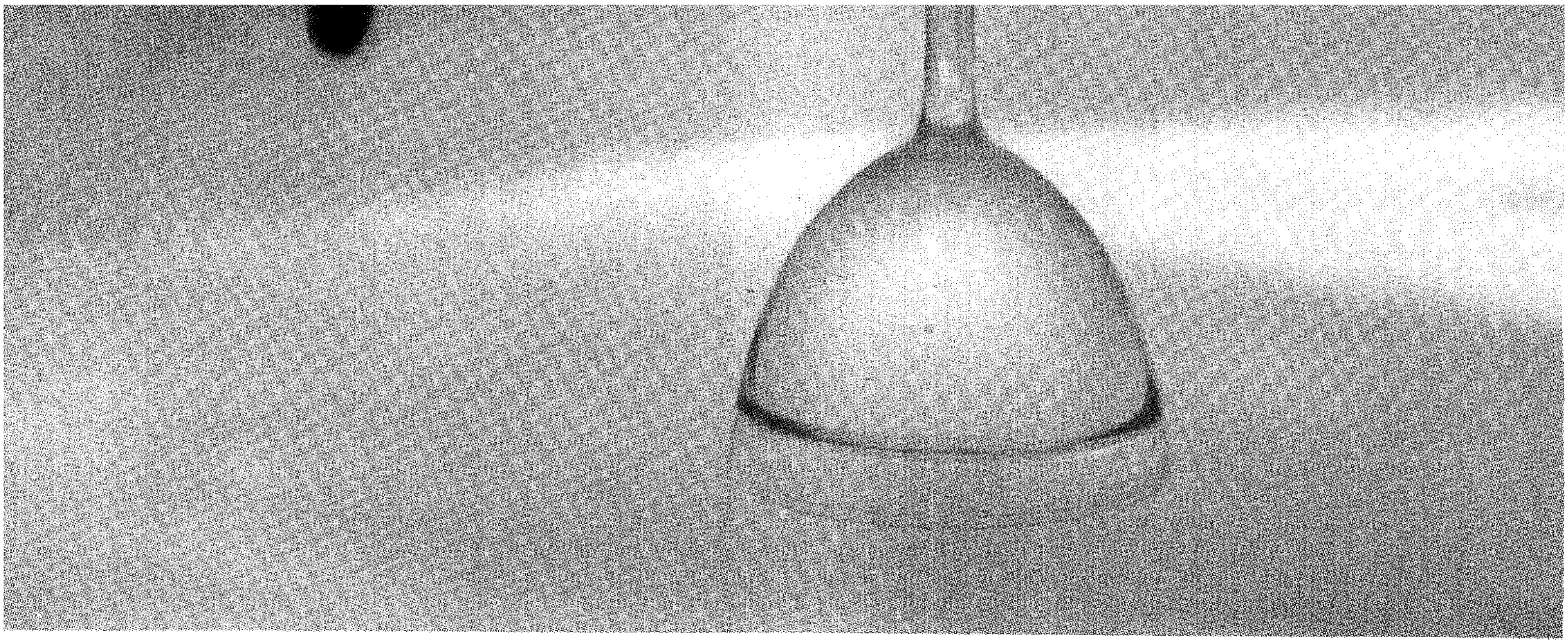

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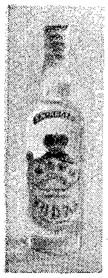

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was half good," she has since said. "I could fix typewriters, but rapid calculating and bookkeeping were just too much for me. It was a necessary financial adventure, and I would have much preferred to sit by the fire and read." In 1914, her brother was ordained, and two years later he was called to the Ogden Memorial Presbyterian Church, in Chatham, New Jersey. His post included a manse, so his mother and sister quit their jobs and went to Chatham to keep house for him. Theirs was indeed a tightly knit little family.

When the United States entered the First World War, the Reverend Mr. Moore gave up his parish in Chatham and joined the Navy, leaving his mother and sister more or less on their own. Three years before, Miss Moore had paid her first visit to New York, spending six days here and living at a Y.W.C.A. on Lexington Avenue, and those six days were enough to convince her that New York was where she ultimately wanted to live. Now, with her brother in the Navy, she was able to persuade her mother to move here, and in 1918 they rented a basement apartment on St. Luke's Place, in Greenwich Village, where they remained eleven years. The Reverend Mr. Moore stayed on in the Navy after the war, and in 1929 was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. That year, his mother caught pneumonia as a result (so he thought) of the draughtiness of the basement apartment, and he resolved to find quarters for her and his sister that would be both more salubrious and closer to his post. The quarters he found were in the apartment house in Brooklyn that Miss Moore still occupies—about three blocks from the Navy Yard.

FOR a while after settling in New York, Miss Moore worked as a private tutor and as a secretary in a girl's school. She spent a great deal of her spare time in her neighborhood branch of the Public Library, at Seventh Avenue South and St. Luke's Place—so much of it, in fact, that the authorities there, impressed by her interest, presently gave her a job. "I was not very good at library work," she recalls. "But, after all, it was not my field." Her field, of course, as she was becoming increasingly aware, was poetry. In April, 1915, when she was living in Carlisle, the *Egoist*, a London periodical specializing in imagist verse, published "To the Soul of Progress," her first poem to reach more than a campus

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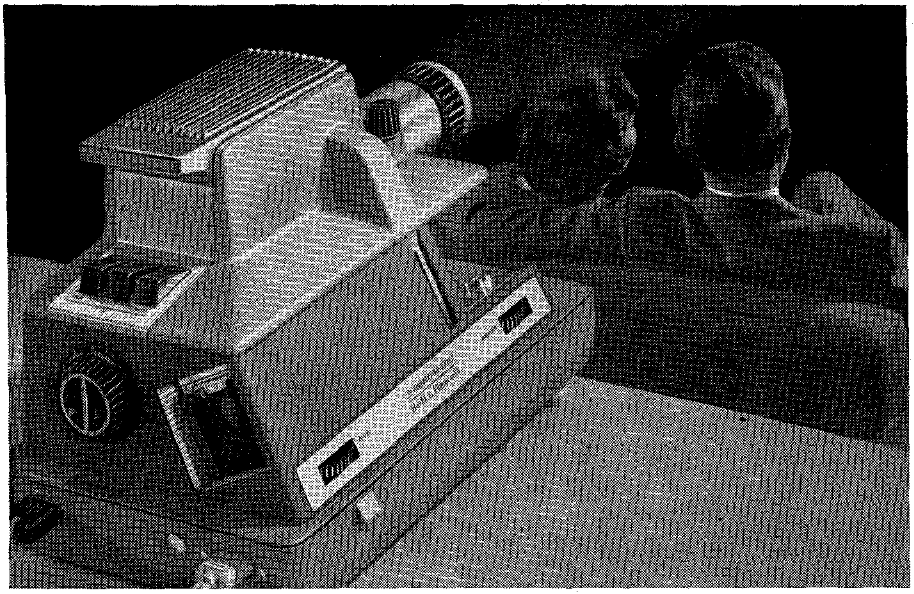

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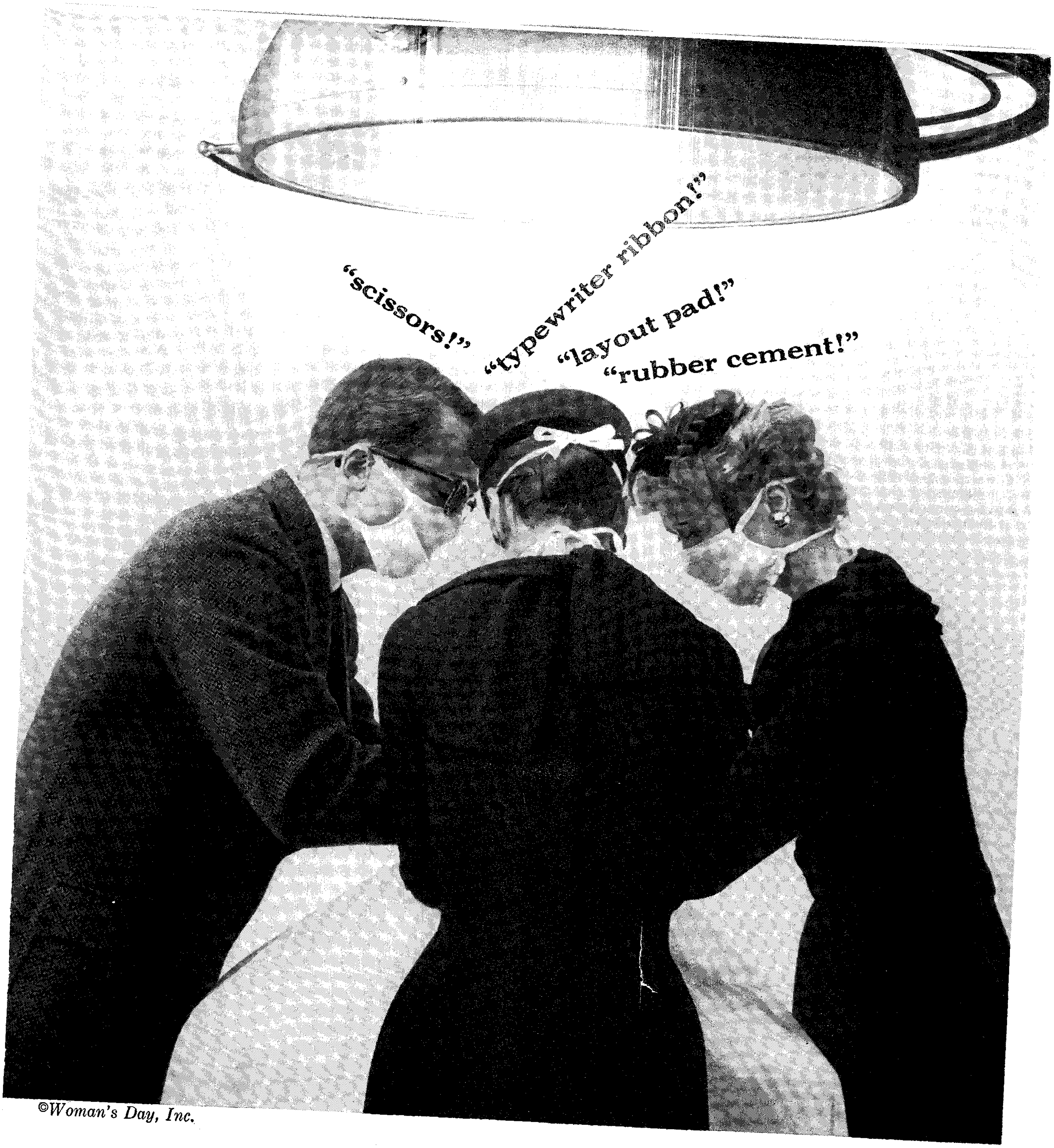
audience; the person who supplied the improbable link between Carlisle and London was the poet Hilda Doolittle, a classmate of Miss Moore's at Bryn Mawr, who had married Richard Aldington, one of the editors of the *Egoist*. Almost coincidentally—a month later, in fact—Harriet Monroe's Chicago magazine *Poetry* published five of Miss Moore's poems. In 1921, under the imprint of the Egoist Press, Miss Doolittle and the then Mrs. Robert McAlmon ("H. D." and "Bryher") at their own expense brought out a small volume of poems of hers that had appeared in the *Egoist*. Three years later, Miss Moore assembled a number of the poems that had been printed here or in England, and they made up what proved to be her first important book. Entitled "Observations," it immediately won the 1924 Dial Award, as a distinguished contribution to American literature, and this brought her not only a welcome two thousand dollars but considerable prestige. (The previous winner was T. S. Eliot, and subsequent winners included E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, and Ezra Pound.) Moreover, it led Miss Moore into a long association with the *Dial*, a magazine that in the twenties held a unique position in the van of the nation's progressive literary and artistic life. Miss Moore began by writing verse and book reviews for the publication; then she became its acting editor, and, in 1926, its editor-in-chief.

Looking back, Miss Moore remembers the *Dial* as "an elysium for people who were really interested in quality," and, like many others who have memories of its beautifully printed pages, she cannot restrain a feeling of nostalgia for the era of intellectual exuberance that the magazine represented. The drab conformity of Marxist thought that later paralyzed the minds of so many writers in Europe and the United States had yet to make itself felt, and the great tide of mechanized mass communication and mass entertainment that has since threatened to swamp the minds of thinking individuals was still far off. "Those were the days when, as Robert Herring has said, things were opening out, not closing in," Miss Moore wrote in 1940, in a memoir describing her connection with the magazine. "There was for us of the staff a constant atmosphere of excited triumph—interiorly, whatever the impression outside; and from editor and publisher a natural firework of little parenthetic wit too good to print—implying that afflatus is not chary of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surplus." The *Dial* was concerned neither with politics nor with theories of social progress but purely with the arts of writing, painting, and music, and its index of contributors was crowded with names that guaranteed the quality of which Miss Moore wrote in her memoir—Thomas Mann, Ortega y Gasset, Paul Morand, Maxim Gorky, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats, Roger Fry, Robert Morss Lovett, Paul Valéry, Ford Madox Ford, Gilbert Seldes, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, and Kenneth Burke among them. The magazine also contained colored reproductions of paintings by an extraordinary number of artists who were then fairly new to this country, including Picasso, Seurat, di Chirico, Brancusi, Lachaise, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, Marin, Stuart Davis, Max Weber, and Wyndham Lewis.

In the middle of all this intellectual ferment sat Miss Moore, fastidiously reading and editing manuscripts. The offices of the *Dial* were in a three-story brick building on West Thirteenth Street that had brownstone steps leading up to the front door, carpeted staircases, and rooms with fireplaces and white mantelpieces. "There was the recurrent flower-crier in summer, with his slowly moving wagon of pansies, fuchsias, geraniums, petunias, ageratum," Miss Moore recalled in her memoir. "Or a man with straw*ber*ries for sale; or a certain fishman with his pushcart-scales, and staccato refrain so unvaryingly imperative, summer or winter, that Kenneth Burke's bit of parenthetic humour comes back to me almost as an epic, 'I think if he stopped to sell a fish my heart would skip a beat.' " As an editor in these pleasant surroundings, Miss Moore is reputed to have worked with tact, taste, and vast enthusiasm. Once, when a visitor to her office asked her if she didn't ever grow weary of reading manuscripts, she replied, "To me, it's a revel."

Miss Moore's revelry, however, left her almost no time to write verse. She had even less time after 1926, when Scofield Thayer, a founding editor of the magazine and one of its two leading backers, fell ill and had to retire. Three years later, the *Dial's* other important backer—Dr. James Sibley Watson, a wealthy physician originally from Rochester—decided to return home, where, with the assistance of the Eastman Kodak Company, he could indulge his powerful interest in photography. (He made several medical motion-picture documentaries, and is

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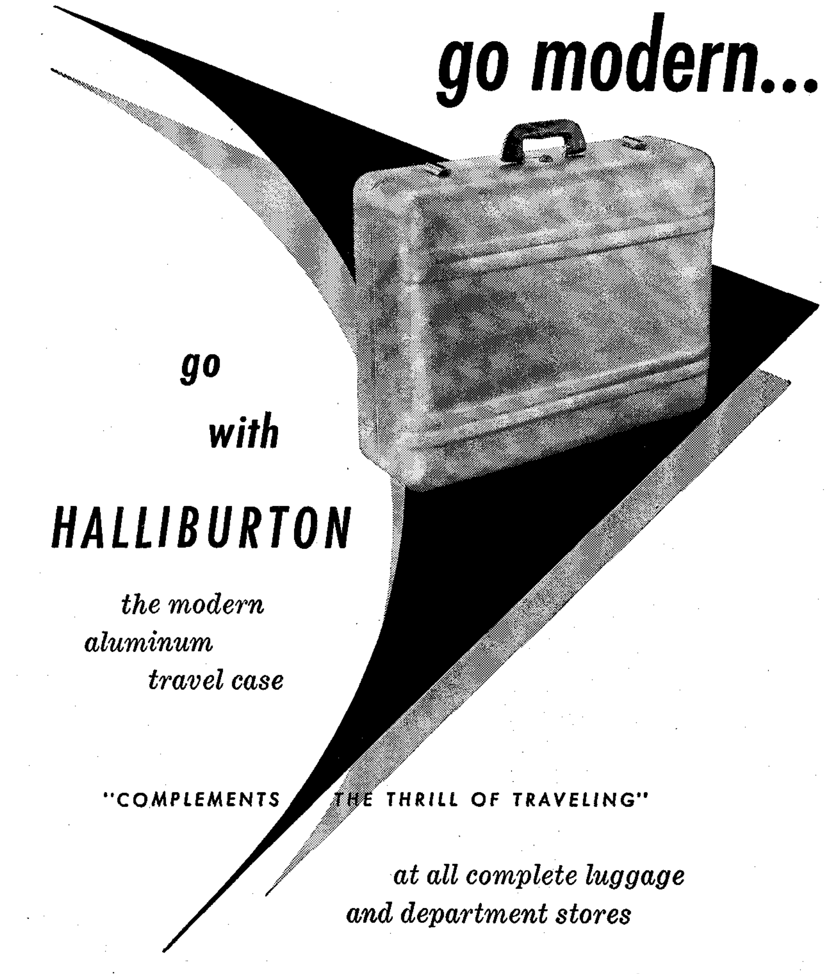
now head of the Radiology Department of the University of Rochester's School of Medicine and Dentistry.) With two-thirds of the magazine's principals departed, Miss Moore had no compunction about becoming the final third and returning to poetry, and in 1929 the *Dial* folded.

Since then, Miss Moore has done no professional editing, although she devotes a lot of time to such related activities as book reviewing and giving young poets advice about their manuscripts; as a critic, she shows a tendency to be appreciative rather than caustic. She has also done a number of translations, most notably a monumental English version, undertaken at the suggestion of W. H. Auden and published in 1954, of "The Fables of La Fontaine," which in sheer bulk far outweighs all her books of poetry. She toiled over the "Fables" for something like nine years, and the project caused her much anxiety. "I worked practically all the time," she says. "I'd wake up at six and get right to work, and I'd keep at it all day and all evening, except for an occasional brief stop to eat, or maybe I'd have to go to the market and buy a few odds and ends. Then back to the job again. I did the whole thing over completely four times." Miss Moore's revisions of her own revisions would alone have been sufficient to keep her publishers in a state of anxiety equal to her own, but those unhappy gentlemen soon found that their headaches did not end there, for she worried not only about the literary quality of the forthcoming book but about details of its typography, paper, and binding—about almost everything, in fact, except the remuneration she was to receive for her labors. Of that, she was characteristically oblivious; when it comes to money, her attitude always seems to be that her publishers are doing her a great favor in printing her work, and all she asks is that they make a handsome job of it. The opinions of the critics who reviewed Miss Moore's version of the "Fables" were mixed—it can hardly be denied that in spots the text reads a great deal more like Moore than like La Fontaine—but the literary workmanship involved received general acclaim, and one reviewer declared that the work was among the most ambitious projects ever attempted by a modern poet.

Miss Moore doubts whether anything could induce her to tackle another task like the "Fables." She now contents herself with writing poems and book reviews and carrying on her volu-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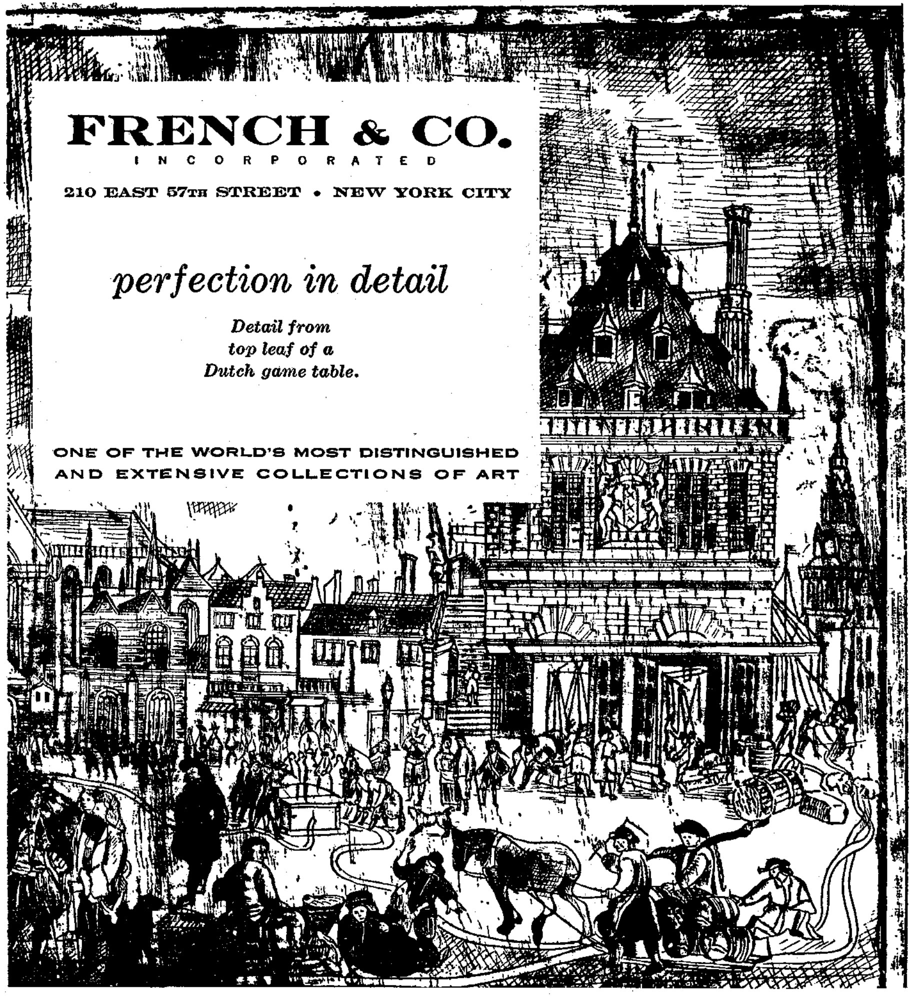
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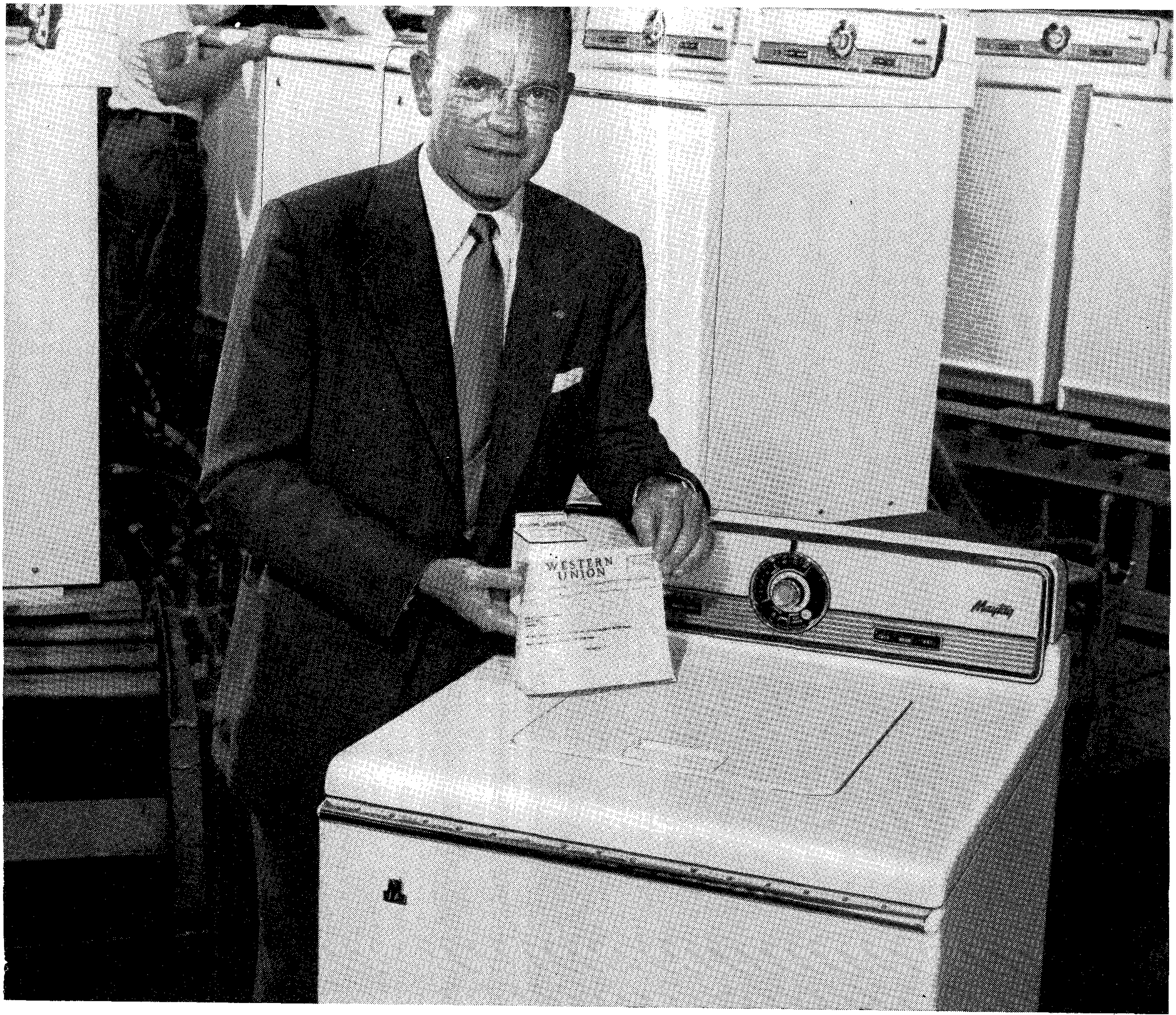

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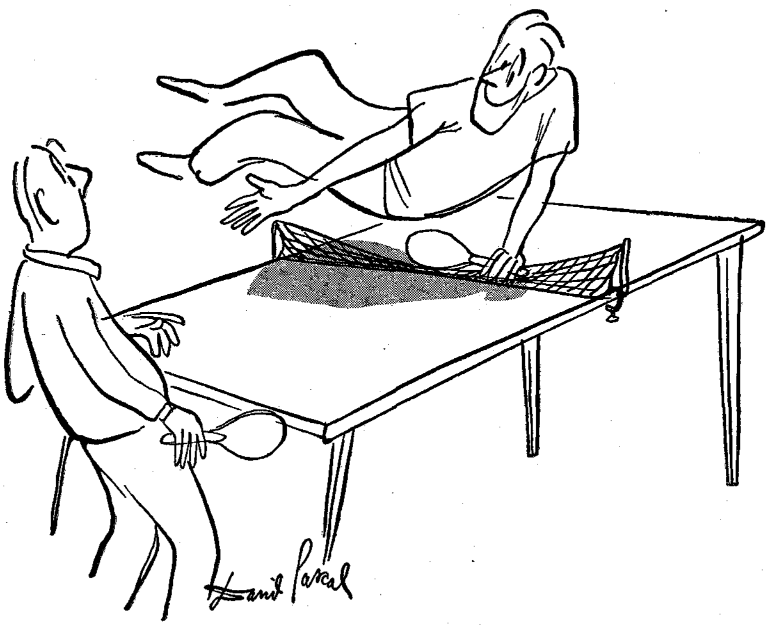

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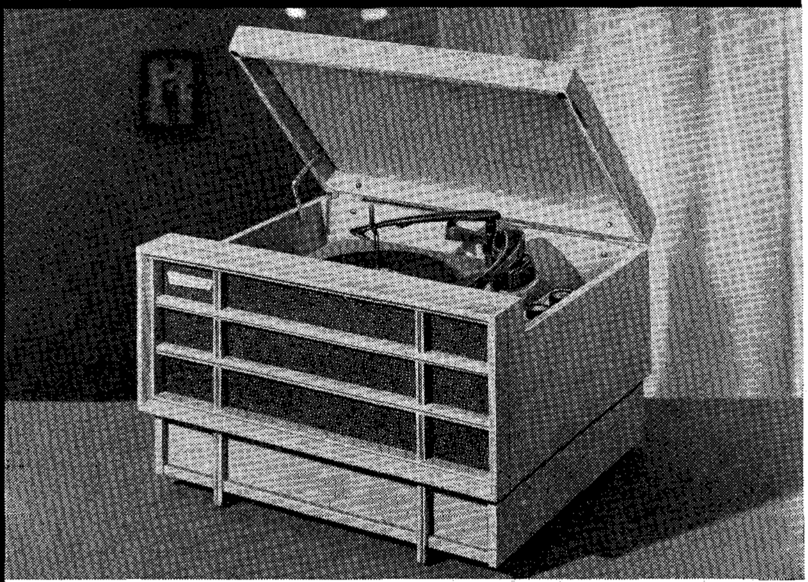

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minous correspondence with friends. Her neighbors are aware that creative work—mysterious but important—is going on in their midst, and parents on her block have cautioned their children to play quietly in the street at times when she is believed to be writing. As she emerges from her apartment house, bound for market or for the subway station to catch a train to Manhattan, sidewalk passersby are likely to inquire respectfully, "How's the writing going, Miss Moore?," to which she usually replies, "Very slow, very slow." Inspired by her example, several of her neighbors have taken to writing poetry themselves, and they frequently ask her for her opinion of their efforts. While she does not always find it easy in such cases to maintain her appreciative approach to criticism, she has thus far avoided the caustic alternative so adroitly that Cumberland Street is fast becoming one of the nation's most thriving hotbeds of amateur prosody.

Placid though others might find most of Miss Moore's sorties into the world beyond her apartment, she embarks upon each of them in a spirit of adventure, and in her highly volatile mind each of them is charged with terrific drama. Her capacity for stepping up the voltage of ordinary experience is so great that the most commonplace happening or encounter becomes for her a major emotional event. Passing this smiling, delicate-looking elderly lady on her way down the street with her market basket or handbag, only an extraordinarily perceptive person would suspect that a heroic odyssey was in progress and that her impending purchase of a bunch of radishes or a box of crackers would provide her with enough vivid impressions to occupy her thinking for half a day. The primary source of all this internal excitement is Miss Moore's wildly gymnastic self-starting imagination, but once it swings into action it is liberally fed by the combined resources of her singular gift for observing even the smallest components of an object and her uncanny ability to remember everything she has observed. A friend of hers still speaks wonderingly of the time, a couple of years ago, when he left her outside while he went into a drugstore to make a short telephone call; after he had rejoined her and they were continuing on their way, he recalls, she casually described in minute detail more than fifty miscellaneous items she had noticed in the shop window. Some of Miss Moore's most rewarding adventures are trips to museums. "I get so excited in them that

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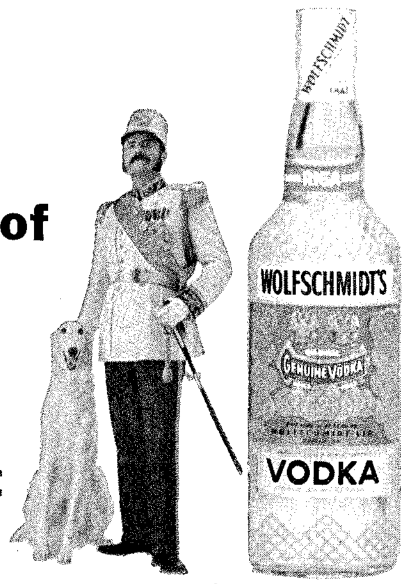

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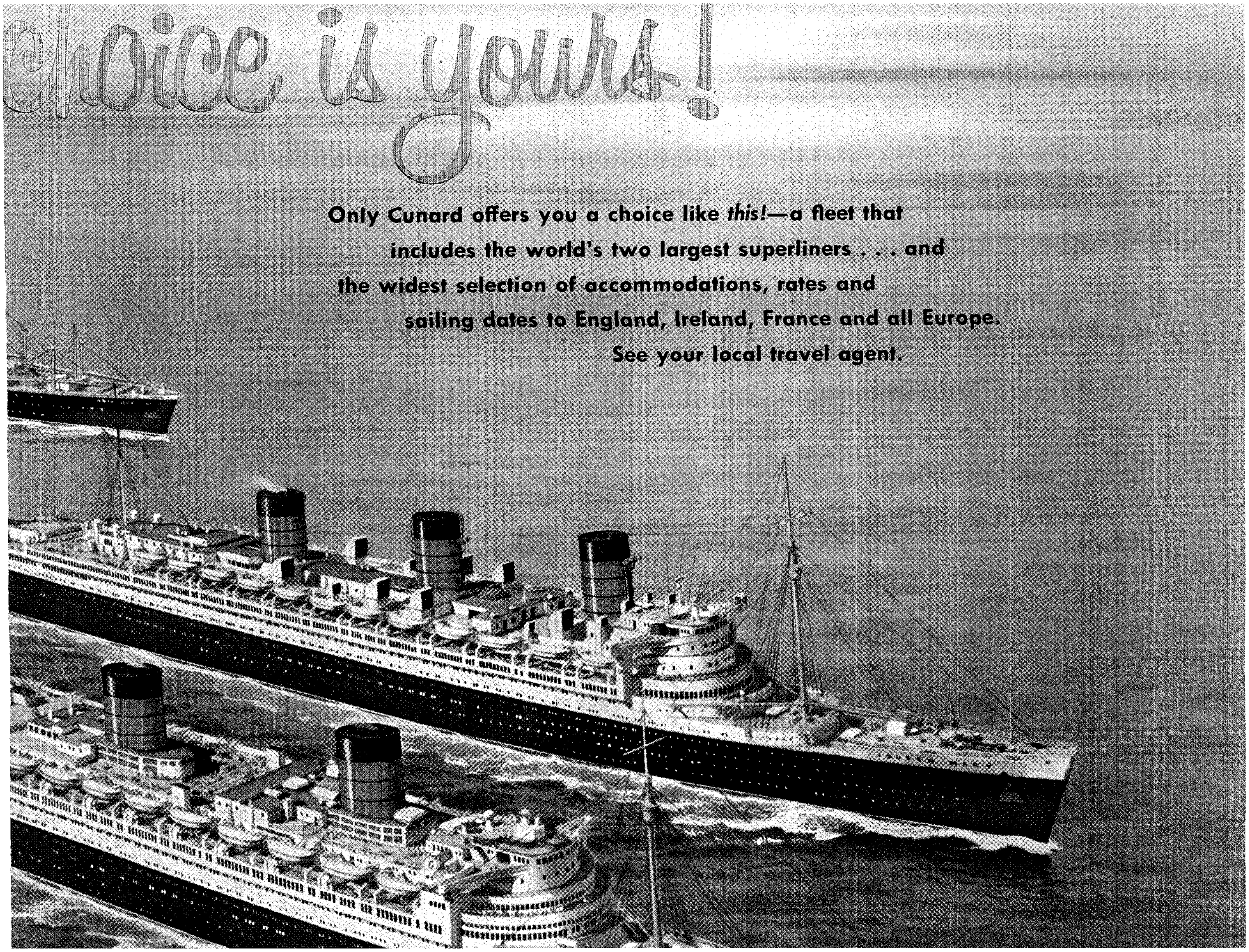

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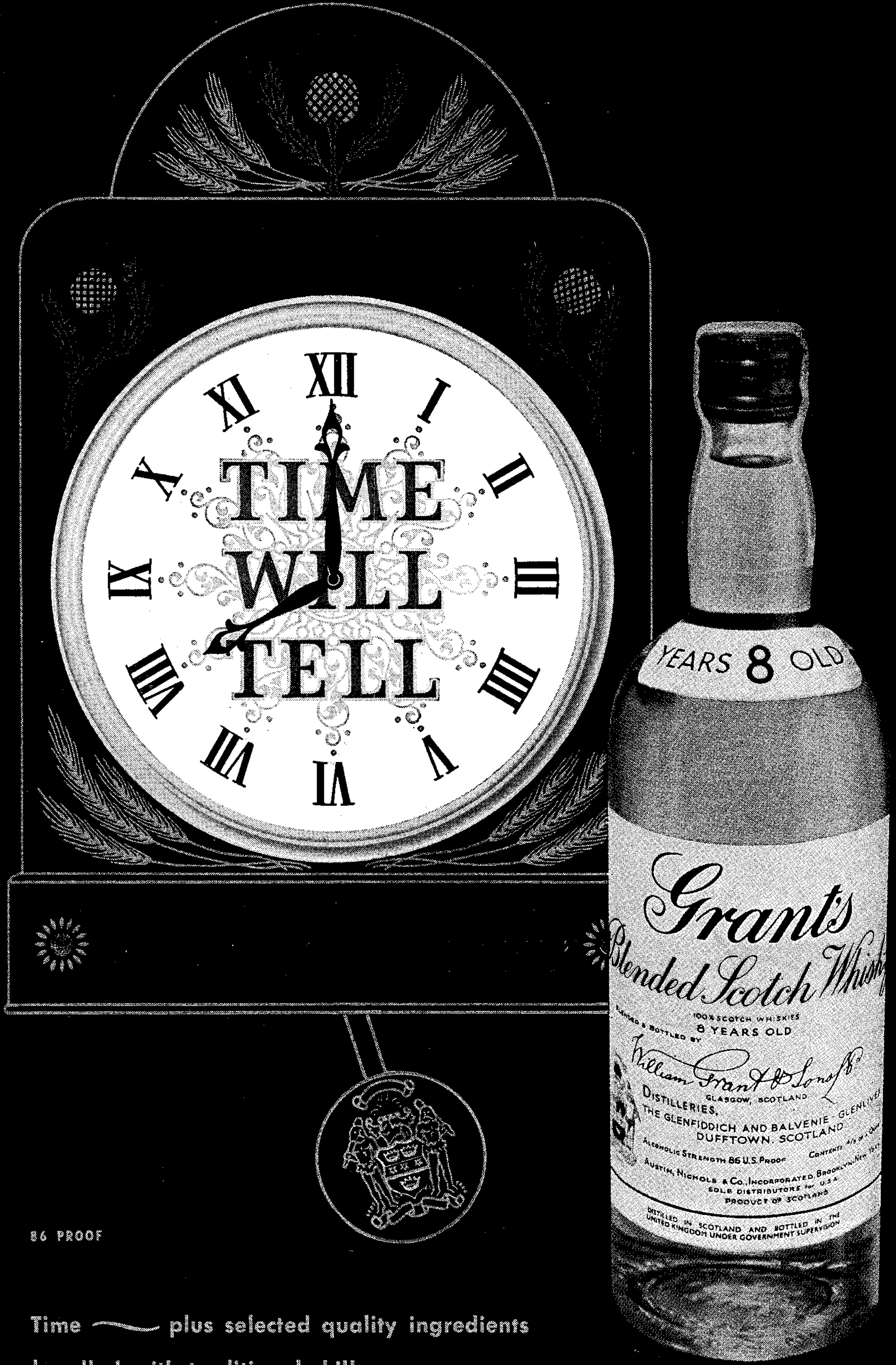
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before long I can't see anything," she says. To overcome this difficulty, she has developed the habit of concentrating on a single exhibit and firmly ignoring the rest; a few minutes spent in this way gives her all the stimulation she needs to make the expedition profitable, as the associations of what she has seen begin to multiply in her mind by geometric progression. Another place that Miss Moore heads for when she feels in need of excitement is the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, where she sits beguiled during illustrated lectures on fungi, lichens, snakes, and other flora and fauna, large and small.

A few of the adventures that Miss Moore fervently refers to from time to time have been more nearly in line with what most people would consider adventuresome—learning to drive an automobile (in Brookline, Massachusetts, four years ago) and playing tennis (on the public courts in Fort Greene Park). Of her tennis she says "I'm not so very good at it, but I'm very reliable. I have a bad backhand and I try to make up for it by roaring around the ball." By ordinary standards, her most strenuous adventure in a long time was a trip she made to Bermuda last winter to visit some people she knew there. Not only did her ship, to her apprehensive delight, run into a storm on the return voyage ("So reckless!") but when she reached New York the customs people kept her waiting interminably while they went through her luggage, which contained some liquor she had brought back to give to friends here, and then there was another long wait—"in not exactly a porte-cochere but a kind of barn"—until she could get a taxi. Whether or not the lack of a porte-cochere was responsible, Miss Moore came down with what she calls a case of pneumonia and what her friends call "Marianne's psychosomatic flu"—a malady that frequently lays her low and that appears to affect her disposition far more seriously than her physical condition. "It depresses me as well as incommodes me," she says. "It's dire! And all that penicillin and other things in bottles! It's like the forcible feeding of an important reptile."

When alone at home, Miss Moore does not spend all her time writing. She is an earnest water-colorist and draftsman as well as a poet, specializing in meticulously realistic reproductions of landscapes, flowers, and insects, which reveal the same love of delicate organisms, if not the same expertness of craftsmanship, that is evident in her verse; guests at her apartment occasionally get

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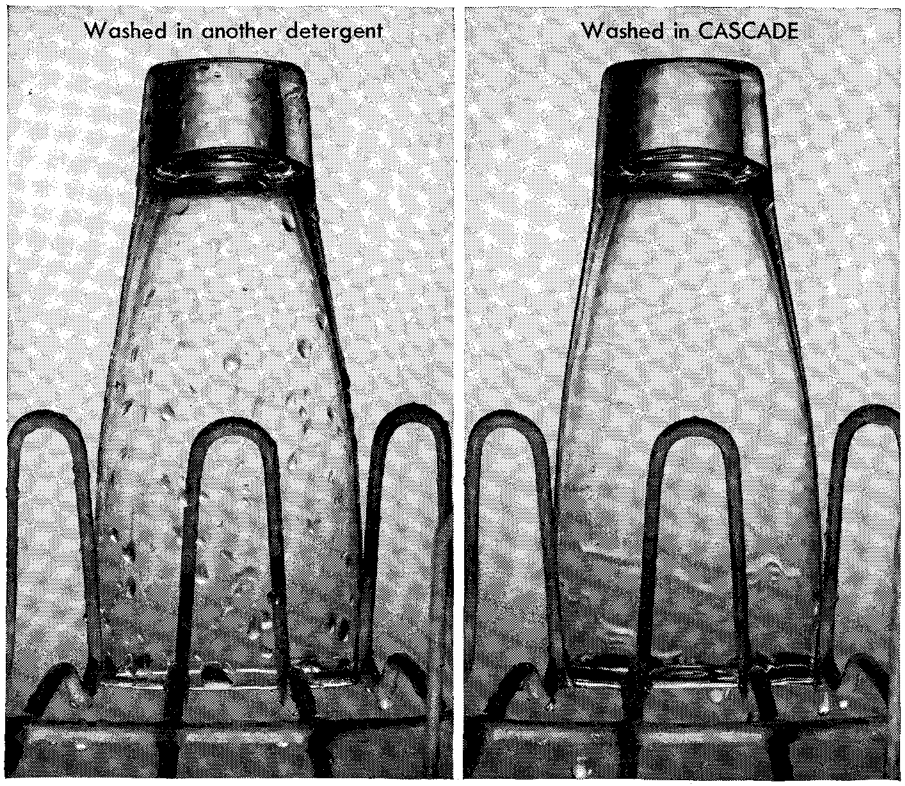

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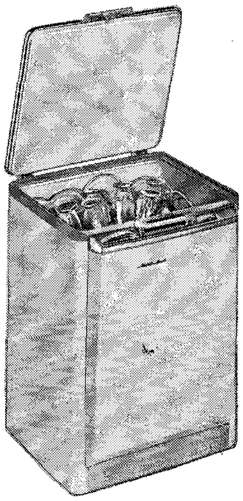

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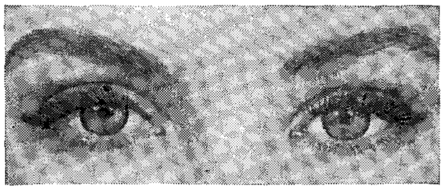

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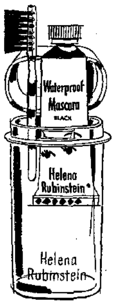

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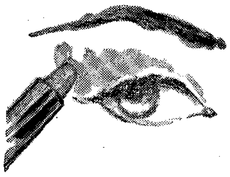

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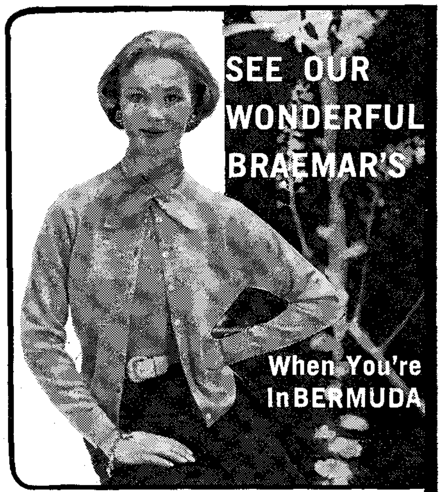
the feeling that she takes greater pride in her pictures than in her poems. In view of Miss Moore's obvious devotion to small living things, visitors from time to time express surprise that there is not a single animal or plant in her apartment, but she has a ready answer for them. "If you keep pets or flowers, you are a slave to them," she says.

UNLIKE many people who have exchanged material gain for the pleasures of contemplative peace and quiet, Miss Moore bears no ill will toward the world of business, finance, and technological progress. On the contrary, she regards it as an interesting and worth-while world, and gladly concedes that some of its activities are quite possibly even more interesting and worth while than the writing of verse. For example, she seldom mentions a magazine without commenting on its advertising, which in a number of instances she rates a good bit higher than the editorial matter it accompanies. She has a way of deprecating romantic notions about her profession, and she has no patience whatever with the tradition of starving for the sake of art. A few months ago, a young and unknown poet called on her with a letter of introduction from a friend, and soon made it apparent that he was deeply depressed because no one seemed to care much one way or the other about his verse. Miss Moore asked if he had a family to support, and he replied that he had a wife and two children. "Well, then," said Miss Moore with finality, "you had better give up writing and get into something where you can earn a proper living."

The respect Miss Moore shows for the practical and prosaic approach to life stands out in such striking contrast to the workings of her own high-flying, fanciful mind that it raises the question of just where in the scheme of things she places both her esoteric art and her bright and elusive contributions to it. It is a question that even Miss Moore herself is unable to answer precisely, but on the basis of her writings, her offhand remarks, and her reactions to various situations it seems safe to say that she looks upon poetry with a mixture of love and petulance. She has often commented on it disparagingly, as in the opening line of her poem unequivocally entitled "Poetry," which reads, "I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle," and elsewhere she has conveyed the same definite impression that, notwithstanding her lifelong



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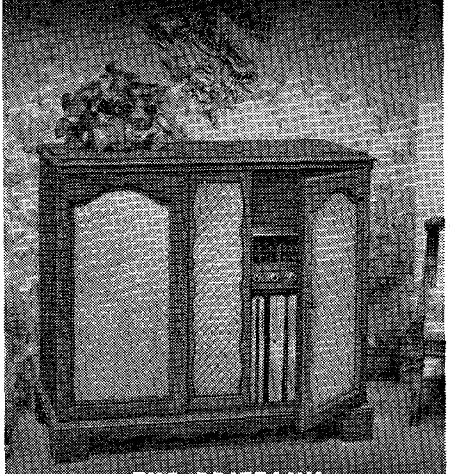

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dedication to the art, she thinks of it as a luxury—or, at any rate, a nonessential—when weighed against the really serious aspects of life. Among her friends is one who likens her to a daring performer on a flying trapeze, hugely enjoying her own acrobatics but reassuring herself every now and then by glancing down at a safety net that is sturdily supported by Gibbon, Julius Caesar, Xenophon, the Presbyterian Church, and a handful of male contemporaries, military and scientific, who are accustomed to think—as she conspicuously is not—in what she approvingly calls "a straight line." In this view, Miss Moore, soaring and pirouetting above the world of reality, assumes the role of a charmingly quixotic intellectual flirt, seeming, both as a poet and as a personality, to tease those who put their faith in humdrum logic but at the same time to regard them with admiration and a certain coquettish timidity. Any attempt to discern in this spectacle so much as a trace of a consistent philosophy can lead only to bafflement, but few philosophers, after all, have been good poets. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE THEATRE

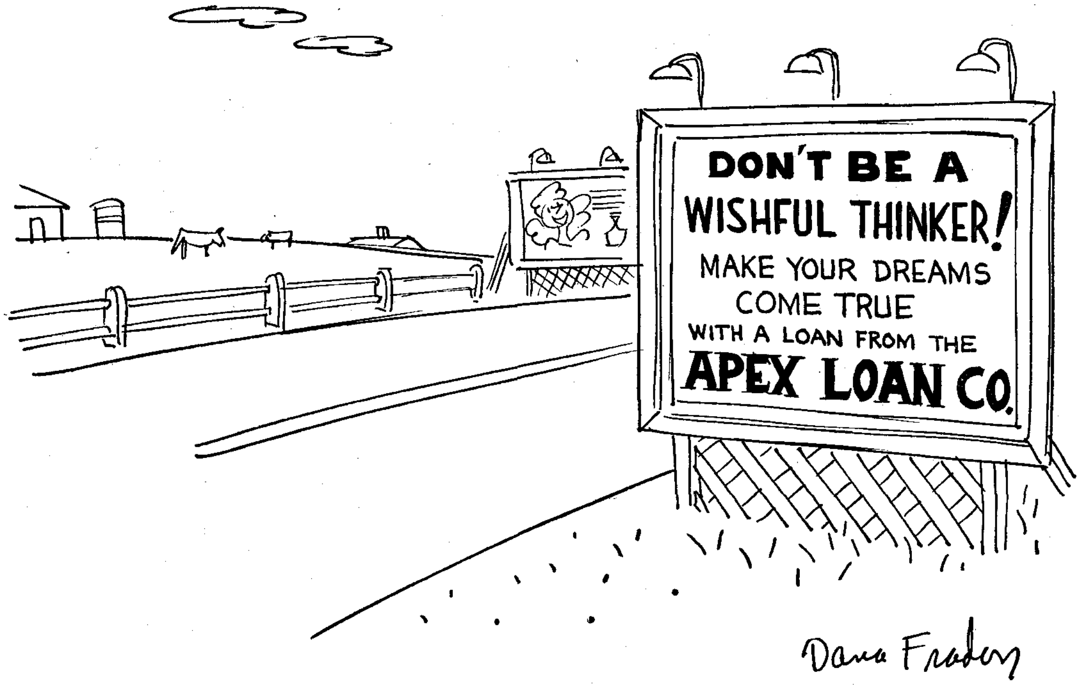
OUT OF THE NOWHERE

THERE is enough material in "A Visit to a Small Planet," by Gore Vidal, for roughly an hour and a half of fine, fantastic comedy. It is somewhat unfortunate that the play at the Booth is obliged to go on for about fifty minutes longer than that, forcing the author to fill in this considerable gap either by stretching out genuinely comic situations almost to the breaking point or by writing in scenes that seem to contain rather less humor than desperation. The extra stuffing, presumably to be explained by the fact that the script is an expansion of one that was originally employed on television, is frequently irritating, but it isn't really calamitous, and I'm sure that you'll have a very pleasant time with Mr. Vidal's cheerful little report on the day the Spacemen came. In neither style nor invention can "A Visit to a Small Planet" be compared with Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," which also dealt with supernatural callers but did so with a precise, sustained, and chilling wit certainly beyond Mr. Vidal's powers and probably even a trifle foreign to his natural disposition. Within its limitations, however, his play is a remarkably lively and agreeable piece of work, and it has the further merit of providing two highly—if not, indeed, outrageously—gifted comedians, Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff, with parts just about perfectly suited to their talents.

The story you are asked to contemplate is concerned with the dreadfully disturbing things that are going to happen sometime next summer in a charming old house belonging to a celebrated newscaster near Manassas, in Virginia. The trouble begins with the landing of a flying saucer on the lawn and the emergence from it of a fascinating stranger, whose name is Kreton. This man is not from Mars, a planet that, in fact, he regards as almost impossible socially, but from some immensity beyond our present poor conception of time and space, and he belongs to a race that, having abolished food and sex, along, of course, with death, inevitably has a good deal of time for travel. His own hobby, as it happens, is the Earth, whose inhabitants amuse him in many ways but especially in their unique capacity for violence. Having hoped to arrive in time for the Battle of Bull Run, he has come equipped with the appropriate costumes, including an extremely handsome Confederate uniform, but his navigation proved faulty, and though he hits the right place, the date, to his embarrassment, is nearly a hundred years off. Deprived of the quaint old war he came to look in on, he can think of nothing to do but start a nice new one of his own, and he has just about finished his arrangements when, happily, his superiors whisk him back to the infinite.

It is quite a plot, combining, as you can see, satire with fantasy, and on the whole Mr. Vidal has done very nicely with it. His achievements are fairly difficult to describe. One particularly enchanting scene, for instance, shows Kreton trying to arouse the proper martial ardor in a young man by singing him a medley of the most terrible war songs ever written; another, involving some interesting sound effects, demonstrates his ability to read a whole stageful of minds simultaneously; another finds him in an intimate conversation with a cat, agreeing with her, as I got it, that it is no more disgusting to eat mice than to eat bacon; and still another pictures a Pentagon general doing his desperate best to fill in—naturally, in quadruplicate—a set of official forms classifying his guest and explaining the purpose of his visit in suitable military language. I might go on with these notes indefinitely, but it is obvious that the quality of the original is almost completely lacking in them, and it seems both superfluous and unkind to tax you further. It is probably enough to say that while I could do without a few things, such as a burlesque newscast that struck me as at once tedious and familiar, and a couple of not too exhilarating sequences devoted to young love, I found most of the play considerably funnier than anything else that has turned up this year.

The performances given by Mr. Ritchard, as Kreton, and Mr. Mayehoff, as the general, are in hilarious contrast. Although the action of the play takes place in 1957 and his own garb is that of 1861, Mr. Ritchard's conduct is basically that of a Restoration fop, and this wonderfully mannered elegance is the best of all attitudes for a man engaged in what can only be described as a slumming expedition. Mr. Mayehoff's technique is broader, being modelled more or less on that of the grampus, and no one is better



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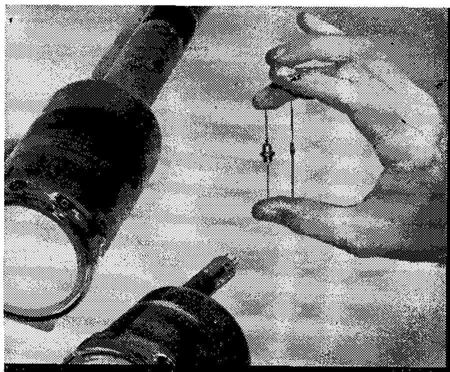

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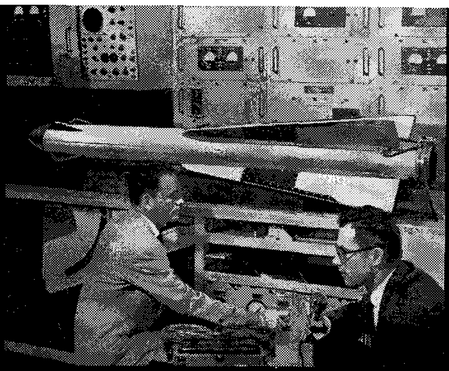

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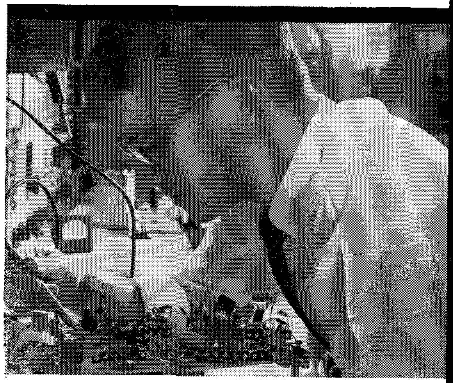
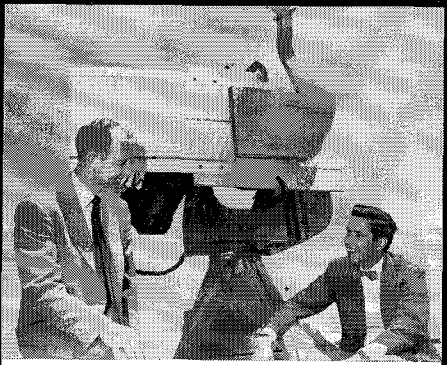
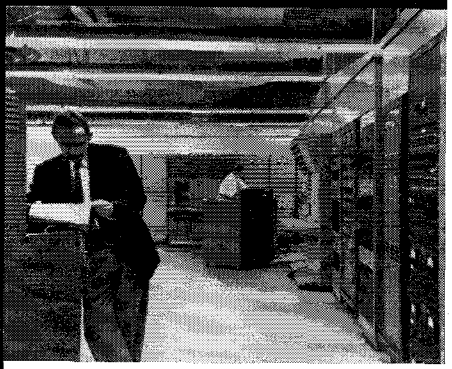


4. Hughes El Segundo, pioneer in advanced electronics manufacturing and development of test equipment, produces systems which measure time in millionths of a second.



5. The engineers and scientists in the Hughes Systems Laboratories average only 31 years of age . . . yet they've created two of the leading electronics achievements: the Hughes Armament Control System, and Hughes Falcon missile.



6. Hughes Ground System Laboratory is developing systems which convert radar data and other information into digital form and process it for use in performing intricate control functions.

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equipped to impersonate a soldier whose tongue can never hope to keep up with one of the slowest minds in the world. At one point, for reasons that escape me now, he has occasion to imitate a mobile laundry unit, and not since Reginald Gardiner gave his famous impression of the sounds made by wallpaper has the art of mimicry reached a more peculiar height. The others in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard took the professional risk of directing himself, include Philip Coolidge, as the newscaster; Sibyl Bowan, as his empty-headed wife; and Sarah Marshall and Conrad Janis, as a pair of young lovers, whose sexual abandon Kreton finds very stimulating—a point of view I couldn't always share. They are all quite satisfactory in these subordinate assignments.

FOR better or worse, science has made practically everything possible, and so, the other night, after seeing Edward Mulhare as Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady" I was able to go home, turn on the record-player, and hear again Rex Harrison's delivery of the same material. The result of this experiment, plus my memory of Mr. Harrison's physical appearance in the part, is that I can see little to choose between the two performances. On the whole, I should say that Mr. Mulhare's portrayal is a bit softer, broader, and more sentimental than his predecessor's, and while this probably removes the role still further from its Shavian original, it may conceivably be useful for musical-comedy purposes, since it makes the terminal romance—never, of course, intended by Shaw—somewhat easier to accept. My man remains Mr. Harrison, whose prickly intellectual seemed to me to offer a humor not always visible in Mr. Mulhare's younger, more winsome, and certainly prettier version, but it may be that this is just the captious opinion of a traditionalist and not to be taken very seriously. In any case, the charm and style of the play—unequalled, I should say, in the theatre in our time—are not perceptibly diminished, the continuing presence of Julie Andrews and Stanley Holloway being more than enough to guarantee that.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., FEB. 1 (AP)—IN ITS ANNUAL REPORT TO THE NATIONAL LUTHERAN COUNCIL YESTERDAY, THE DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGICAL COOPERATION SAID: "THE DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGICAL COOPERATION IN 1956 EMPHASIZED TWO THINGS—THEOLOGY AND COOPERATION."
—*A. P. news dispatch.*

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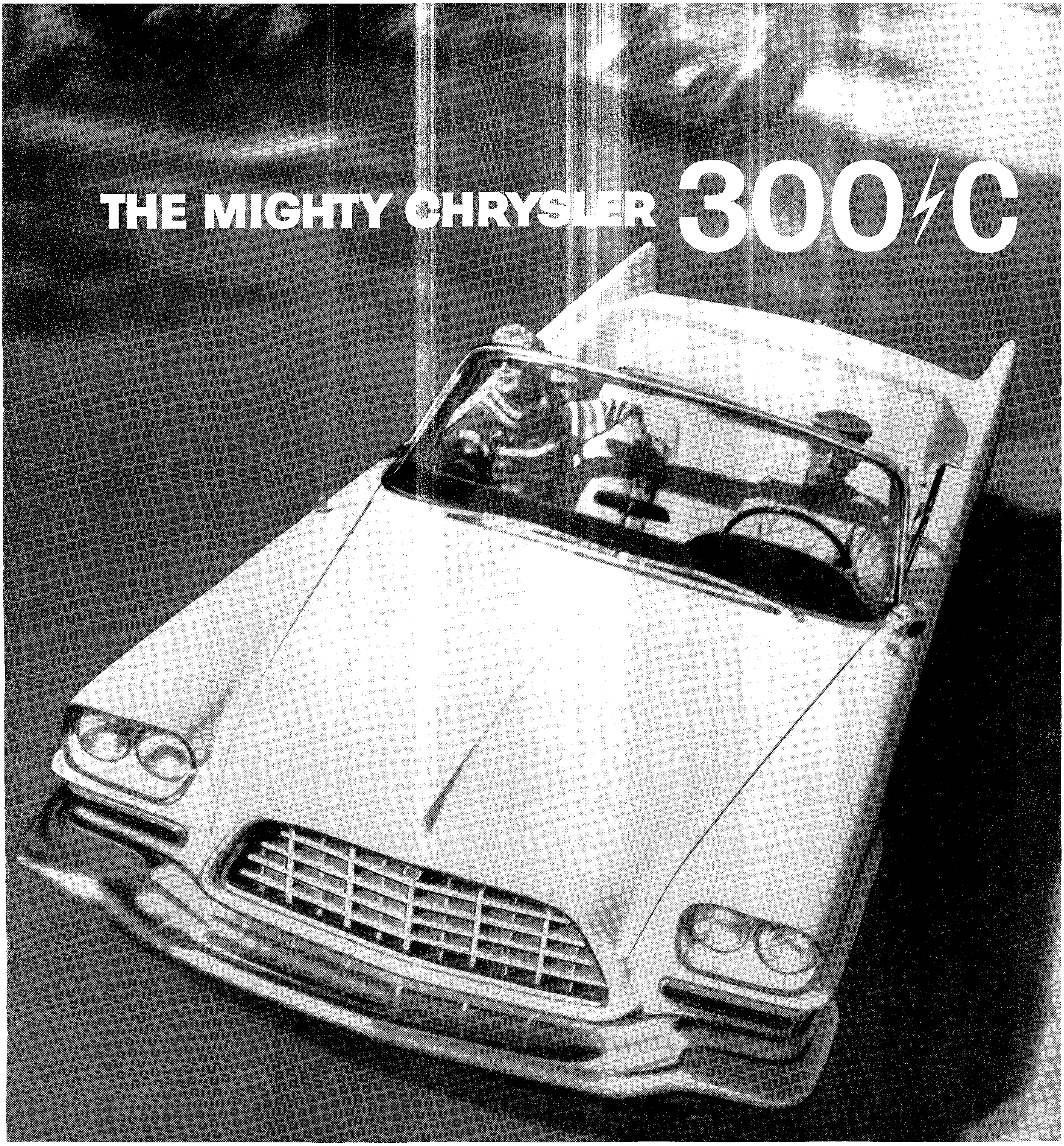

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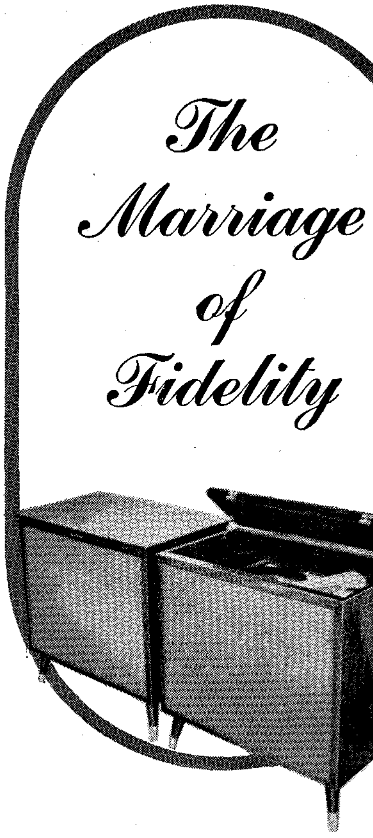

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THE RACE TRACK

Portents

EVEN though only four runners went to the post in the McLennan Handicap at Hialeah last weekend, the race, in which—as was more or less expected (by me, at any rate)—Summer Tan beat Bardstown, was as thrilling as any you're likely to see in a long time. Bardstown was quickest out of the starting gate; at the first turn, Summer Tan was leading; going into the backstretch, Bardstown moved ahead again, and Switch On was right behind; and then the three of them ran stride for stride for half a mile, with Summer Tan going beautifully on the rails, Bardstown also well in hand in the middle, and Switch On doing his best on the outside, where, of course, he had to run faster than the others to keep up. Turning in to the stretch, Dave Erb, Summer Tan's jockey, sent his mount smoothly past Bardstown, and the race was virtually over, as Summer Tan, given his head, drew away with an ease that was nothing less than consummate. Bardstown took second place without much trouble from Switch On, and Mr. First was last, as he had been all the way.

There can be little question that Summer Tan, who is the handsomest of the older racers, is also the best. Without going too deeply into his past, I might remind you that as a two-year-old he was rated a pound better than Nashua in the Experimental Free Handicap, that at three he was dogged by mishaps, that last year, at four, he made a notable comeback, and that his first start of this season, at Hialeah a couple of weeks ago, was a brilliant one. He'll be running in the Widener next Saturday, and although he will not be favored as much in the weights as he was in the McLennan, I have a notion that he'll rise to the occasion. Erb, by the way, has gone off to Phoenix, Arizona, to open up a supper club—the Erbyderby, it's called—but he will be on hand again on Saturday to ride Summer Tan.

It is being whispered loudly that Barbizon will not go for the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on March 2nd, because he has been coughing, so it may be significant that two of his Calumet Farm stablemates, Iron Liege and Gen. Duke, had a good gallop in a race there last Saturday. As a matter of fact, Iron Liege set a track mark for the mile and a sixteenth, and Gen. Duke went fast enough—just fast enough—to keep Missile out of second money. The first stake race for two-year-olds this season, the Florida Breeders, was also run last week, and, if anyone cares, it was won by Hubcap, who, according to my paddock snoopers, is no King Hairan or Needles. Speaking of Needles, his owners announced the other day that they are willing to sell shares in their colt, at twenty-five thousand dollars apiece; they figure his gross value at $800,000. Fair enough.

IN California, too, things were pretty lively last weekend. In fact, the result of the San Antonio Handicap at Santa Anita was as astonishing as that of the Maturity Stakes a few weeks back, in which a nonentity named Spinney brought off a 25–1 chance. Terrang, who hadn't won a race since the Santa Anita Derby a year ago, though he had run in a good many, romped off with the San Antonio by more than five lengths in extra-fast time, paying $25.30. Recently, Rex Ellsworth, who bred Terrang and campaigned him for a couple of seasons, sold him (reportedly for $90,000) to Lawrence Pollock, of Dallas, the owner of the Poltex Stable, and apparently a change of barns was just what Terrang needed. In the San Antonio, he followed the pace of that old sprinter Duc de Fer for nearly a mile and then went to the front and won galloping from Honeys Alibi. Social Climber was third. Among the also-rans were Mister Gus and Holandes II, the future-book favorite for next Saturday's Santa Anita Handicap; from all accounts, it took these two quite a while to settle down to running, and when they did, it was too late. The San Antonio is seldom a reliable guide to the Santa Anita Handicap—only Rosemont, Seabiscuit, and Talon have won both—and this year it is less reliable than ever, for Terrang isn't entered in the Santa Anita.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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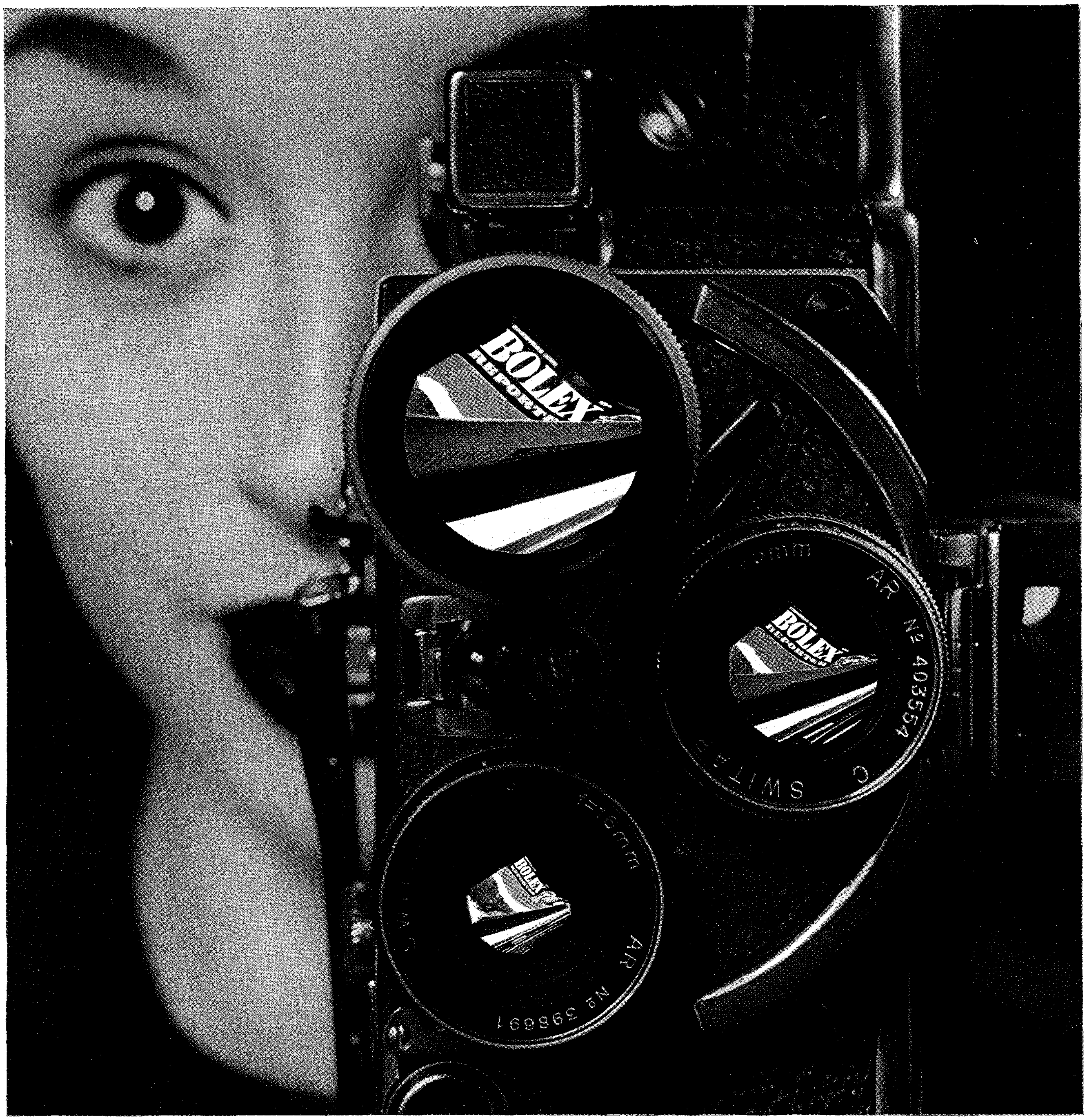
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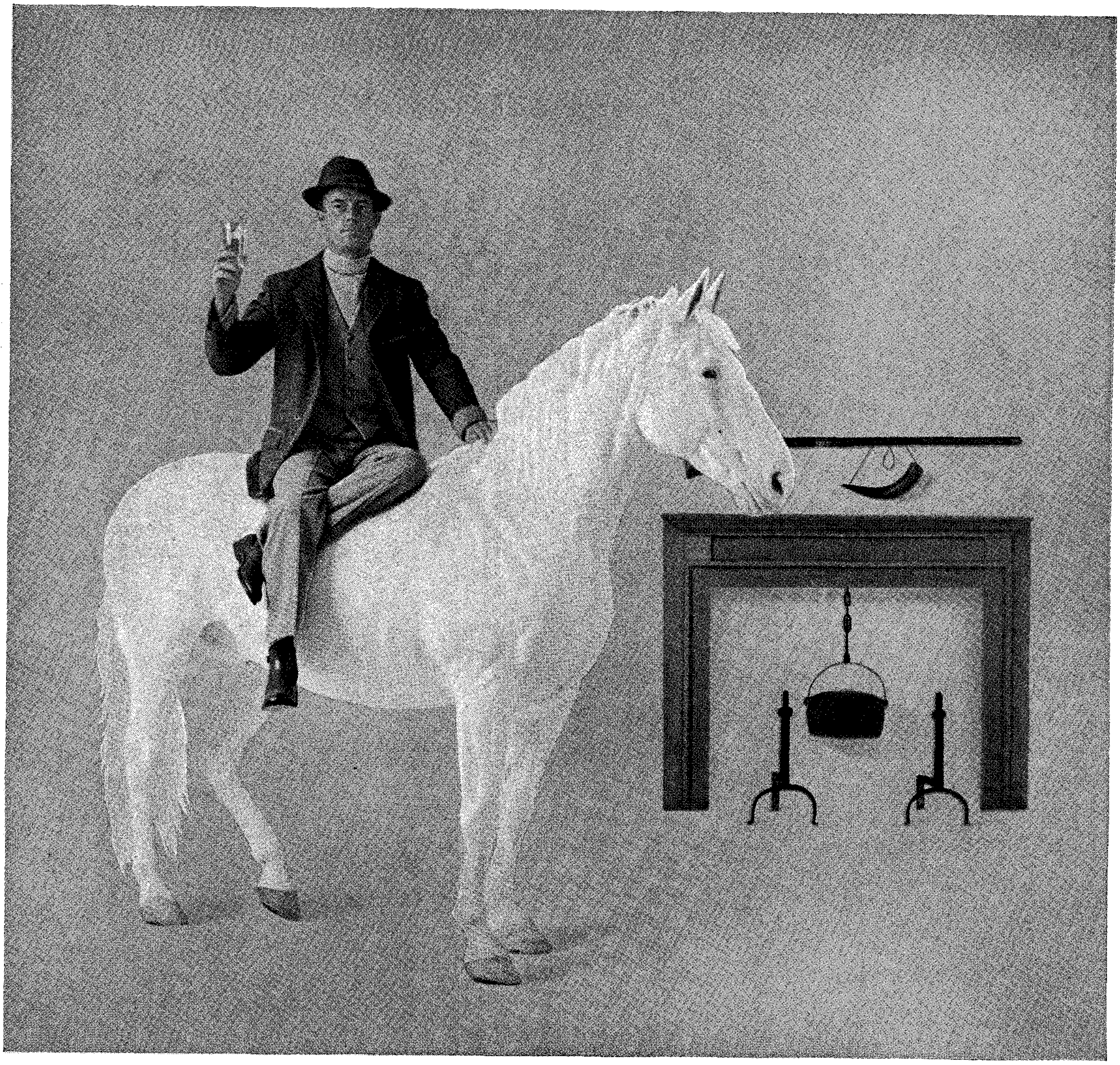

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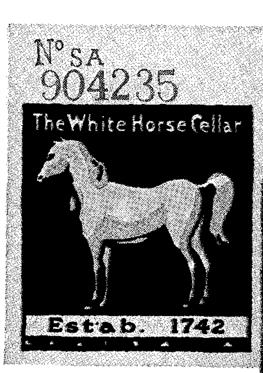
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I'VE just discovered that I own three hundred acres I didn't know about, and I wish I could think what to do with them. I happened to discover them because I decided, in a moment of managerial efficiency, to find out how the rates (or, in America, property taxes) I paid last year on Killegar, my house and farm in County Leitrim, in the remote northwest of Ireland, had been calculated. Rates are payable annually, the proceeds being devoted to public services. The amount varies mysteriously from year to year, but the sum I reluctantly have to hand over to the rate collector, John McGearty, who has the pub and grocery in the neighboring village of Longfield, and whom I like very well the rest of the time, usually approaches four hundred pounds.

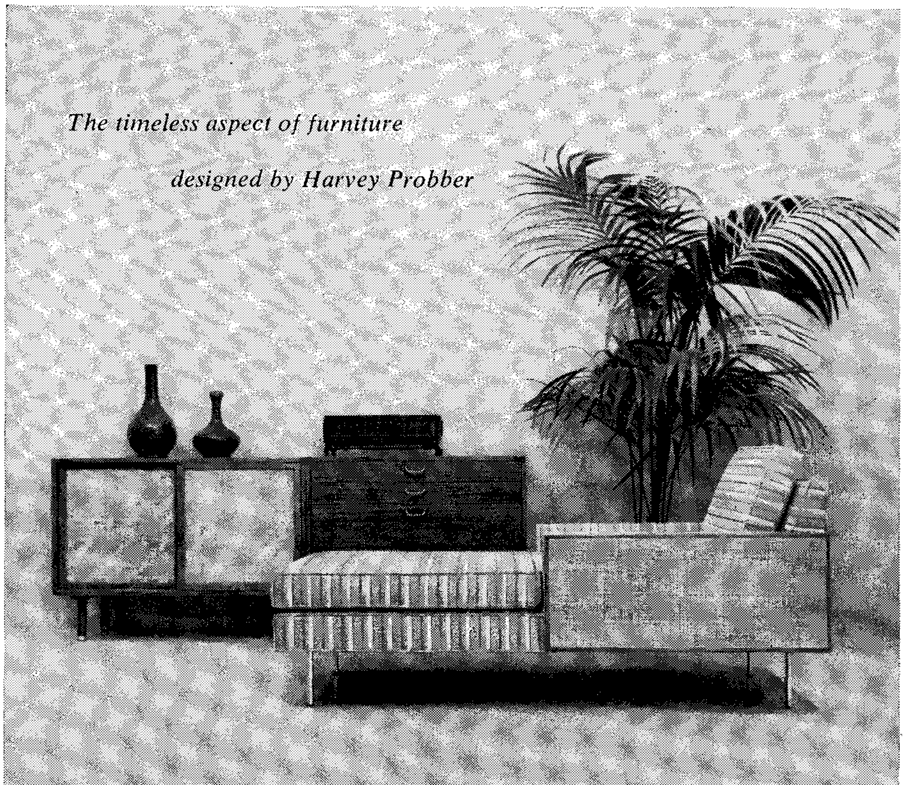
The first thing I unearthed when I began my examination was that I was still paying rates on three cottages that no longer existed. I have four cottages at Killegar, leased to employees of mine at the statutory rent of eighteenpence a week, and I found I was paying rates on seven. The three others, which I can barely remember, were left unoccupied when their last tenants died or departed years ago. Since then, the cottages have gradually disappeared back into the soil. By drawing McGearty's attention to their phantasmal nature, I was able to save myself three or four pounds a year.

It's nothing for a cottage or two to disappear in Ireland, but my second discovery perplexed me more. I found I was paying thirty-four shillings a year on land at Corrawallen. This tiny, forgotten hamlet is seven miles from Killegar, on a back road that leads to nowhere in particular, and as far as I could remember, I had only once even *been* there. I had been unaware that I had any proprietorial claims in Corrawallen whatever.

My solicitor, Jack Halpin, who always has all the answers, happened to come to Killegar a few days after I made this discovery, and I asked him to explain. "Oh, that's in respect of your bog there," he told me at once. He looked at me in some surprise. "You mean you didn't know you had a bog? Your father never happened to mention it?"

"No," I said. Neither my father nor anyone else had ever said a word about this piece of property. If the rates on it were only thirty-four shillings a year, I thought, then it had to be a very small one.

"A fine big bog, too," Jack said. "About three hundred acres, I should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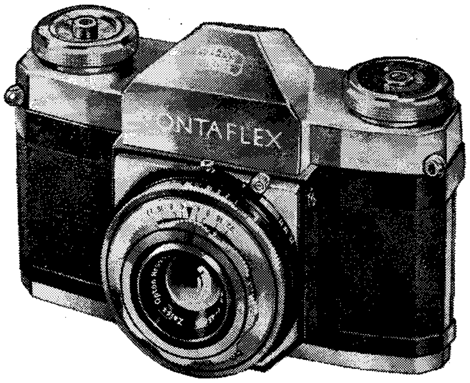

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say offhand. A very good bog for snipe, by the way. I've often shot it myself, and never come back empty-handed."

"Three hundred *acres*?" I said incredulously. In an instant, the area of my property—or, rather, the area of the property I knew I owned—had been very nearly doubled. I made up my mind to go and look at my bog next day.

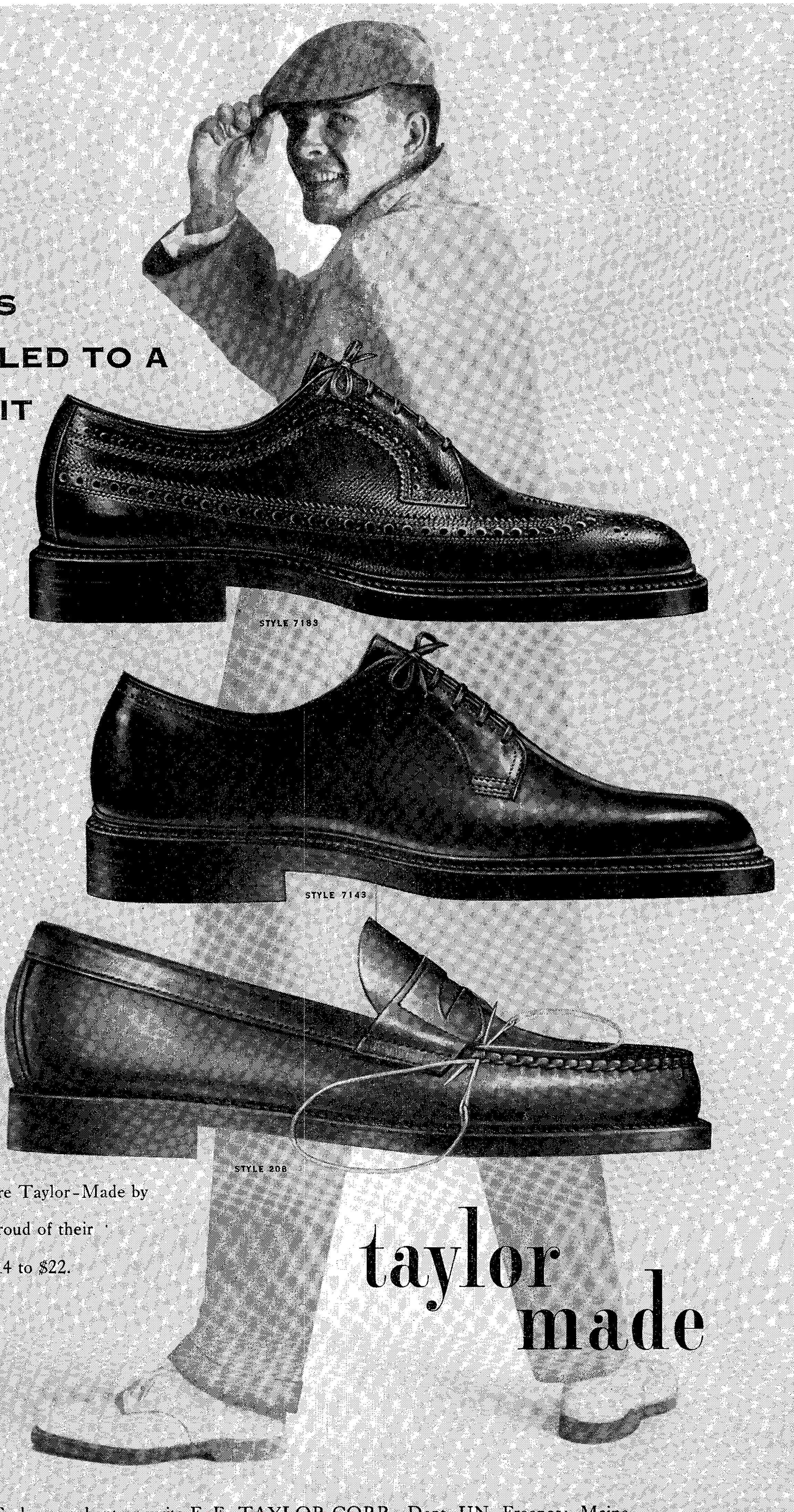
AN Irish bog is not what most people imagine. It is not a swamp. It is simply land—usually low-lying and heather-covered—from which turf has been, or can be, cut. Turf, which is called peat outside Ireland, is a layer—perhaps fifteen or twenty feet deep—of decomposed primeval forest; when cut into rectangular slabs and dried, it is much in demand as domestic fuel. An old bog may be dangerous, because the holes that turf cutters have dug fill up with water, sometimes to the depth of a man, and in time become concealed beneath a treacherous covering of weeds and mosses. But most bogs are safe if you watch your step, and, because they are unoccupied, are good places to hunt for game birds. I knew I could earn nothing from the shooting rights, since snipe-shooting over bogland is traditionally free, but turf fetches three or four pounds a ton. In a bog as big as mine, I reflected, there must be hundreds of thousands of tons of turf—well, tens of thousands, anyway. I saw myself at once as the owner of a great new enterprise, Corrawallen Bog Products, Ltd.

As I drove to Corrawallen to have a look at my property, I found myself hoping that I wouldn't have difficulty locating it. It would be highly ignominious if I had to ask the way. ("I'm looking for my bog," I would have to say. "Can you help me find it, please?")

Jack's directions, fortunately, proved perfectly easy to follow. I passed the Protestant church, went down the brae beyond it, and there, unmistakably, was the bog—*my* bog—filling all the valley to the right of the road ahead of me. And Jack had been absolutely right; it is a very fine bog, which any man would be proud to own.

Ownership of land is truly satisfying. One relishes the knowledge, to begin with, that one owns not only the land but everything that comes with it—every blade of grass, every stone, each flower, every bird that flies over it, all the wild animals that permanently or temporarily inhabit it, all the insects and worms, and so on, down to the very last microorganism. Land that I own, I can never help remembering, is mine not merely on the surface, or down to a depth of a few feet or yards, but *right on*

EVERY MAN IS ENTITLED TO A LITTLE BIT OF SWAGGER



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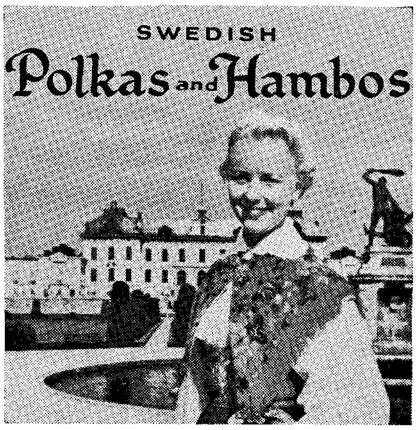

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down to the very center of the earth—an immense elongated carrot of real property, something over three thousand miles long, containing hundreds of cubic miles that belong to *me*, that are mine even in the black and deepest bowels. (And somewhere down there might there not be gold? Or oil, or uranium? Who knows?) *My* land, I find, has somehow a special quality to it—a softness and friendliness under my feet. If I cross a boundary between a neighbor's land and mine, there is at once a different feeling. The neighbor—James Hill or Jack Armstrong or Jimmy McNamee—may be an old friend, but I have become an intruder, an outsider; I don't belong any more.

I had all these feelings at Corrawallen when I stopped the car, crossed a field (just a dull old field, belonging to someone else), climbed a bank, jumped a ditch, and landed on a wide expanse of heather and fern that was mine. It had been mine for six years without my knowing it, but I felt as though it hadn't *really* been mine until that moment—that there can be no such thing as unconscious possession. I could feel it *becoming* mine as I stood there, and the rushes and the stones, and the willows and the weeds, which would have looked perfectly ordinary if I'd seen them a week earlier, slowly assumed a new quality as their awareness of my ownership spread to me.

THE countryside was deserted. I walked my new land with a springy tread, waving to my sea gulls and, from time to time, picking up one of my stones and feeling it in my hand; it felt rough, and good, and mine. I found I was doing some complicated arithmetic in my head. Say I made a clear profit of ten shillings a ton from the sale of turf; there must be a hundredweight to every square yard, which would make two hundred and forty-two tons to the acre. Multiply by three hundred acres, and you have over thirty-six thousand pounds. Or, rather, which was what mattered, *I* would have it. Well, it might take ten years to extract it, but all the same that would mean a good three thousand pounds a year. I had just reached this conclusion when, as though to show me how easily it could be done, there appeared ahead of me an enormous black stack of cut turf. I stopped in my tracks. I gazed around me. Now that I came to look, there were stacks of turf everywhere—here a group of six, there of twenty, there of a dozen. I climbed to the top of the largest stack I could see, gazed out across my bog, and counted a hun-

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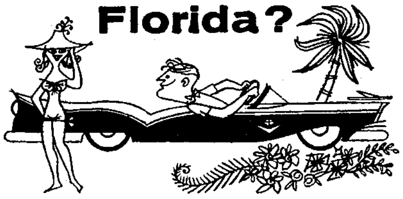

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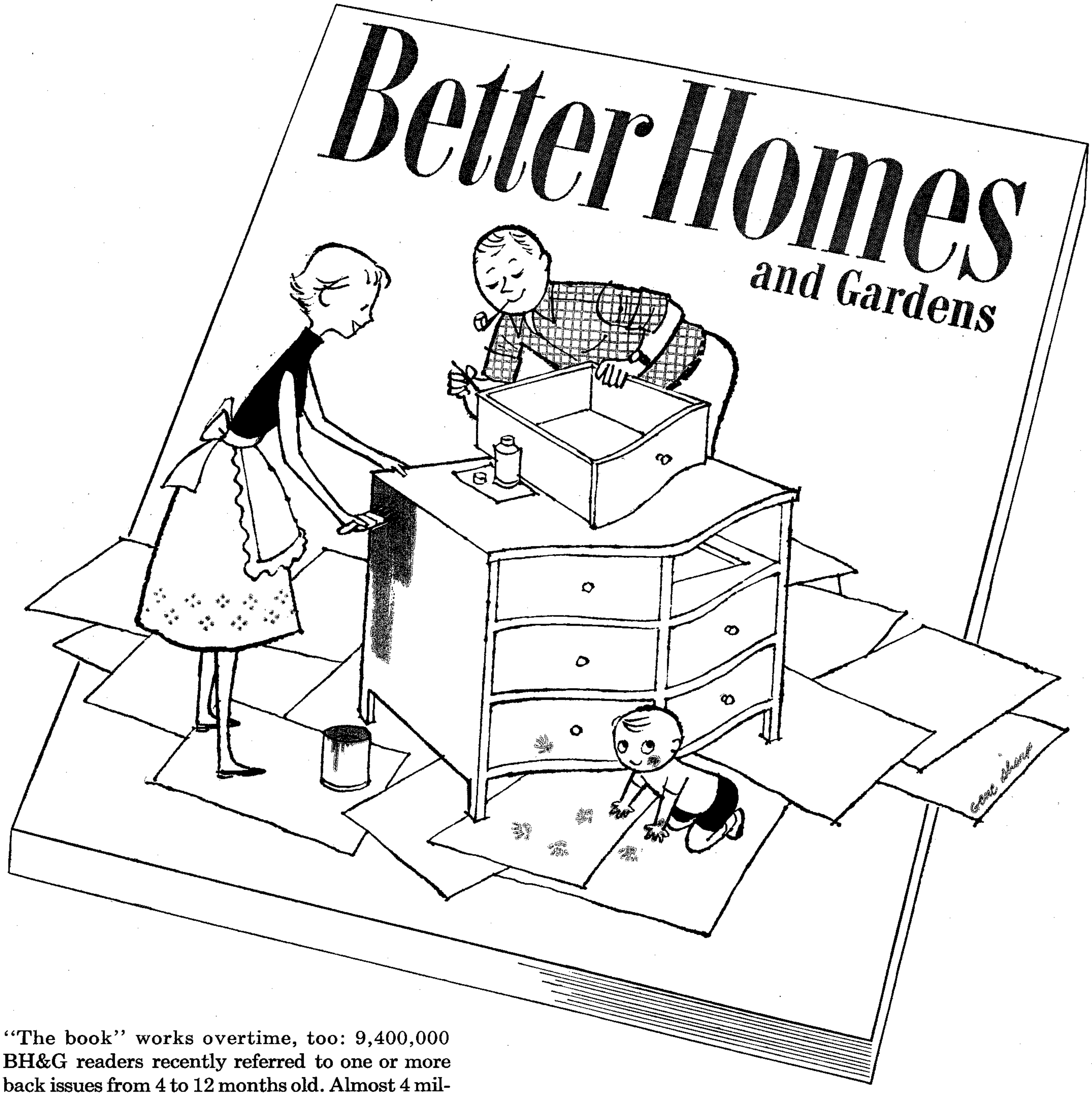

"The book" works overtime, too: 9,400,000 BH&G readers recently referred to one or more back issues from 4 to 12 months old. Almost 4 million looked at back issue ads or articles on home furnishings; more than 2 million at ads on homemaking practices or management. 15,500,000 people read an average issue of BH&G. One-third of the 123,800,000 people in the U.S. 10 years of age or older read one or more of every twelve issues. That's 44,150,000 readers of Better Homes and Gardens—and over 40% of them are men! Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines 3, Iowa.

during the year...

1/3 of America

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**A 12 Months' Study of BH&G Readers, Alfred Politz Research, Inc., 1956*

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Just landed—new Spring ensembles to take you everywhere in style . . . in comfort. For beautiful imports, the finest in fabrics and workmanship . . . turn to Abercrombie and Fitch.

Cashmere cardigan in blue, hibiscus red or apple green. Sizes 36 to 40 . . . . . . $35.00
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dred and ninety-three stacks in ten minutes.

An hour later, I was in Jack Halpin's office. "What's the law of trespass, Jack?" I asked. (How good it is, I thought, to have a smart lawyer at such times!) "There are people taking my turf—hundreds of them, I should think. They bolted when they saw me coming, the rascals. I didn't get a glimpse of one of them. But we'll catch them, Jack. They'll come back and we'll catch them. And the turf they've cut already—that's mine, I suppose, isn't it?"

Jack laughed. He actually laughed at me. "Is this at Corrawallen, John?" he asked.

"Where else would it be?"

"I'm afraid they have a perfect right to cut turf there," said Jack. "What's more, you haven't. They're local people and they do it openly. You didn't see them because it isn't the turf-cutting season. After our talk yesterday, I looked up the deeds. Your great-great-grandfather, old John Godley, sold the turbary rights back in the eighteen-sixties."

"*Turbary* rights?" I asked in amazement. "What in the world are they?"

"The rights to cut turf on another man's land," said Jack. "Old John sold the turbary rights in Corrawallen, probably for a song, a year or two before his death."

"Then what use is the bog to me?" I asked.

"None," replied Jack, roaring with laughter. "Unless you can think of something very unusual, it has absolutely no value whatsoever."

I'VE been trying to think of something very unusual ever since. I could build houses on it, certainly, if I had any capital, which I haven't. But it happens that more people are leaving Leitrim than are leaving any other county in Ireland—which is saying something. No, houses wouldn't be practical. I could plant my bog with trees. With the regular five-foot spacing customary in plantations, it would take over half a million—a whole forest. But even softwoods grow relatively slowly on bogland; it would probably be sixty years before they reached maturity, by which time I would be ninety-seven.

Only one other idea has come to me so far. I have heard of the admirable activities of A Little Bit of Ireland, Inc. As I understand it, this enterprising company has bought an acre of land somewhere in the south of Ireland, and plans to sell it in plots of a square yard, at a dollar each, to sentimental

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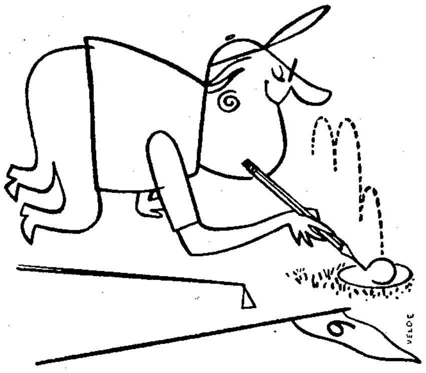

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Irish-Americans who would like a stake, however small, in the Old Country. Well, if I were to do the same, Corrawallen Bog would fetch one million four hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars.

This brings up a question: Are there one million four hundred and fifty-two thousand sentimental and still landless Irish-Americans, each one with a spare dollar he wants to spend on real estate? On the chance that there aren't, I think I can afford to be more generous. I am prepared to dispose of Corrawallen Bog at a nickel a square yard, which would bring in a total of seventy-two thousand six hundred dollars—a fine price for a genuine Irish bog exclusive of turbary rights. Naturally, all these new landholders will have to divide the thirty-four shillings in annual rates among themselves, because I don't propose to have the damned place cost *me* another penny.

—John Godley

• •

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MANAGEMENT SCENE

[*Instructions issued in advance of a surprise party for a retiring employee of the Alling & Cory Co., 730 Broadway*]

Just so that things run smoothly for our SURPRISE PARTY, we are outlining our plan of action.

AT 3:15 P.M., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10TH, THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED AS HOSTESSES WILL ASSEMBLE THE FOOD AND ARRANGE IT ATTRACTIVELY FOR SERVING. THEY WILL OPERATE IN TEAMS, AS FOLLOWS:

Sandwiches and Cookies	Party Punch	General Hostesses to Mingle with All Guests
1 Mrs. Gascoigne, responsible to serve Guest of Honor first; then, Directors. (No other serving should take place until Mrs. G. has finished.)	Mrs. Loveitt Mrs. Smith } To Pour Miss Phelps Miss Weissgerberger Miss Queenan } To Serve	Miss Ayers Miss Van Fradenburgh Miss Reifsnyder Miss Hazlitt Mrs. Mauchet Miss Grande Miss Schultz Miss Lovrovich Miss Gilmartin
2 Mrs. Lewis Mrs. Barda		
3 Mrs. Gordon Mrs. Renner		

(To avoid confusion the number of servers has been fixed as above, so that we would not have too many or too few serving.)

Serving Notes

Mrs. Gascoigne will first serve Guest of Honor; next, Directors. Then, she and other team members will operate as follows:

Sandwiches First	Team 1) will serve Right Flank Team 2) will serve Center Flank Team 3) will serve Left Flank
Party Punch Next	Each SERVER will cover a Flank of guests, as above. Special Note: As soon as the first round of sandwiches has been served, this team is cautioned to serve Punch PROMPTLY.
to be followed by	A) MR. SCHMIDT WILL MAKE AN *OPENING SPEECH.* B) A TOAST TO OUR GUEST OF HONOR—to be proposed by Mr. Bradner. (Do *not* keep Mr. Bradner waiting for guests to be served punch.)

DURING (A) AND (B) THERE SHOULD BE NO OTHER ACTIVITY—THIS IS OUR GUEST OF HONOR'S "SPECIAL MOMENT" AND WE SHOULD ALL HONOR HER BY RESPECTFUL ATTENTION TO THE SPEAKERS.

General

Sandwiches: We have provided for about FOUR to a person. (After 2nd round, cookies may be served.)

Canapés: These are for "show" and should be used sparingly on each tray.

Cookies: An *assortment* should be provided on *each* tray.

Serving: All Servers are cautioned not to hold up serving by conversations with the guests. Please wait until all have had their first complete round of sandwiches, punch, cookies—before you "join in the fun."

Music: *AFTER THE TOAST!!!*, NO DANCING, THOUGH, UNTIL *AFTER* THE *SECOND* ROUND OF SERVING HAS BEEN MADE.

Hostesses: IT IS IMPORTANT TO KEEP THE GROUP TOGETHER UNTIL THE *SECOND* ROUND OF SERVING HAS BEEN MADE. (PLEASE COOPERATE IN HELPING US TO AVOID "CLIQUES.")

WE WANT ALL TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN BUT WE WANT TO KEEP THIS PARTY ON AN APPROPRIATELY DIGNIFIED BASIS. PLEASE AVOID SITUATIONS THAT WOULD BE "EMBARRASSING" TO MANAGEMENT.

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solid powder
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In a fluted golden case 5.00
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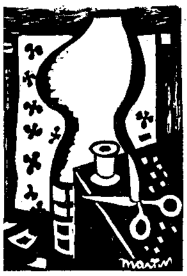
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

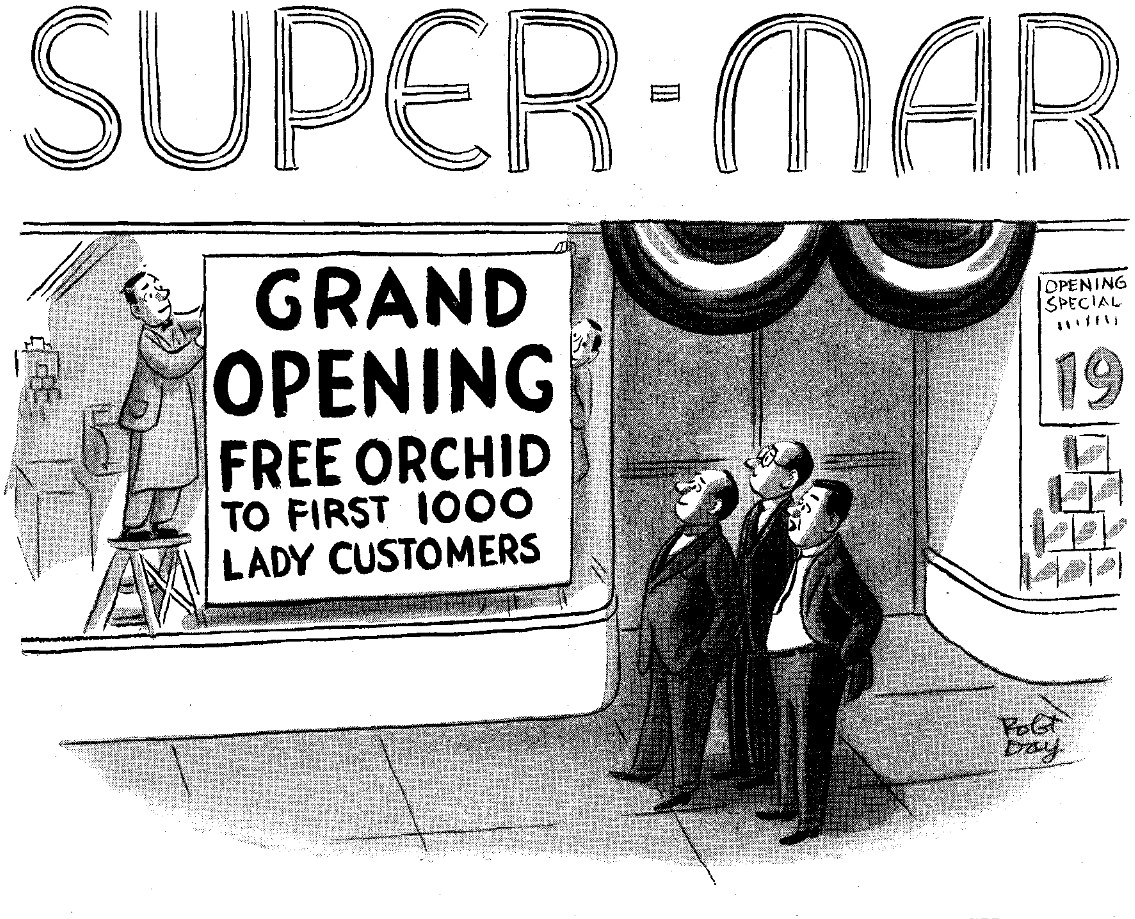
THIS AND THAT



D. D. & Leslie Tillett have opened a made-to-order department in their shop, which is now up at 170 East 80th Street, and it will turn out anything from lingerie to party clothes in the establishment's imaginative hand-screened prints. An Empire nightgown of pima chiffon striped in nasturtium, mauve-pink, and gold is $40, the bottom price in the department. (The top price is $240.) Kimonos with armholes down to the waist appear in pea-green cotton spattered with enormous pink-and-green pigs, jade fish, jade crabs, green-and-yellow pineapples, lemons, and bananas, and, to cut them, just plain black knives. Very, very Hawaiian. Tunic jackets and toreador trousers are of canary shantung on which big white lotuses blossom. White Egyptian cotton with orange-and-pink geraniums and green leaves ends up as street-length wraparound skirts and surplice tops. Long evening skirts, sleek down the hips and wrapped into a wide panel in back, are of shantung striped in two tones of pink and splashed with yellow lotus flowers. The matching blouse has a round neck and elbow sleeves. A variety of marine motifs, such as white seaweed, pink shells, and blue fish, are worked out on watered-green Egyptian cotton, to be made into bathing suits.

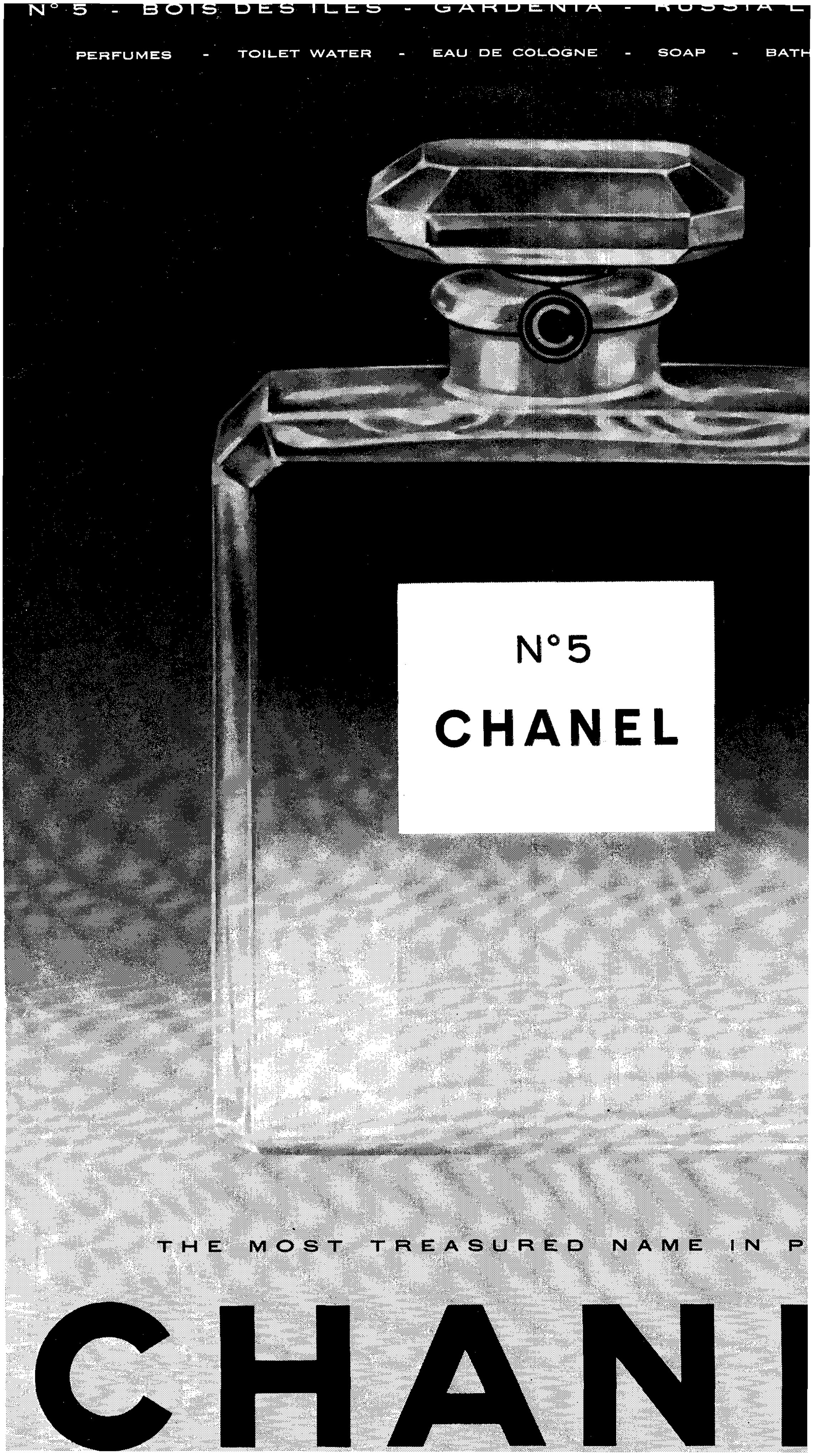
There must be twenty-nine carloads of flowery print dresses in Bloomingdale's Green Room. A stunning one of beige linen that has a square décolletage and cap sleeves is strewn all over with red clover, white daisies, red cattails, and green ferns, like dining-room wallpaper. An elbow-sleeve chemise dress that is scooped out at the throat is of pink Japanese Jacquard silk with Oriental flowers and green trees growing on it. There's a string belt of the silk, but you probably won't use it. In the eye-catcher division is something of pale-blue cotton voile splashed with dark-blue poppies and white daisies. This has shirring over the bosom and an attached self cummerbund. Giddiest of all is a dress of white silk organza on which pink and red carnations blaze. Its neck is plunging, a tucked cape collar covers the bare shoulders, and a narrow green velvet sash ends in a corsage of fat fabric pinks. All these clothes are $69.95. If greater restraint is the idea, there's a dress of black shantung banked with printed wood roses; $125.

Navy for little girls—sizes 1 through 12—is in favor around Bloomingdale's Young World. School or tea-party dresses of navy cotton broadcloth that's agog with white shamrocks have broad white rickrack bretelles over the shoulders; from $5.95 to $12.95, depending on the size. The tucked white rayon linen tops of a series of suits are piped at the neck and the armholes with navy rayon linen to match the attached skirts, which are pleated in front and gathered in back. Navy rayon linen makes the Dutch-boy jackets with Puritan collars and cuffs of white rayon linen; $8.95, and quite a combination of styles. Dusters of navy rayon linen cover dresses of sheer white rayon linen sprinkled with a flurry of navy pin dots; $8.95, too.



"I'm thinking of the one-thousand-and-first lady customer. We can kiss her business goodbye."

De Pinna's Young Moderns Shop has rounded up some hard-to-find dresses—in junior sizes 5 to 15—for young ladies of those betwixt-and-between ages of twelve to fifteen. A coat-dress of cotton mesh in a small sand-and-white check is vertically banded on the bodice with narrow white lace; $22.95. Cotton-and-dacron shirtwaist dresses in a miniature plaid—blue, green, cranberry, and beige—have overcollars of white piqué and Buster Brown ties of navy organza, and the tabs on the three-quarter raglan sleeves are decorated with black shoe buttons; $29.95. More elaborate shirtwaist dresses, of putty silk shantung, are gar-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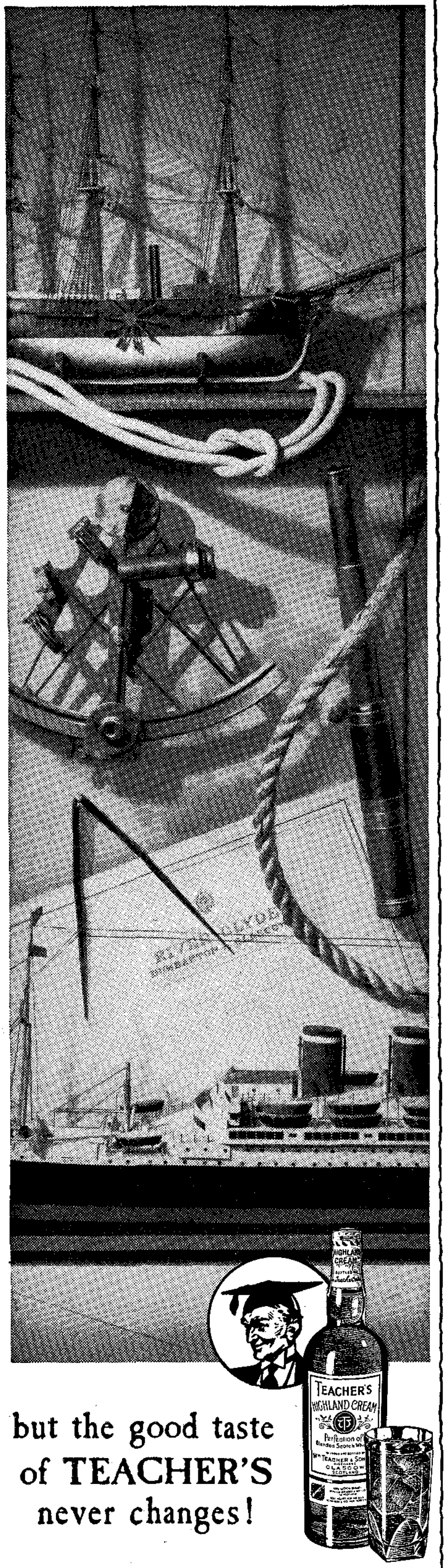

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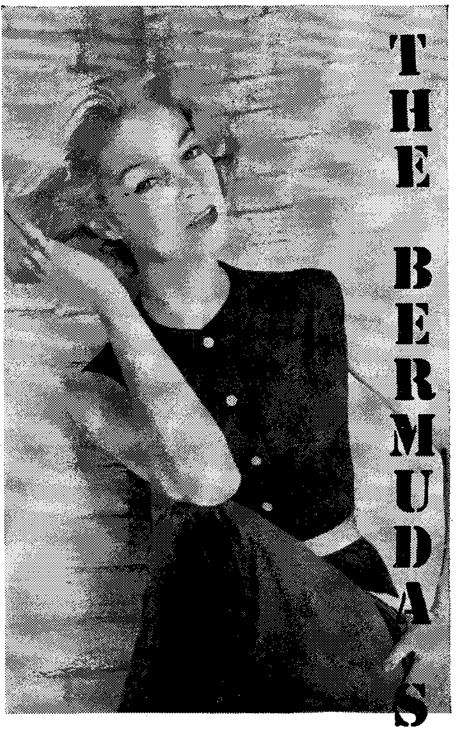
nished with pink, beige, and white flowers; $55. The rays of the sun shine white on, naturally, a cheerful sun dress, of gold cotton ($18.95), and the bodice and full skirt of a strapless party dress in pale-blue rayon taffeta is embroidered with delicate garlands of green leaves and flowers in three tones of blue ($49.95).

ROSETTE PENNINGTON'S Bridal Department is partial to ivory and old lace. Among the exhibits is a dress of ivory silk organza ending in a fishtail train; a butterfly of rose-point lace flutters at one side of the wide midriff. An ivory silk organdie has rose-point-lace roses appliquéd at the low, round neck and down the sides of the elongated bodice, and more of these roses spill over the pale-blue taffeta sash. Dresses of ivory or ice-blue silk mist—well, a thin taffeta—are trimmed with four medium-sized silk roses and rose-point-lace stems at the base of the portrait neck and eleven larger ones on the bouffant skirt. A shirtwaist dress of sheer white point d'esprit has a high, ruffled collar and short, frilled cuffs of duchesse lace. Any of the dresses, which are designed on the premises, will be made up with trains, for those who want them. Tailless or not, three to six weeks is the ticket. Sizes run from 8 to 16, prices from $155 to $350. Bridesmaids' dresses, in the same sizes, run from $25 to $45, and require four weeks. One, of white rayon chiffon, has a draped and shirred Empire bodice and an above-anklebone skirt that is stiffened with Pellon; a picot-edged lavender ribbon sash ends in a bow beneath the left side of the bosom. The red rayon velvet sash of a short-sleeved white rayon taffeta shirtwaist dress embroidered with bunches of red cherries ties in a bow, too, but at the center of the waist in back, and long streamers drip from it. A Mme. Récamier dress, all in gold, has a rayon faille top and a long rayon chiffon skirt.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S Wedding Salon has not been napping, either. One of the prettiest dresses is a white faille taffeta that's really Civil War. Narrow pleated ruffles descend from the front of the polite round neck to the hem of the bell-shaped skirt, which winds up in a circular train, and a mobile bouquet of crystal-bead lilies of the valley set in a huge faille bow perches on the left hip. A ballerina-length dress of white silk peau de soie has a calla-lily collar, sleeves pointed at the wrists, and little peau-de-soie buttons descending the front of the basque bodice, though it matter-of-factly zips down the back. A waltz-length



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McMullen's sleeveless blouse
in fine cotton broadcloth.
Maize, pink, blue,
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Living room (above) courtesy Household Magazine

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With this thought in mind we called on masters of design to create unusual and colorful settings for our luxurious Domeliners so that you will feel restfully at home.

We believe you will like the results achieved. The dining car, pictured here, is a typical example. We suggest that on your next journey to or from the Pacific Coast, you request reservations on a Union Pacific Domeliner. No extra fare—just extra pleasure.

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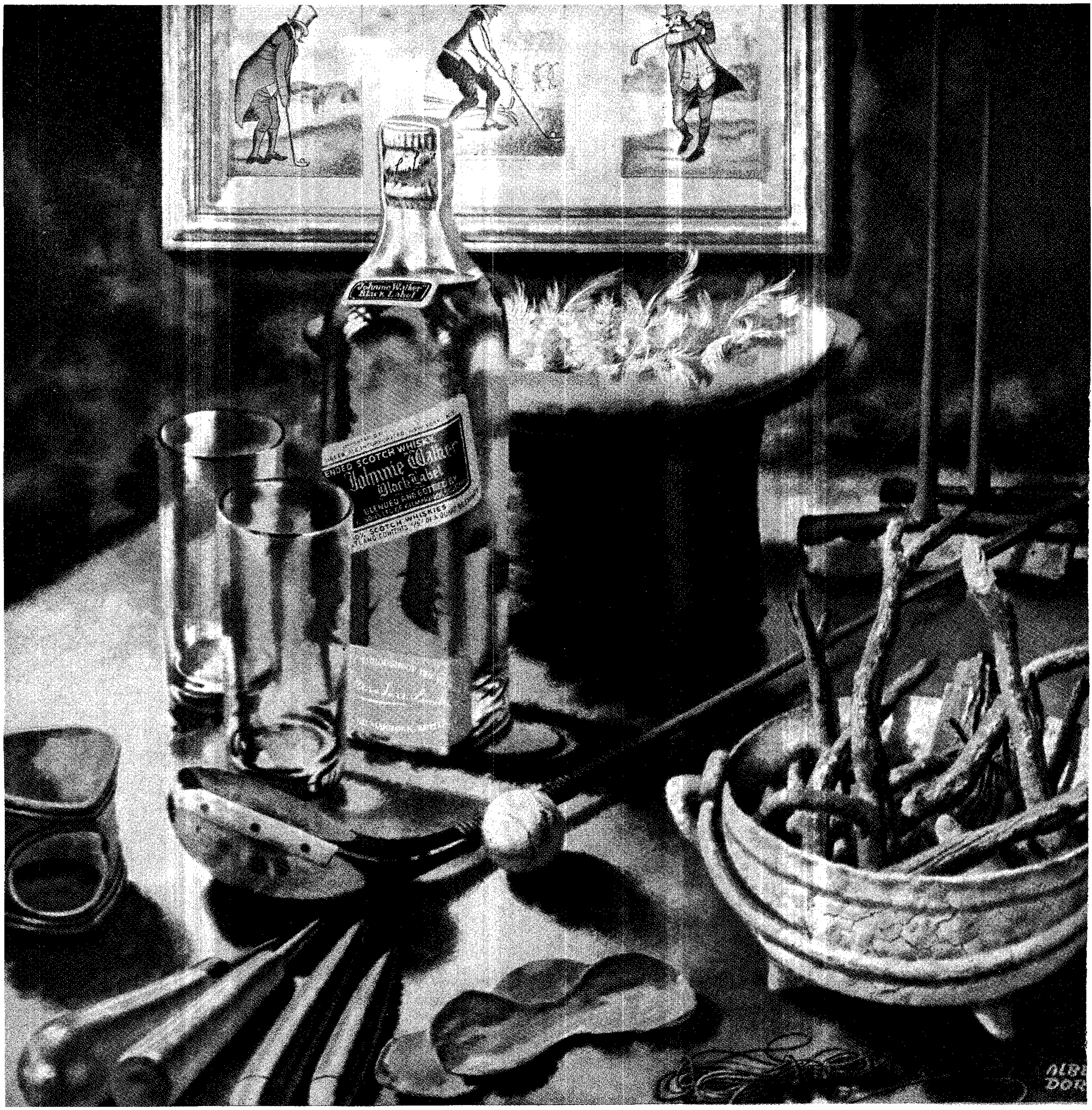
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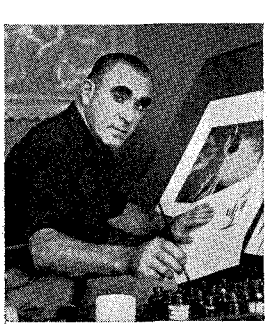
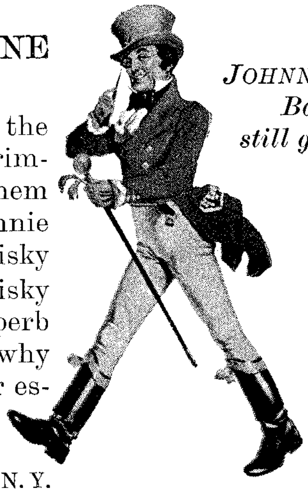


Artist—Teacher—Lecturer

That's literally what it took to make a golf ball, in the early 1800's. They'd fill a Lum hat (stovepipe, to you) brimful of feathers, boil them over a twig fire, and stuff them into a bull's-hide cover. About the same era, the Johnnie Walker people were being equally fussy about the whisky that went into their bottles. It had to be Scotch whisky of incomparable quality, of matchless flavour, of superb lightness. And they are every bit as fussy today. That's why no other Scotch whisky in the world is held in higher esteem by people whose judgment counts.



JOHNNIE WALK
Born 1820
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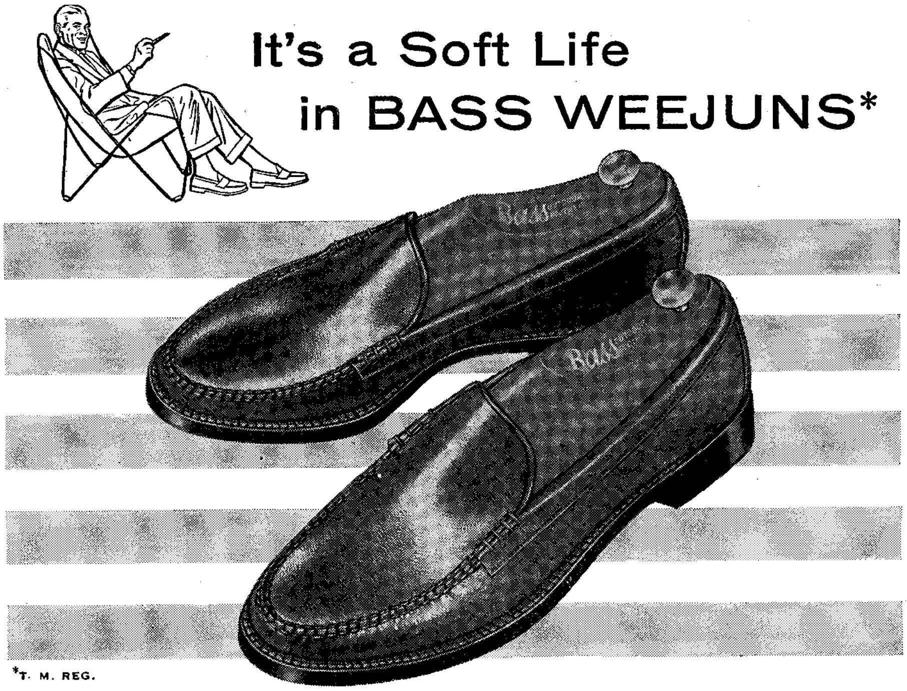
dress for a very young bride is of white organdie. The square neck and the low waistline are banded with white Venise-type lace threaded with sea-green velvet ribbon that ties in perky bows to the rear. The tag reads $95, the smallest price of the lot. (The biggest price is much, much bigger.) A stately dress of white silk peau de soie with a long skirt and a detachable train has an Empire bodice and short sleeves of reëmbroidered white Alençon-type lace sprinkled with fake seed pearls, pearl beads, and iridescent sequins. Sizes of all these are 8 to 16, and you wait six weeks.

The headpieces on view in the custom wedding-veil section were made in France. Crisscross bands of silk illusion are tipped with full-blown white silk-and-velvet roses, so placed that they come to rest at the temples and the back of the head. Wreaths of white wax orange blossoms and bead leaves encircle a chignon. Dutch caps of white silk illusion are strewn with fat pearl beads and infinitesimal iridescent-sequin leaves. And there are crowns of white linen lace lilies of the valley and sweetheart roses. Prices begin at $75 and stop at $250.

I. MILLER has now come up with sprightly high-heeled sneakers (that's what they call them, anyway) of white canvas with slim, icepick toes, bright-blue or red leather pipings and shoestrings, and Neolite soles of the same blue or red; $28.95. Red calf pumps, scalloped at the throat, are almost covered with appliquéd polka dots of navy and white calf; $32.95. A black patent-leather pump with a black satin bow that hides the toe is called the Swan, because its curved one-and-a-half-inch heel, wide at the base, is supposed to make you glide; $29.95—for two, that is. Samples of a new Perugia shoe are on view, and a larger supply should arrive from France any day now. The very long, very flat vamp dwindles gently to a moderately pointed toe. It's trimmed with threadlike leather lacings tied in little bows, and the heels are medium or high. In black kid, black suède, or black satin with black patent-leather lacings, or in black patent leather with black kid lacings; $45. By adding Miller's instep bands you can make your pumps look like strap slippers. The part that goes under the foot is elastic and the upper half is black patent leather, black or red calf, or gray suède; $3. All these items are at both the Fifth Avenue Miller shops.

A SUPERB collection of rather massive hand-wrought brass jewelry is lolling about Chequer, 816



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*T. M. REG.

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Bass OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR
BASS originator of Weejuns*

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Soft and luxurious as only silk can be, Silk-Flex stretch to fit perfectly . . . and they wear practically forever because they're a blend of soft absorbent silk and 50% strong Helanca Stretch Nylon.
With Swiss Embroidered Clocks $2.00
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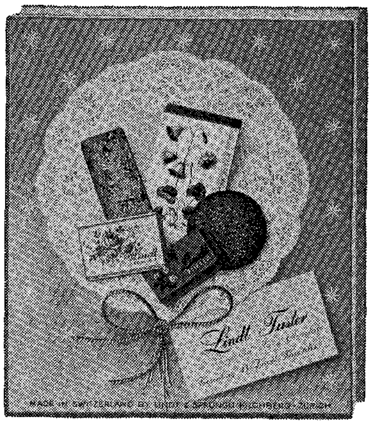

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Third Avenue (50th), and it's not so expensive, either—$16.50 to $27.50, including the federal tax. Among the brooches, ranging from two to four inches in diameter, are a crab, a butterfly, and several flowers. One, a poppy, is surrounded by spiny leaves, and there are earrings to match. A double-bangle arm bracelet is held together by a sheaf of wheat. Giant hairpins and combs to tuck into a chignon or French twist are topped with bowknots or stars.

THE specialty of Tuthill-Porter, at 125 East 39th Street, a recent addition to the ranks of our florists, is wedding flowers. An old-fashioned bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley, snow white (a small rose), and ivy ends in a short comet's tail, and it can be surrounded by a frill of the lace used for the wedding dress or veil. There are trailing bouquets, too—clusters of white stephanotis, clusters of white violets and camellia leaves, or pale-pink geraniums and coral African daisies mixed with grape-ivy leaves. A bouquet of white lilacs is studded with fleurs d'amour. (You'd think they were small white gardenias.) They're all $25 or more. Bridesmaids' bouquets entirely of foliage combine miniature ivy, dubia, and croton leaves accented with echeveria; $15 and up. Juliet caps of cissus leaves (they look like rose leaves) entwined with *ranunculus* begin at $20. The number, not yet in the book, is Oxford 7-1944.

FOLDEROL: Hermès has brought forth his first perfume. It's called Doblis, after the fine, soft leather, but resembles it in *name* only, since it's flowery with an aura of spice. The outer container is a replica of his Paris establishment; $29.38 an ounce. Toilet water to match starts at $13.20 for eight ounces. At Lord & Taylor and Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Mary Chess's Souvenir d'un Soir perfume, a dry, brisk floral, makes its début in a bottle the shape of the Pulitzer Fountain, outside the Plaza. A quarter of an ounce is $11, and two ounces are $49.50. . . . Pat-a-Crème, Elizabeth Arden's golden pancake makeup for Northern stay-at-homes, becomes *café au lait* on some complexions, pinky beige on others. To complete the picture, there's a lipstick that is a clear red. . . . Helena Rubinstein's liquid rouge blended with the essences of fresh flowers and leaves, as well as liquefied raw silk, comes in four shades—pink, coral, rose, and red. . . . Estée Lauder's Re-Nutriv nourishing cream contains just about everything you can think of: turtle oil, shark oil,

joan J·P parris
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NYLON LACE SEPARATES . . . How right for flight, or anywhere days and nights. From the hand of Joan Parris, Sizes 10 to 18, black or white:
The elegant scoop-neck blouse with the inimitably draped neckline. $14.95. The fanfare of permanently-pleated skirt with full nylon petticoat. $29.95.
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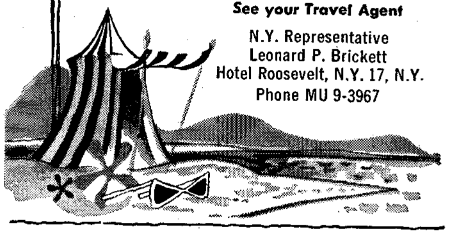

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royal jelly, and silicone—all having something or other to do with restoring that good old youthful bloom. It costs $22 an ounce, and an outlay of $126.50 will get you sixteen ounces in a twenty-two-carat-gold-plated jar. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Bonwit, Bergdorf, Lord & Taylor, and Bloomingdale. . . . Skin Bloom, Charles of the Ritz's peach-scented foundation cream, now appears in lotion form; two ounces for $2.75. . . . Queen Helene's greenmint mask, as bracing as a mint julep, comes to $2.20 for two ounces. At Bloomingdale. . . . Yardley's After Bath Freshener, an aromatic blue or pink liquid, is deliciously laced with English lavender or red roses.

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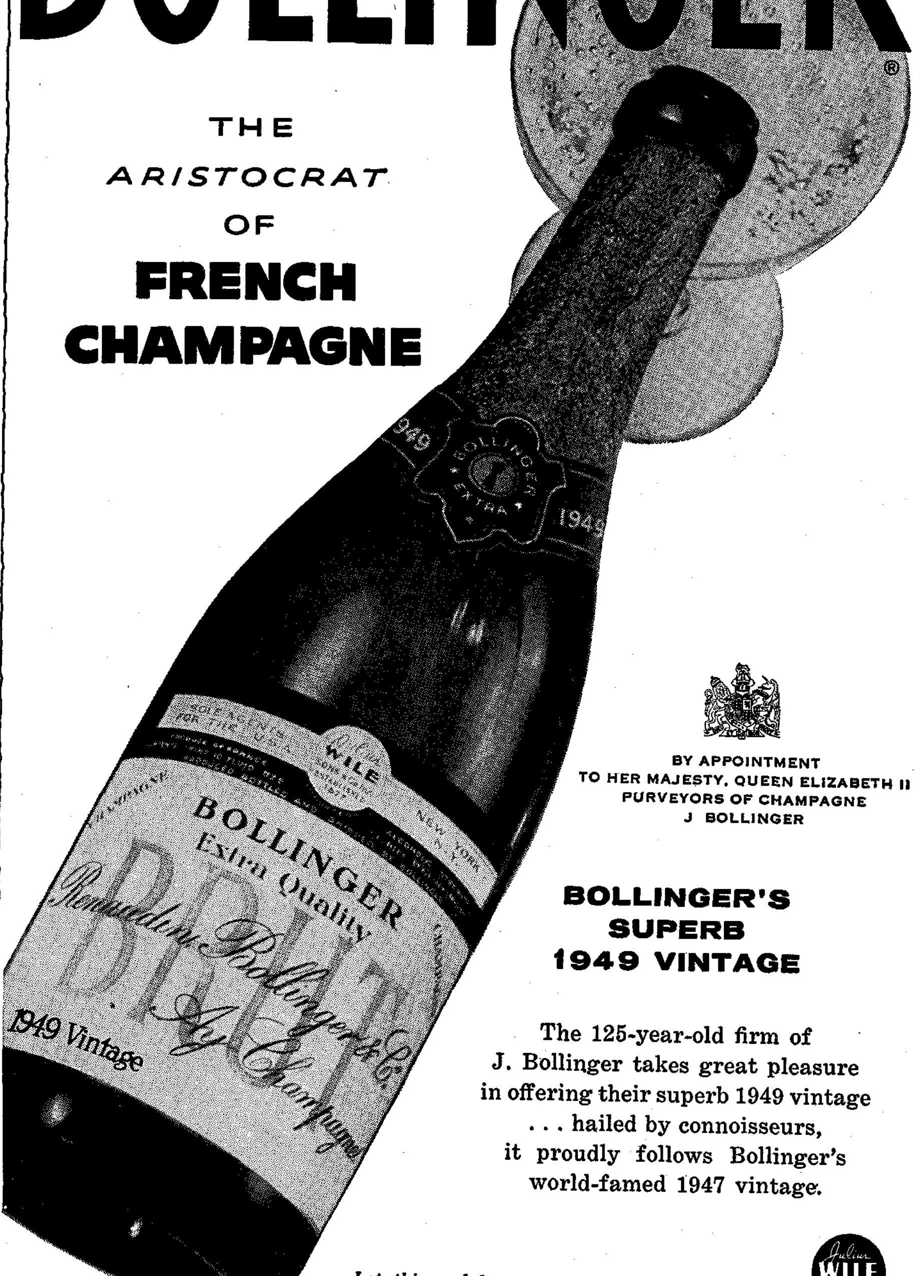
ABOUT THE HOUSE

New Wonders

EVERY year at about this time, there is a great to-do in house-furnishings circles over the appearance of what are hailed as the new household appliances. While I yield to no one as a hailer, I am afraid I can't go along with the manufacturers who label "new" a deep freeze or washing machine that, in a slightly more dazzling shade of baked-on enamel, performs essentially the same miracles that endeared it to us last year. Remembering how splendidly most of 1956's appliances did what they were supposed to do (and that's more than the writers of press releases remember), I refuse to be beguiled by loose talk about the superior performance of models whose newness may well relate to the calendar rather than to any drastic change in design, and I reserve my right to do considerable picking and choosing before labelling any one of them a bona-fide improvement.

Bona-fide improvement is a pallid way to describe this year's model of the Mobile Maid dishwasher, just brought out by General Electric, whose claim that the new version does away forever with the chore of scraping dishes I recently investigated. Skepticism being indispensable to this department, I reminded myself beforehand that the necessity for scraping dishes is one of those



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immutable laws of nature from which there is no escape on sea, in the air, on dining cars, in the home kitchen, or maybe even in Heaven. Nevertheless, when I went to the local G.E. offices to have a look at the new Mobile Maid, I hopefully took along a collection of what must have been the most scrupulously unscraped dishes ever to appear on Forty-second Street. To be sure, on an earlier journey to inspect a General Electric dishwasher—an antique of 1955, which had not abolished scraping—I also carried my own testing outfit, but it offered no great transportation problem; this time, having been advised that the new appliance was able to cope with almost any food scraps short of bones and corncobs, I had a much more formidable load. The crosstown haul was well worth the trouble, since in no other way could I have learned with certainty what the new dishwasher can and can't do. Well, it can do a lot—in fact, it can do more than any other dishwasher I have tried—but I am not entirely convinced that we shan't still be scraping dishes in Heaven. It is true that the new Mobile Maid does away with the meticulous sort of scraping (like the old one, of course, it calls for no hand rinsing, which is a preliminary to the automatic dishwashing done by other models), but those bones and corncobs are not, strictly speaking, the only exceptions to one-hundred-per-cent scrapeless operation. Still, I did see the machine deal magnificently with a dish to which gobs of baked-on pudding adhered; some plates from which stray pieces of meat had not been removed, and others gaumed over with peanut butter; a skillet encrusted with bacon fat and bits of fried egg; and a few similar dishwashing goats, stacked alongside the silver and glass sheep. On the other hand, some plates bearing pieces of cake were not accepted by the demonstrator, who explained that starch in quantity might cloud the glass and silver (by the same token, utensils coated with rice or potatoes would require careful scraping), and some quarters of lemons were not completely disposed of by the machine.

Perhaps the working of the new Mobile Maid is worth a word or two of explanation. To begin with, one of the device's principal agents is a high-powered propeller (or, to be technical, an impeller) that hurls the water over the dishes—in two vigorous rinses, each with a fresh supply of automatically administered hot water—with sufficient violence to free them of waste. Once detached, the scraps are dealt with by a new flush pipe, called the Flushaway

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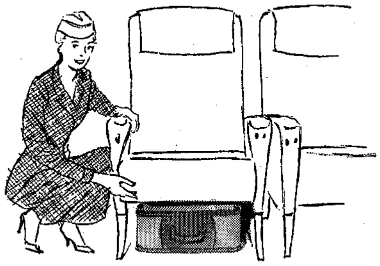

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Drain (it's a sort of garbage-disposal contraption that reduces the food to minute particles, which simply go down the sink drain), and then the dishes get a detergent wash and three more rinses (each with a change of water), and are dried by the heating unit, which has maintained the water at a high temperature (140°) during the wash-rinse cycle. All this takes about thirty-seven minutes, and at the end the Mobile Maid turns itself off. The appliance has all the convenient features of last year's model, too; it can easily be wheeled up to the dining table for loading, its faucet attachment won't leak, and its big tub will hold enough dishes for ten people, or enough for five plus the normal number of pots and pans. The price of this paragon, which, by the way, appears for the first time in color (a pink tub and a beige top), is $239.95 at most housefurnishings stores.

THE Smith-Corona people have recently brought out what they tell me is the world's first electric portable typewriter, and in my opinion it merits consideration here (a) as a household appliance and (b) as an article of therapeutic value. It doesn't take much imagination to grasp the importance of the typewriter under the first head, since a family desk equipped with such an easy-to-operate machine is a great many people's idea of the last word in household convenience. As a curative agent, it will perhaps appeal only to what must be one of the least important pressure groups—those who simultaneously have a misery in the arm and are obliged to use a typewriter—although, come to think of it, with bursitis and neuritis as stylishly rampant this season as they are, the disabled customer may not be so much in the minority after all. Having spent a few happy days with the new Smith-Corona, I can say with authority that typing on it is a breeze. It takes a bit of practice to learn not to hit the keys with the usual force, but once the old habit has been broken, almost no effort is involved in the actual typing; disappointingly, the carriage must still be returned by hand. The machine also offers other advantages over strictly manual models—among them the quality of its type, which is clear, handsome, and professional-looking, even when pecked out with two fingers. A convenience that will be more deeply appreciated in offices than in the home is the highly satisfactory carbon copies it makes—six or eight at a time, all completely legible. I do have one quarrel with the typewriter, but this has nothing to do with its performance. Quite the

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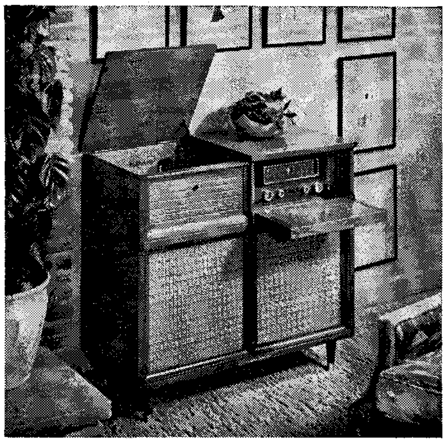

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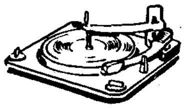

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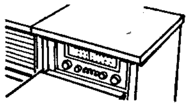

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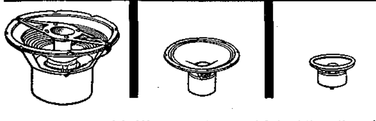

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contrary, for it is brought on by my own inadequacy, which is pushed to the point of madness during those anguished moments of uncreative effort when the machine, instead of stopping in understanding sympathy, keeps purring away, as reproachful as it is smug. The typewriter proper weighs eighteen pounds and its case weighs four pounds, so what you actually carry about is some five pounds heavier than the ordinary portable typewriter. The price is a little over $200.

TO get back to appliances that are unmistakably in the household category, let us now examine the new Westinghouse portable Laundromat and dryer (practically everything this year is portable, emphasizing the fact that practically everybody is on the way somewhere else), which are the latest products of the Westinghouse space-saving program. For the duration of their stay in any one dwelling, these can be either stationary or movable—a caster platform, which is sold separately, is what makes them movable—and while I recognize the undoubted convenience of mobility, I think it is as permanent installations that they may prove the blessings of the year, at least to the householder who is pressed for room. Although each unit takes up only a twenty-five-inch square of floor space and, in its movable form, can be stored in a closet, it is not likely that the small-apartment dweller will have two twenty-five-inch squares of closet-floor space available. When stationary, on the other hand, the machines are sensationally space-saving; since they have flat tops, they can be set one on top of the other, or, since each is just under three feet high without the caster platform, they can be lined up under any ordinary kitchen work counter. The performance of the new models meets the same exacting standard as that of the Westinghouse full-size washer and dryer. The Laundromat takes an eight-pound load (just a pound less than the standard washer) and costs $229.95. The dryer is $169.95, and the caster platform is an additional $15.

If the 1957 Electrolux vacuum cleaner had no advantage but its brand-new approach to the dust-bag problem, it would still be a prize. Since the housemaid who can be relied upon to empty a dust bag with any regularity has yet to be born, the Electrolux device that stops the machine once a certain amount of dirt has been taken in is a considerable forward step in domestic economy. But this is not its only advantage. Still preoccupied with the dust bag (something

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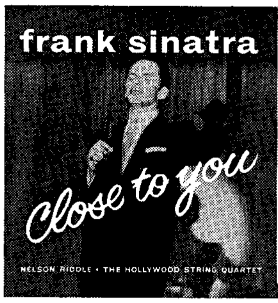

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that has long cried out for improvement), the Electrolux designers have come up with another device—one that forever hides the gathered dust from human sight. When the machine stops, the operator has only to lift out the bag, which automatically seals itself the moment it is full. As for performance, I set the machine to work in my home on rugs and bare floors that had just been gone over by an old-fashioned vacuum cleaner, and it picked up deeply embedded dust that the other one had not been able to cope with. Indeed, so strong is the suction of the Electrolux cleaner that I saw it take in a number of objects weighing up to half a pound apiece. Another excellent idea is the automatic cord winder, which can make the cord disappear into the machine the instant it is unplugged. The appliance, complete with the usual attachments and eighteen extra dust bags, is $108.88, and it is sold only by Electrolux, at 500 Fifth Avenue. —S. H.

•

THE NAKED AND THE NUDE

For me, the naked and the nude
(By lexicographers construed
As synonyms that should express
The same deficiency of dress
Or shelter) stand as wide apart
As love from lies, or truth from art.

Lovers without reproach will gaze
On bodies naked and ablaze;
The Hippocratic eye will see
In nakedness, anatomy;
And naked shines the Goddess when
She mounts her lion among men.

The nude are bold, the nude are sly
To hold each treasonable eye.
While draping, by a showman's trick,
Their dishabille in rhetoric,
They grin a mock-religious grin
Of scorn at those of naked skin.

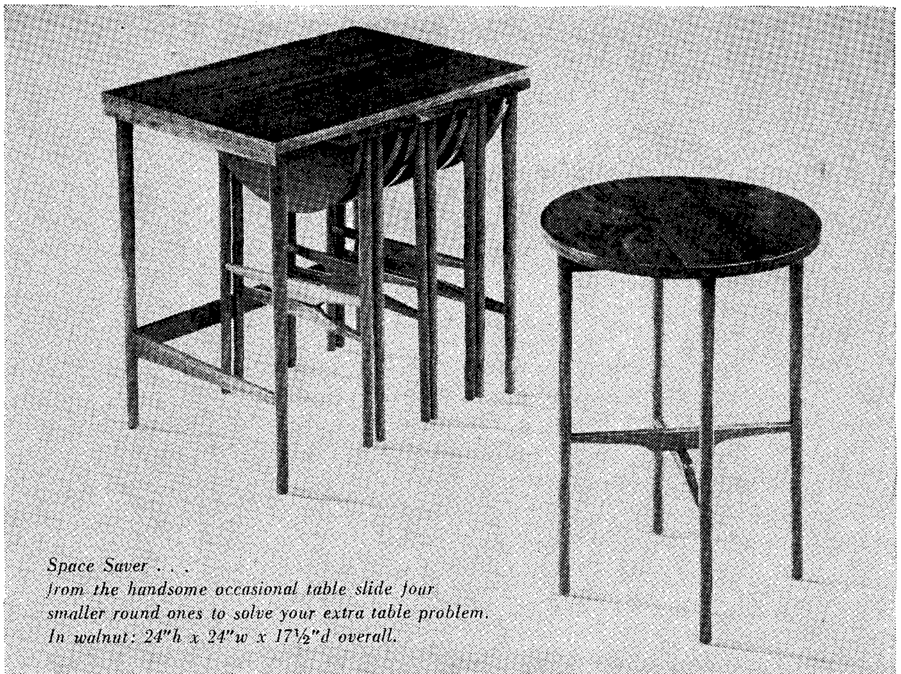
The naked, therefore, who compete
Against the nude may know defeat,
Yet when they both together tread
The briary pastures of the dead,
By Gorgons with long whips pursued,
How naked go the sometime nude!

—ROBERT GRAVES

•

Sam Fuller phoned to tell me he signed Nat King Cole for his first dramatic role in "China Gate." Cole will play a French Foreign Legion soldier fighting Commies in Indo-China. He'll have Mondays off to do his TV show.—*Hedda Hopper in the News.*

That's the effete West for you!



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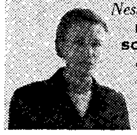

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THAT WAS THE WAR

THE AGING PARACHUTIST

LIKE thousands of other people in Great Britain, I was sitting by a radio in an Army hut on a May morning in 1941 when the news came through that Rudolf Hess, Deputy Führer of the Third Reich, which was then in a substantial and expanding way of business, had landed in Scotland. Britain had been at war for twenty discouraging months, and this piece of news—insignificant as it is now known to have been in terms of the war's outcome—was by far the best we had had. It was also hard to believe. For once, the favorite newspaper adjective "astonishing" was justified, and the London *Daily Express* cartoonist Osbert Lancaster caught the prevailing mood with a drawing captioned "Here is the nine-o'clock news and this is E. Phillips Oppenheim reading it." The astonishment did not last long, however; in fact, Hess's flight from Germany provided an excellent example of the law of diminishing news value. In "The Case of Rudolf Hess," a book written by a battery of psychiatrists who kept Hess under observation from the time he reached Britain until his trial at Nuremberg, nearly five years later, his exploit is described as "something more than a nine days' wonder." As far as the newspapers were concerned, though, it was something less; even the Glasgow *Daily Record*, which, on the morning of Tuesday, May 13, 1941, first gave the world the details of Hess's landing, had banished him from the front page by Saturday of the same week. On a more exalted level, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who was reported to have said shortly after the distinguished immigrant's arrival, "Yes, the maggot is in the apple," was inclined to shrug the whole thing off before long. In "The Grand Alliance," the third volume of his war memoirs, he tells how he was watching a Marx Brothers film when a telephone call came in from the Duke of Hamilton, who said he had "an amazing piece of information to report"—the information being that Hess had landed by parachute near Dungavel, the Duke's home in Lanarkshire. "I never attached any serious importance to this escapade," Churchill writes. "I knew it had no relation to the march of events." He acknowledges, however, that at the time the incident caused "a profound sensation" throughout the world.

According to Hess, his object had been to convince the British of the wisdom of a negotiated peace, but he admitted that he had left Germany solely on his own initiative, and his action has generally been regarded ever since as that of an unbalanced man. After the war, he was tried for major war crimes and sentenced to life imprisonment; he entered the Spandau Prison, in Berlin, early in 1946, and thereafter he was pretty much out of the public eye until 1953, when a German publisher issued a collection of letters he had written to his wife during his first seven years in Spandau. In the letters, Hess gave a rather lengthy account of his arrival in enemy territory, describing how he located his destination, how his plane nearly crashed while he was preparing to jump, how he blacked out when he did jump, how he pulled the rip cord by instinct, how he hurt his leg in landing, and how he was soon "sitting by the fire of a farmhouse, having a cup of tea." He added, "It was less fun when the escort arrived and I was marched off by a civil servant with a huge revolver in my back."

It is a matter of absolutely no historical importance that Hess's landfall was made a few miles from my birthplace, in Glasgow, but partly for that paltry reason and partly because the *Daily Record* was the first newspaper I ever contributed to (I submitted a report on a razor-and-bottle gang fight I ran into on my way home from school, and the paper not only published it but later gave me a job), I have long had a particular interest in the Hess

"We'll see who kicks who upstairs!"

TOMORROW THE MOON

As president of Systems Laboratories Corporation, Dr. John L. Barnes heads the first scientific organization in the world to specialize in the research and development of interplanetary space travel. He and his associates are confident that missiles can get to the moon and back within the next 5 to 15 years if reasonable effort and engineering know-how are devoted to the task.

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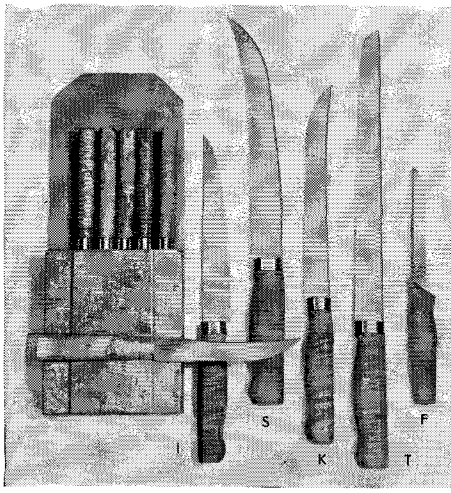

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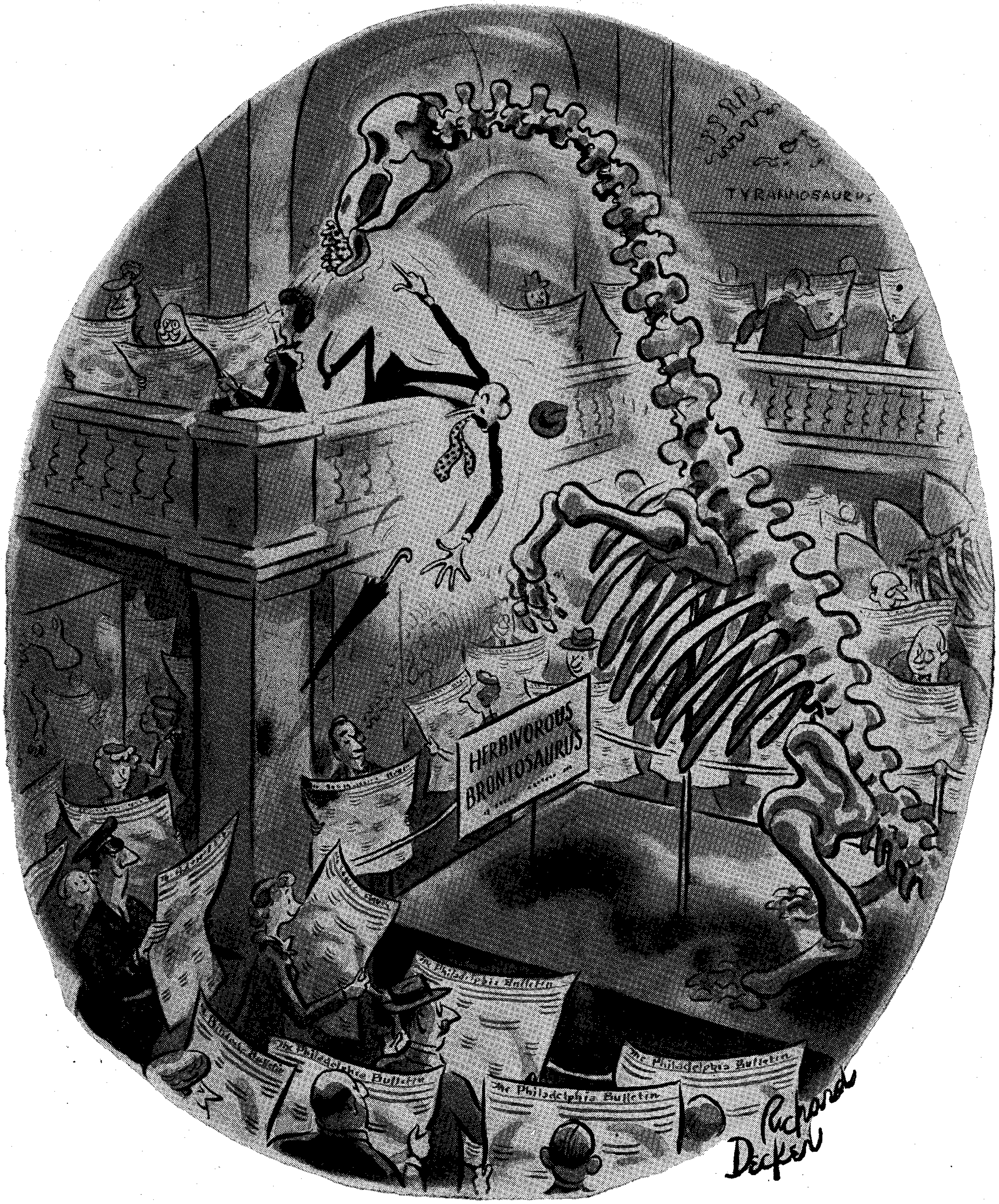
Mister Mustard says:
"Keep me cold and I'll STAY HOT!"

story and how the paper went about covering it. And lately, since reading Hess's version of what happened, I have often wondered how good, or truthful, a reporter he was; for one thing, his tale of being marched off by a civil servant with a big revolver struck me as implausible, although, of course, the picture of an armed Scottish tax collector or post-office clerk has a certain charm.

WHEN I was in Glasgow not long ago, revisiting the scenes of my youth and taking pains not to overlook the saloons around the city's newspaper buildings, I brought up the Hess incident while talking with some men from the *Record*—old friends whom I had not seen for several years. I prefaced my mention of the subject with apologies for being a bore, but apparently no apologies were necessary; either my former confreres are even more patient and courteous than I remember them to have been or they welcomed my curiosity as an excuse for resuscitating a favorite topic of reminiscence. It would hardly be surprising if they did enjoy reminiscing about the Hess story, since for their paper it represented that rare achievement in modern journalism popularly described by a word that newspapermen seldom permit to pass their lips, and then usually between audible quotation marks. The story was a scoop—a scoop by just a few hours, it is true, but a memorable one. It was to the *Record* that the news agencies were indebted for their first real information about Hess, and the *Record's* original story was quoted, in twenty-seven languages, by papers and radio stations all over the world. One afternoon in Glasgow, I spent a few hours with the newspapermen who were responsible for the scoop—Clem Livingstone, editor of the *Record* at the time Hess landed, and John Simpson, then its chief reporter—and learned how they had brought it off, in the face of censorship and official secrecy.

In my time as a reporter in Glasgow, twenty years ago, Livingstone was a sportswriter on the *Record;* a bright, bespectacled young man with an earnest manner modified by a twinkling eye, he spent most of his time assisting a celebrated football columnist—pseudonym Waverley, baptized John Dunlop—who had once been a boilermaker in the Clydeside engineering shops and whose style (of the "he propelled the spheroid between the uprights" school) had an influence on the conversation of Scottish football fans that is still detectable. From the tough chore of assisting Waverley, Livingstone emerged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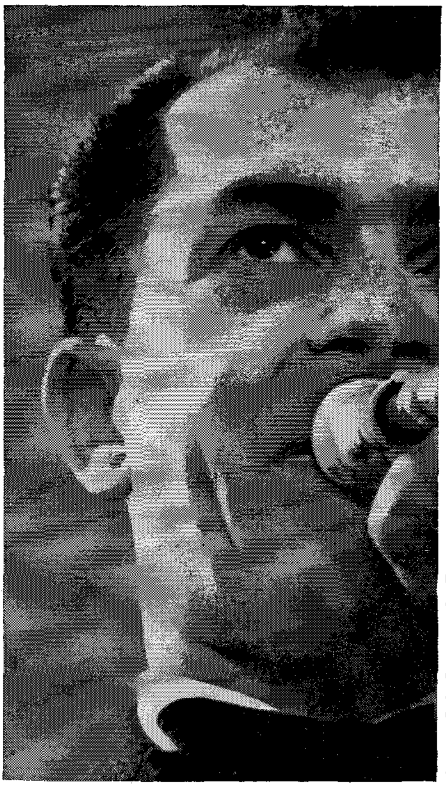

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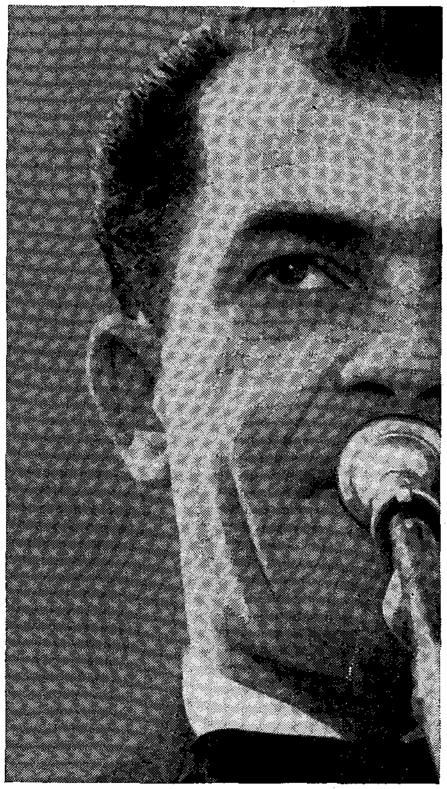

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fit for anything that journalism had to offer, and he moved swiftly to the editorship of the paper. Soon after the war, he became head of the Kemsley group of papers in Glasgow (besides the *Record*, this included the *Evening News* and the *Sunday Mail*), taking a seat on the board of directors alongside Lord Kemsley, His Lordship's several sons, and the Marchioness of Huntly. Livingstone's hair had turned gray since the last time I saw him, and he had acquired the thickened figure that makes the proper façade for a top executive in his early forties, but behind this, I found, was still the eager reporter I knew.

For many weeks in the spring of 1941, Livingstone told me, he had rarely been out of Kemsley House, the building on Hope Street, in the center of Glasgow, where all three of the Kemsley papers were published. His bed was in his office and he ate in a canteen in the building. The strain was telling on him, and, war news and air raids notwithstanding, he finally decided to take a weekend off. He had evacuated his young wife, with their baby, to her native town of Callander, about forty miles north of Glasgow, in the lovely Trossachs district, of Rob Roy fame. On Saturday, May 10th, Livingstone joined her there. The next afternoon, they put the baby in its carriage and set out for a walk along a quiet country road. They had not gone very far when a car drew up beside them and the driver asked "Are you Mr. Livingstone?" Livingstone said he was, and the man told him that there was a telephone call for him from Glasgow. Livingstone got into the car, promising his wife to come back and resume their walk after he had dealt with this interruption.

On the ride in to Callander, Livingstone asked the driver who he was and how he had tracked him down. "I'm Mr. Cameron, the plumber," the man replied. Livingstone said that that was very interesting but it didn't answer his second question. "Och, aye," said Mr. Cameron. "The exchange didna know ye, so they rang me. In a wee place, the plumber usually knows pretty well everybody. They said it was a newspaper in Glasgow calling, so I figured it must be for the man Betty Hart was married on." Betty Hart was Mrs. Livingstone's maiden name. "I'd heard he worked for a newspaper. I went round to the house, but they said the two of you had gone for a walk with the baby. I guessed you'd come down this road. It's the nicest for a quiet walk on a Sunday."

The call was from a *Record* re-

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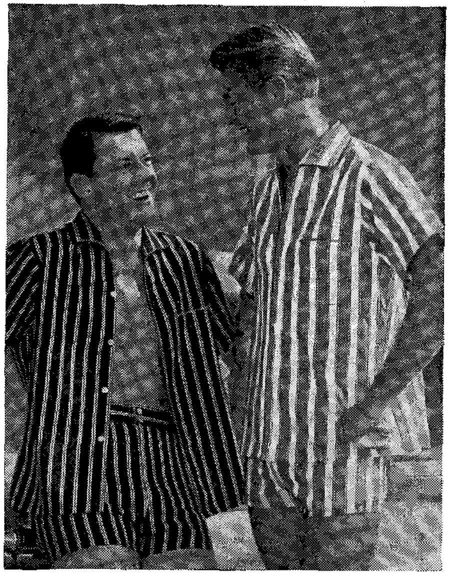

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porter, Max McAuslane, who was standing in temporarily for the news editor, himself away for the weekend. McAuslane said he was sorry to disturb his boss's holiday but he wanted a ruling on a matter of some urgency—a case of insubordination. Early that morning, when the members of the staff of the *Sunday Mail* went home, he said, they had left a brief note for the incoming *Record* men, passing on a local correspondent's report that at a few minutes before midnight a German airplane had crashed, empty, just off the road connecting the two small Lanarkshire townships of Eaglesham and Mearns. German plane crashes were common in those days, and the *Mail* had done nothing about this late item, leaving it for a routine follow-up by the *Record*. Not long after McAuslane started work, there had been a telephone call from Eric Schofield, who then held Livingstone's present position as head of the three papers, and who lived in the Mearns area. He, too, reported that an enemy plane had crashed nearby, and he added that, according to neighborhood talk, there were some unusual circumstances involved. The plane was small, and aircraft spotters had identified it as a Messerschmitt 110—a fighter whose range would not carry it from Germany to Scotland *and back*. Also, it appeared that the plane's pilot and sole occupant was no ordinary Luftwaffe flier. After landing by parachute, he had announced that he had a message for the Duke of Hamilton. On the basis of Schofield's call, McAuslane said, he had decided to send a reporter and a photographer out to the scene of the wreck, but the man in charge of the photography department, a somewhat dour veteran, refused to let any of his men go, insisting truculently that if his cameramen had to rush off and photograph every German plane crash, they would never be able to cover the real news. McAuslane felt that the issue of intra-office authority thus raised justified his appealing to the editor for support.

Livingstone said without hesitation that, of course, the acting news editor had to be obeyed, and hung up. But there was something about the news itself that nagged at his mind. Late that afternoon, he took a bus back to Glasgow, and by early evening he was at his desk with the pictures of the crash before him. Shortly after the phone call, Simpson, his chief reporter, accompanied by McAuslane and a photographer, had gone out to the scene and talked with David McLean, a plowman at Floors Farm, where the parachutist

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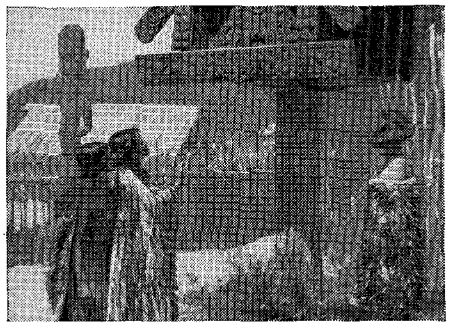

had landed. McLean told the reporters that he had taken the parachutist to his cottage, where he spent the next three-quarters of an hour chatting easily with McLean himself, his mother, and his brother; among other things, he said his name was Horn, and asked the distance to the Duke of Hamilton's home. By the time Simpson and McAuslane got there, the German was in custody and inaccessible. The local police said that he had been taken to a hospital in Glasgow; beyond that, official sources would reveal nothing. Nevertheless, a story was written, recording the bare facts as known, and sent by hand to the local censorship office, from which it was returned with a promptitude that aroused Livingstone's suspicions; it was firmly marked "Held C"—a classification meaning "unlikely to be released."

There was little more the *Record* could reasonably do at this stage, but Livingstone did not let the matter drop entirely. At that time, the Kemsley papers maintained in the country outside Glasgow a radio-monitoring service, run by a Scots linguist named Gillies and a staff of multilingual Poles and other refugees. Livingstone telephoned Gillies and told him to send through a report at once on any item emanating from Germany and her allies that was in the least unusual. Late that night, when the *Record* staff went off duty, the existing material was turned over to the incoming staff of the *Evening News*, but during its tour of duty nothing new developed.

EARLY Monday evening, Simpson was at his desk when a runner handed him a message that the wire room had just received from the monitoring station: "Berlin radio announces Rudolf Hess missing." Simpson strolled into Livingstone's office with the scrap of paper and said quietly but confidently, "That's our boy friend." Livingstone nodded. He confesses, in retrospect, to having experienced considerable excitement, but Simpson, who is now a columnist on the *Record*, is inclined to be phlegmatic, and apparently he was phlegmatic even at that apocalyptic moment. When the news came in, Simpson told me, he was reading a highly popular sex-and-crime novel of the period, "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," and then, when he returned to his desk, the book had disappeared. Apparently, this loss stirred him more than the news from Germany. "I never did find out how that book ended," he grumbled to me.

The hunch had yet to be substanti-

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ated by facts. Livingstone ordered the paper's photo library to produce a set of stock pictures of a dozen prominent men—Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, sports heroes, and so on—and then shuffled in a couple of pictures of Rudolf Hess and gave the whole lot to Simpson to take out by car to Floors Farm. In case Simpson should have to use a telephone where he might be overheard, he was primed to use a simple code, which Livingstone had invented on the spur of the moment. If one of the three McLeans identified the parachutist as Hess from the photographs, Simpson would report, "Thumbs up—once;" if two of them identified him, "Thumbs up—twice;" and, of course, if all three were in agreement, "Thumbs up—three times." After Simpson left, Livingstone set his staff to preparing a layout of stories and pictures based on his reporters' previous inquiries, on the Berlin radio announcement, and on morgue material about Hess.

After Livingstone had told me this much of the story, Simpson took over. When he reached the cottage at Floors Farm, he said, he laid out his pictures on the kitchen table, and McLean, his mother, and his brother slowly surveyed them. At the first Hess picture McLean came to, he hesitated for a long time, then murmured, "Those eyebrows . . . But, no, too full in the face." Simpson substituted the other picture of Hess. This one also showed Hitler, whose face Simpson covered with his hand as a possibly prejudicial distraction, one way or the other. The moment McLean saw the second picture he said decisively, "That's the man." His mother and brother agreed. Simpson thanked the McLeans and left without haste. As he walked down the cottage path to his car, he met a reporter from a rival Glasgow newspaper on his way up. They exchanged greetings and passed on. A few minutes later, Simpson had Livingstone on the telephone. "Thumbs up—three times," he said.

WHILE the presses were running off an innocuous early edition of the *Record*, Livingstone ordered a new front page made up, with the banner headline "RUDOLF HESS IN GLASGOW HOSPITAL." He had not yet faced the problem of censorship, and now he pondered the best way of dealing with it. For one thing, he hoped to make his array of facts at once so conclusive and so plainly not detrimental to the war effort as to be acceptable to the officials. He argued to himself that he could

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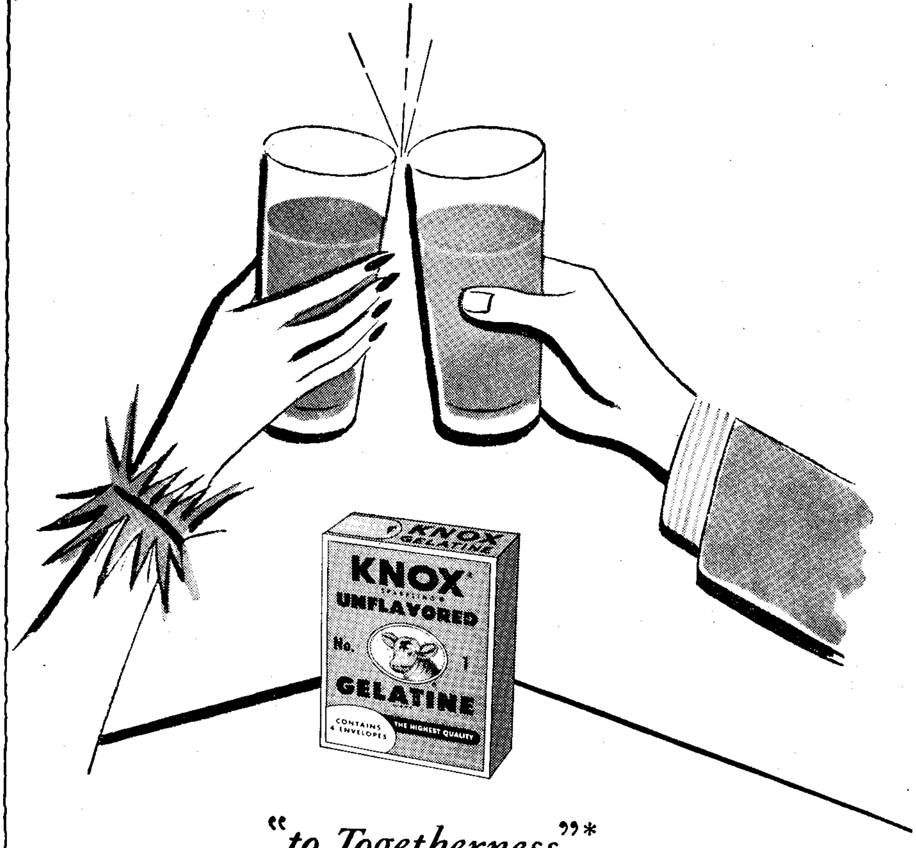

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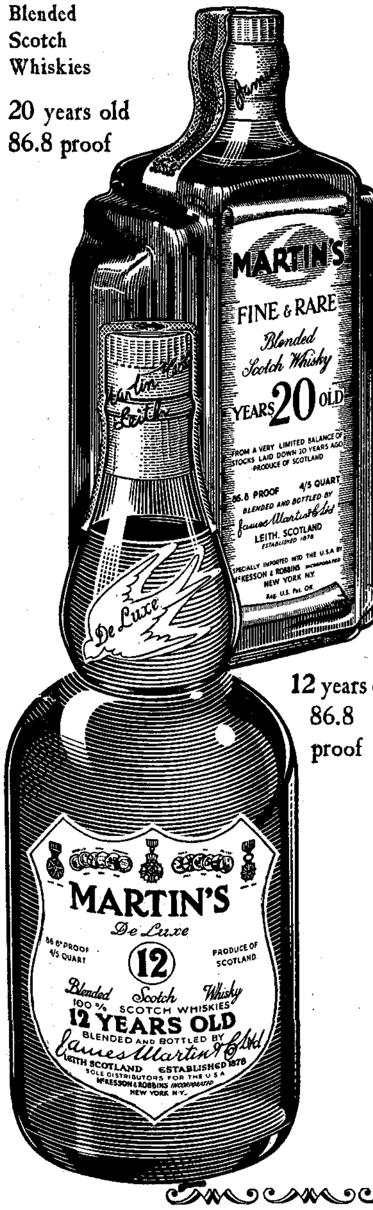

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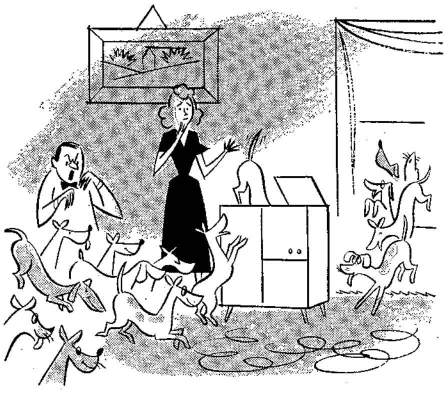
hardly be helping the Germans by disclosing Hess's departure from Germany, since their broadcasts showed they were aware of it; moreover, knowing precisely where he was could not materially benefit them. But the official mind did not follow the editor's logic. When proofs were sent to the censor, the story was turned down instantly, without explanation. On Livingstone's instructions, the reporter who had taken the story to the censor asked why it had been so swiftly quashed; what was there in it that could harm national security, impede the waging of the war, or help the enemy? The censor's answer was that the reporter should tell his editor to send over any other fairy tales he might have, since life in censorship was dull at the moment and this one had made very entertaining reading.

British censorship during the war was not statutory but advisory; that is, an editor retained the right to publish matter that the censors had refused to pass, but if he did publish it, he made himself vulnerable to prosecution and severe penalties under legislation designed to deal with grave offenses like "aiding the enemy." For that reason, editors seldom disregarded the censors' advice, but Livingstone had been bracing himself to do just that, and now he made his decision—publish and be damned. A few minutes after midnight, however, and before his story was on the presses, the wire room exploded its second bombshell of the night. One of the teleprinters, which had been dribbling out some financial figures, broke off suddenly and then began to clack out a flash: "RUDOLF HESS IN ENGLAND—OFFICIAL." For perhaps the only time in history, Scottish newspapermen did not pause to object to an inexactitude that normally acts on them as a raw irritant—the use of "England" when "Britain" is meant. This once, they submitted to England's embracing Scotland.

The message that followed was a hundred-and-ninety-three-word statement from Downing Street, which the Minister of Information, Alfred Duff Cooper, had released at a midnight press conference. But whereas every other newspaper office in the world had only the bare statement, the *Record* had a great deal more—and it was ready to go. The banner was altered to read "RUDOLF HESS IN GLASGOW—OFFICIAL," the government statement was incorporated in the story, and in a matter of minutes the *Record* had its new front page on the presses.

It was still only about one o'clock,



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and Livingstone decided that he didn't want to put his new edition on the street just yet. There would be few newspaper readers abroad at that hour, and if he released it now, all of Glasgow's four morning dailies would have the same story by dawn. Wanting to exploit his advantage to the full, he advised the circulation department that not a single copy containing the Hess story was to leave the building until he gave the word. Moreover, to forestall word-of-mouth spreading of the scoop, he ordered that the street doors be closed and nobody allowed out. Today, restricting the freedom of the individual in this manner would no doubt land an editor in union trouble, but in 1941 it created no stir, since, in the interests of the workers' safety, a similar order was usually given when enemy raiders were in the area. When the workers came off the night shift that morning, they simply trooped downstairs to the air-raid shelter, drank tea, played cards, and lounged about awaiting the all-clear. As a matter of fact, a bona-fide air raid somewhere to the south of Glasgow that night conspired to make the *Record's* scoop even bigger than it would otherwise have been. Telephone contact with London had been cut off, and this meant that Livingstone, who would normally have been obliged to feed the story to the Kemsley headquarters there, was in the not necessarily unpleasant position of being obliged to keep it to himself.

For more than two hours, Livingstone held back his edition. This, he says, was the worst time of all for him—sitting on the news and wondering if someone might yet beat him to it. At last, when he judged that he could wait no longer and still reach the major circulation areas by breakfast time, he let the edition go. His timing was right; it was too late for any of the other morning papers to pick up the story.

WHILE the scramble to get the papers out was under way, Livingstone was informed that the Associated Press was on the line.

"From where?" he asked.

"London," he was told.

This puzzled him, in view of the telephone breakdown. He took the call, and asked, "How did you get through?"

Ignoring the question, the caller asked, "What do you know about Rudolf Hess?"

Livingstone insisted on getting an answer to his question first—not out of idle curiosity but because of his responsibility for transmitting the story to the

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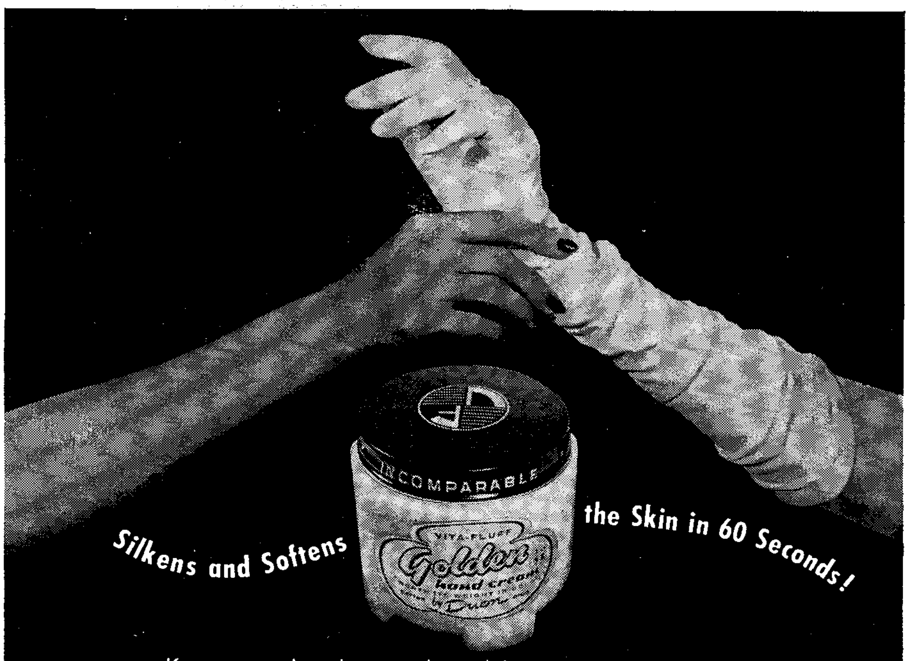

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London office as soon as possible. The A.P. man explained that he had talked the Air Ministry in London into putting him through to Edinburgh on a private line, and had then contrived to get the call relayed to the Glasgow exchange. He didn't say how he had come to suspect that the editor of the Glasgow *Record* might know something, and Livingstone was too pressed by practical matters to bother to inquire. Instead, he asked, "If I give you the story, will you credit the Glasgow *Daily Record*?"

The A.P. man was in no mood to haggle. "Listen," he said. "For this kind of story we'll credit the Lord God Almighty, if necessary."

Livingstone told him what he knew.

The staff of the *Record* stayed on duty late into the morning, although by then the *Evening News* had taken over the story. Contact with London was reëstablished, and questions poured in. One London reporter, seeking follow-up material and apparently assuming the *Record* to be omniscient, demanded to know what Hess was having for breakfast. The boy who answered the call repeated the question to Livingstone. "Oh, tell him chicken and white wine," the weary editor said. This exasperated extempore reply subsequently became the basis for questions in the House of Commons from M.P.s who were indignant at the lavish hospitality being accorded an enemy prisoner in austerity Britain.

In reviewing the story of the *Record's* scoop, I was puzzled by one point. Simpson had said that on leaving the McLean cottage to tell Livingstone it was "Thumbs up—three times," he met a reporter from another Glasgow paper. Why, then, had the other paper not had the story, too? "I don't know what happened," Simpson said slowly and thoughtfully when I inquired about this. "I've often wondered myself, but I've never liked to ask them. You see, they're very sensitive in that office about the whole Hess story." He looked troubled, as if he felt more sorry for the reporter or editor who had muffed the big story than gleeful at having beaten him to it.

There was something else, Simpson said, that was a mystery to him and that he had felt constrained not to ask about. A police officer working on the Hess case told him later that on the Sunday night before the news broke he had called at the offices of another rival newspaper and asked if he could borrow some pictures of the Deputy Führer from its library. The library gave him the pictures, but no one there

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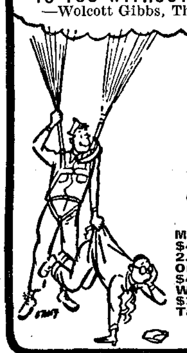

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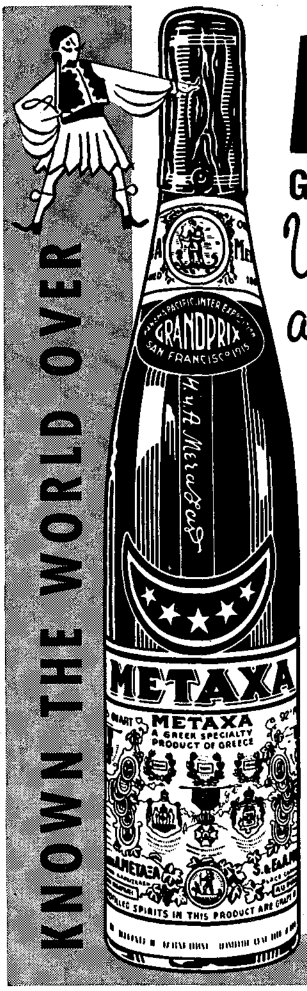
asked—or apparently even wondered—what he wanted them for.

I DROVE out one afternoon to the farm where McLean, the plowman, is now employed, a few miles from Floors Farm. A sturdy little man with grizzled gray curls, he obligingly tramped up the hill from the valley field he had been working in, and led me to a place where we could sit comfortably while, in his broad accent, he told me the story he must have told a great many times before.

Just before midnight on the memorable Saturday, McLean said, he had been settling down to sleep in his cottage when the sudden crescendo of an aircraft flying low over his roof made him sit up in bed. The noise of aircraft, of course, was far from uncommon in those days, and people in the vicinity of Floors Farm, which is only a few minutes' flying time from the highly industrialized banks of the River Clyde and its port, Glasgow, had become thoroughly accustomed to the sound of engines overhead. (On the night in question, the moon was almost full, and there were many German aircraft over the British Isles; the records show that thirty-three German raiders were shot down, bringing the total for the past ten days to a hundred and twenty-four, and representing the removal from combat effectiveness of some five hundred German airmen, all of whom presumably landed on British soil, with or without parachutes.) But it seemed to McLean that the plane that had disturbed him was unusually low. The roar faded, then returned in even greater volume. As it reached its peak—seemingly on top of his head—it stopped abruptly. As anybody who has had this experience knows, the sudden silence, the reverberating non-noise, is the most unnerving noise of all, for it signifies that the engine has cut out and anything can happen, any second.

McLean jumped out of bed and ran to the cottage door. At that moment, there was an explosion, and by its light and the light of the moon he saw that the plane had crashed some four hundred yards away, beyond the main road, on the sloping upland leading to a neighboring farm. As he looked, he also became aware of something else—the silvery silhouette of a man and a parachute coming down between him and the wreckage of the plane. It was evident that the parachutist was going to land in the fields of Floors Farm. McLean ran back indoors, pulled on his trousers, and ran out again. The silhouette had now vanished, so he hurried



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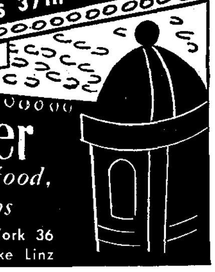

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toward the spot where it had seemed to be dropping. He had gone less than a hundred yards when he came upon the flier, who was sitting on the ground, entangled in his collapsed parachute, and who grinned and indicated that he had hurt his leg. McLean helped the flier clear of the parachute and onto his feet, and they started toward the cottage, the injured man leaning on McLean. After a few limping paces, the flier stopped and said—in understandable but not fluent English, with a strong German accent—that he would like to take the parachute with him, because he owed his life to it. McLean went back and fetched it.

In the cottage, McLean's mother and brother were now up and about, and the German was given a chair in the kitchen, where Mrs. McLean offered him the cup of tea with which, it appears, every German who landed in Britain in one piece and didn't pull a gun was greeted. McLean distinctly recalls that the German declined it but said he would like a glass of water. Although Scottish hospitality can on occasion become quite dictatorial where liquid refreshment is concerned, it is unusual for a cup of tea to be forced on a man who explicitly refuses it, so Hess's account of sitting by the fire drinking tea may be fairly confidently faulted.

McLean now had a chance to take a good look at his captive. He saw a tall, gaunt man whose age he guessed to be about fifty. The thought passed through his mind that this was rather old for pilot duty in the Luftwaffe. But what impressed him most about the stranger was his uniform. It was of notably good cloth and well cut, and with it he wore a pair of knee-high boots of fine, soft leather, immaculately polished. McLean decided that his man must be an officer of exalted rank—or, as he put it, "a bit of a pot."

Meanwhile, the German, without prompting, was talking as freely as his English permitted. He said that his name was Horn—Captain Horn—and that he was very pleased to have landed safely, since this was the first parachute jump he had ever made. In answer to a question from McLean, he said he had been alone in the plane. Then he surprised McLean by asking how far he was from the home of the Duke of Hamilton, for whom, he said, he had an important message. McLean told him that the Duke's mansion was about twelve miles away, as the crow flies.

Conversation was cut short by the arrival of two Army signalmen from a radar station on a hill not far away, who had seen the crash and the parachute de-

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scent. They were closely followed by a Home Guard (or spare-time) soldier with a revolver, and a local policeman (also spare-time). There was some technical discussion, which was lost on McLean—and no doubt on the German, too—about what the proper procedure was. The Army men, as McLean remembers it, seemed to be claiming that the prisoner was rightly theirs, but the policeman prevailed, largely because he had a car outside, and he and the Home Guard man took the prisoner off to a Home Guard post at Busby, a small town nearby. "Captain Horn" had been at Floors Farm for a bit less than an hour, and after he left, McLean never saw him again. It was forty-eight hours before he learned that he had entertained Rudolf Hess.

Even now, when McLean tells the story, he cannot long keep off the subject of Hess's boots. "Lovely, soft, shiny leather," he said several times, touching his own soil-stained tweed trouser leg to indicate the height of the boots. "Ah never saw such lovely, soft, shiny leather."

I asked McLean about something he had failed to mention. I had heard that several thousand dollars was raised for the Red Cross by the exhibition in the United States of a dramatic souvenir of the Hess adventure—a pitchfork, armed with which the Scottish farm worker made his historic capture. When I brought this up, McLean's friendly face took on a contemptuous expression. The subject was clearly not new to him. "There was nae fork," he told me flatly. "Ah had nae fork." But he added proudly that his brother did possess one authentic souvenir—a map that had been strapped to Hess's knee.

Actually, at least one other authentic souvenir still exists—a second map, which was found in the debris of the plane. This is the map Hess used in navigating—with remarkable accuracy for an out-of-practice pilot—to within a few miles of the Duke's residence. It is now on view in another of the Duke's houses, Lennoxlove, near North Berwick, which is one of the many British "stately homes" where the public is admitted, on payment, to view the treasures and ease the noble balance sheet. The Duke, it should be added, was greatly embarrassed by the Hess incident, especially since Hess is supposed to have said he had a message for "my friend the Duke of Hamilton." The fact is that the Duke had never met Hess, and it is believed that the only time Hess had so much as seen the Duke was at the Berlin Olympics of 1936. The Duke is an active sportsman, and before he suc-

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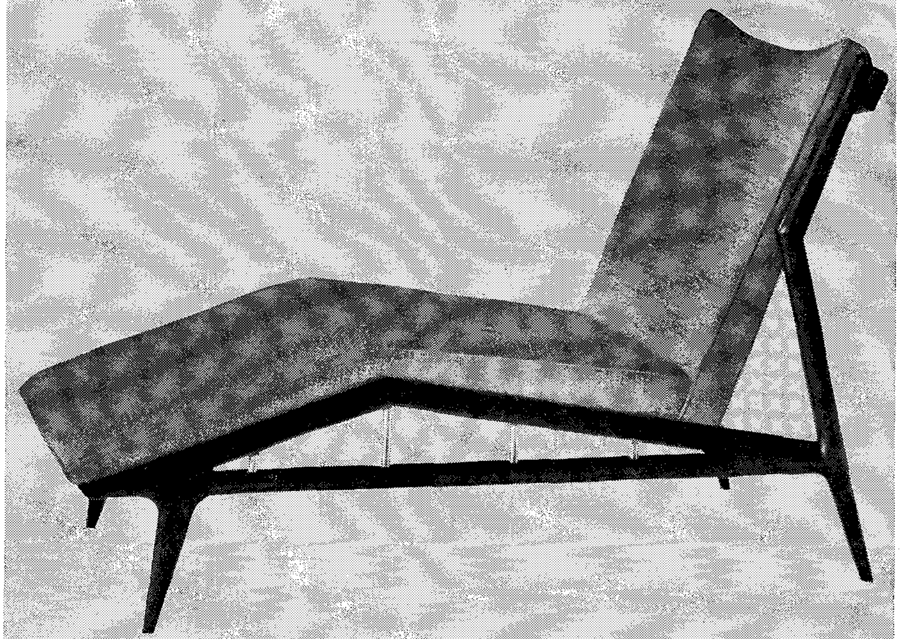

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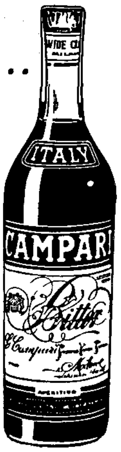

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ceeded to his present title he was known as "the boxing Marquis" (of Clydesdale). This combination of rank and manly prowess evidently made an indelible impression on the Deputy Führer, and later obliged the unfortunate Duke to do a lot of emphatic explaining. The passage of the years has apparently reconciled the Duke to his unsought association with the Nazi leader, and when he decided to open Lennoxlove as a sightseers' showplace, he included the celebrated navigational map among the attractions. It constitutes an unusual chapter in the ducal house's history, which goes back to the fourteenth century, and it is reported to compete successfully for the visitors' attention with Van Dyck portraits, petit point by Mary Queen of Scots, and a portrait of a son of the third Duke, who in 1704 was appointed Governor General of Virginia by Queen Anne. The catalogue prepared for Lennoxlove visitors includes this paragraph:

> In the Ante-Room [of the banqueting hall] works of modern contemporary artists are on view. The two busts on either side of the entrance are by Epstein and the painting over the mantelpiece by Sir Philip de Laszlo. The three other paintings are by Augustus John and there is a small sketch by James Gunn. The map used by Rudolf Hess on his flight to Scotland in 1941 hangs on the wall of the window recess.

ALTHOUGH the number of people who laid eyes on Hess in the short time between his landing and his disappearance into custody is small and relatively easy to ascertain, the people who claim to have had some part in the episode would fill the McLean cottage to capacity twice over. Soon after I returned to Glasgow from my visit to McLean, however, I received a telephone call from a man whose claim is beyond dispute—Robert Williamson, an executive of a local engineering company. He told me he had been the special constable, or spare-time local policeman, who drove Hess from the McLean cottage to the Home Guard post at Busby. He had heard that I was interested in first-hand reports of the incident, and suggested a meeting. We got together, and Williamson said that he had not been on duty on the night of May 10th but, like McLean, had been roused from his bed by the sound of Hess's plane. He watched what happened next from his garden, with a neighbor—a man named Clark, who was in the Home Guard and was also off duty. They saw the parachutist drop (Williamson thought the falling object was a land mine, and was relieved when he found it was only a nonexplosive human be-

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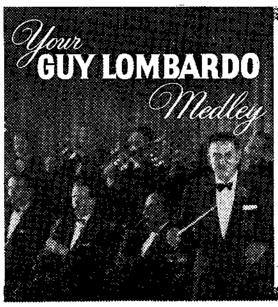

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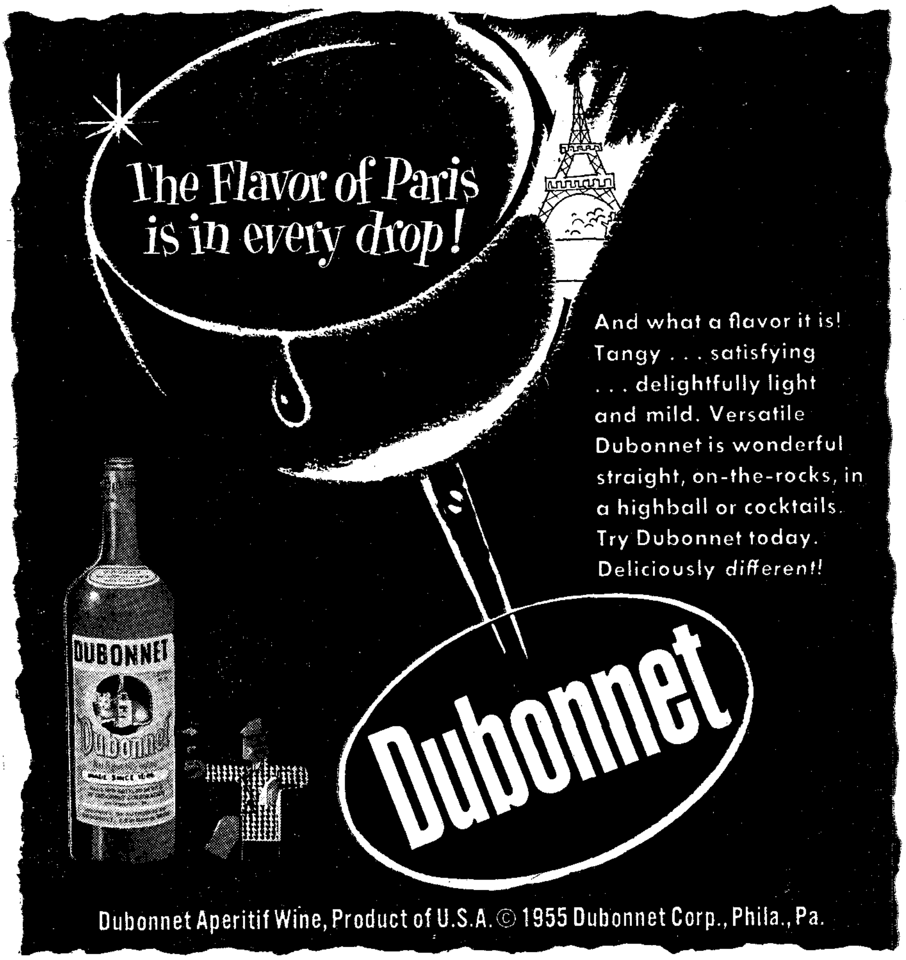
ing), and, driving over to Floors Farm in Williamson's car, arrived on the scene shortly after the two soldiers. Williamson was wearing his steel helmet, which had the word "Police" painted in large letters on the front. Clark was in his uniform blouse and steel helmet, and he was carrying a pistol of First World War vintage. He is undoubtedly the "civil servant" of Hess's account.

"We were both very excited, and Clark's pistol was waving about dangerously," Williamson told me. "Hess was sitting on one side of the fire when we went into the cottage, with old Mrs. McLean on the other. He was very calm—rather an impressive figure, with a sort of sardonic smile on his face and a twinkle in his very deep-set eyes. We had no idea who he was, but he looked important. My first thought was that he was very different from the youngsters I had always imagined bombing us—much older. Honestly, we didn't know what to do. After we had asked if he was armed, if he had any comrades on the loose outside, and if there were any explosives in the wreck that were likely to go off—he told us no in each case—we led him out to my car. I whispered to Clark that there was no point in taking him to our local police station. It's only a room-and-kitchen house, and there would have been nowhere to put him. It was Clark who suggested the Home Guard place at Busby. He knew there was a night guard on."

Looking back, Williamson sees what followed as slightly ridiculous and a bit shaming—especially in view of the status of the prisoner. "We marched up the path to the guard hut in single file," he told me. "I was in front, with Hess behind me and Clark bringing up the rear. I was more scared of Clark's revolver than anything else, and probably Hess was, too. I knocked on the door, and after a moment a voice said, 'Who's there?' I said loudly, 'The police and the Home Guard—and we've got a German prisoner.' There was another delay, and then the door opened. The men had just been settling down for the night. Some of them were half undressed—in undershirts and shorts—and most of them had their boots off. Several were finishing fish-and-chip suppers out of newspapers. Clark felt that the whole scene was very unmilitary—I quite agreed with him—so on impulse he shouted 'Turn out the guard!' We stood there in the doorway while they scrambled about trying to dress in a hurry. I remember some of them arguing about which boots belonged to



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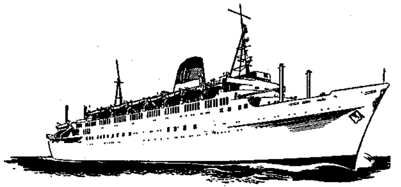

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whom. I looked at Hess and there was a funny smile on his face. You felt he was thinking this couldn't happen in Germany. I was ashamed, though nobody was really to blame.

"There was a little side room labelled 'Guard Room,' and Clark ordered Hess in there. The smile disappeared from Hess's face. He stiffened, and said, 'I am a German officer.' Clark was rather rattled, as I was, but he just shoved the pistol at him and said gruffly, 'You'll get in there when you're told.' Hess marched into the little room, which was absolutely bare, and lay down flat on the floor and stared at the ceiling. The Home Guard officers and the regular police were arriving by this time, and Clark and I faded out. That was the last I saw of Hess."

There are also two men who have never claimed that they saw Hess but who nonetheless played a creditable part in the affair. They are two Royal Observer Corps volunteers who, from a hilltop post in eastern Lanarkshire, reported a Messerschmitt 110 approaching the Glasgow area, and, confident that they had learned their aircraft-recognition lessons well, maintained that it *was* a Messerschmitt in the face of correction from incredulous superiors and jeering comrades. By the book, it couldn't be an ME 110, the two observers agreed, but it was. And they were right.

After my talk with Williamson, I had a drink with John Simpson in a Glasgow bar. "You know," he said suddenly, halting his nut-brown whiskey short of his mouth, "I don't quite understand all the fuss over this Hess thing. It was a scoop, all right. But it was just another story. We had bigger stories up here during the war. Now, I remember when the news of the sinking of the Bismarck came through." He stopped and looked at me rather shyly over his spectacles, like a man who suddenly realizes he is mounting an old hobby-horse. He finished his drink, set the glass down with exaggerated firmness on the bar, and said he had to be getting back to work.

—STEPHEN WATTS

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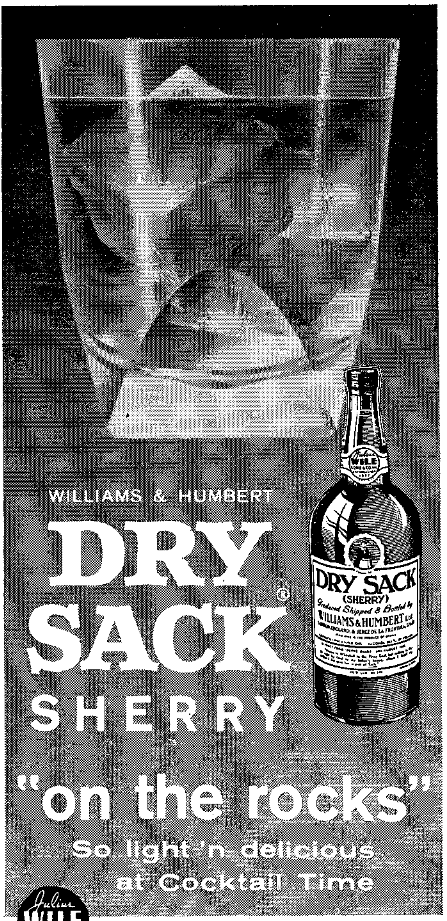

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Restoration

IN "The Gold of Naples," the Italians, whose postwar movie renaissance has lately been showing signs of petering out into imitations of soulful, busty Beverly Hills dramas, prove that their hands are still endlessly skilled. Directed by Vittorio De Sica—who, of course, gave us such good things as "Shoe-Shine," "The Bicycle Thief," and "Miracle in Milan"—and adapted by Mr. De Sica, Cesare Zavattini, and Giuseppe Marotta from a book by the last called "L'Oro di Napoli," the film consists of four episodes, ranging from outlandish and hugely diverting slapstick to a rueful study of a prostitute done in the de Maupassant manner. On the subject of Naples, Mr. Marotta is worth quoting. "I maintain," he writes, "there is something of greater human value than rhetorical 'heroism' in the behavior of a Neapolitan and his fellows—an ability to get up again after every fall, a remote, hereditary, obstinate, and intelligent endurance." To illustrate Mr. Marotta's theme, we have, seriatim, stories called "The Racketeer," "Pizza on Credit," "The Gambler," and "Theresa." Originally, there were six of these tales, but two were killed by an Italian censor who could not take Mr. Marotta neat. Even truncated, though, "The Gold of Naples" is a noteworthy example of how a movie ought to be put together. I suppose it will be described as yet another example of Italian "neo-realism"—a term that, for the life of me, I cannot understand—but what it is, actually, is a pretty good description of life in Naples, disciplined to accommodate the obligations of drama.

In the first episode of the picture, we are introduced to the famous Italian comedian Totò in a graveyard, and learn that a recently widowed gangster (Pasquale Cennamo), who has summarily taken up residence with him and his family, has sent him there to serve as surrogate mourner for the deceased. Totò makes a tremendously funny business out of alternately praying and advising the badman's late wife—or, rather, her tombstone—that her husband is a monster. A street clown and town crier, Totò seems hardly man enough to cope with such a formidable figure as the evil interloper, but he does, he does, and in his struggle to rid his home of the fellow he builds up a hilarious head of comic steam.

Just as amusing is the second stanza, which has to do with the pizza king of Naples (Giacomo Furia) and his monumentally constructed wife (Sophia Loren). It is the notion in this one that Miss Loren has lost a magnificent emerald ring in the course of delivering pizzas to various citizens of Naples. The pizza king and his bride comb the town in their search for the missing jewelry, and presently arrive at the house of a customer whose wife has just died. As the widower, Paolo Stoppa is a delight—moaning, groaning, and threatening suicide, but not beyond taking a fair amount of spaghetti aboard between snivels. And Miss Loren does nicely as she recites "Ave Maria"s while trying, under the signals of Mr. Furia, to get around to the subject of pizzas.

In the third story, Mr. De Sica himself appears, to enormous advantage, as a destitute count who is married to a wealthy but tight-fisted lady. The count is so mad about gambling that when he is without funds he takes on a small, bored boy (Piero Bilancioni) as an opponent. In Master Bilancioni, Mr. De Sica is up against a tough acting proposition, since the lad is utterly beguiling, but he holds his own and the result is an entrancing vignette.

As the conclusion to "The Gold of Naples," we have Silvana Mangano in the role of a girl released from a brothel to marry a twisted character (Erno Crisa) who, because he once wronged a lady, subsequently a suicide, is obsessed with the idea that he must do penance by giving his name to a whore. Miss Mangano is perhaps a bit too subdued as the prostitute, but even so the episode is interesting. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

It is fascinating to think that every time you turn on a light you owe something to a man with a kite. The man is Benjamin Franklin, who was an 18th century London printer before he went to the United States to study electricity and become President.—*Young Elizabethan, a children's magazine published in England.*

Next fascinating thought.

•

PRINCETON, N.J.—The Eisenhower Administration has a strong mandate from the American people to back up the United States.—*George Gallup in the Washington Post & Times Herald.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Vast Adagio

BEING a confirmed admirer of the works of Anton Bruckner, I welcomed as a great occasion the performance of his Ninth Symphony by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic on Thursday night of last week in Carnegie Hall. This was not only because performances of Bruckner symphonies—except, perhaps, for the familiar Seventh—are much rarer in our concert halls than I could wish but because I consider the Ninth one of the finest of them, particularly in its final slow movement, which is, to my mind, the most magnificent of all the magnificent adagios the Austrian Master wrote. I arrived at my high opinion of this movement by repeatedly playing the work on the phonograph—an expedient that has enabled me to penetrate the mysteries of its vast and intricate structure in a way that would have been impossible if my listening had been limited to the four or five widely spaced readings of it that I have been privileged to hear in symphonic auditoriums. I have found, over a period of many years, that this phonographic method is the most satisfactory approach to Bruckner, since of all the composers whose works I am familiar with he is the least likely to reveal the full content of his musical thought on first hearing. The explanation, I think, lies in the complexity of his detail, which at the outset is apt to distract a listener who is trying to apprehend the total organization that constitutes the dramatic continuity of a Bruckner work, and this is undoubtedly why, among the many concertgoers who only occasionally hear one of his compositions, he has a reputation for diffuseness and episodic construction. It is not until one is well acquainted with his music that what appear at first to be episodes fall into place as integral components of a grand and complicated scheme, which—in the greatest of his compositions, at any rate—is rivalled for audacity and creative vision only by certain monumental works of Bach and Beethoven.

The Adagio of the Ninth is one of these grand and complicated schemes. It is filled with technical devices of a sort that appeal to the intellect as well as to the emotions—contrapuntal themes; modulating themes, beginning in one key and ending up in another; inversions, in which Bruckner likes, as Bach did before him, to turn his melodic material upside down; mirror effects, in which themes appear upside down and right side up at the same time; and so on. These, naturally, are sometimes difficult to detect and follow, and I confess that even after the considerable preparation I have had as a student of Bruckner's work, I reach the end of this movement with a feeling of mental fatigue. It is, however, the pleasant fatigue that comes on the heels of a great musical or dramatic experience in which all the involved threads of thought have been finally woven together into a serene and satisfying solution. The listener feels that he has heard a leisurely and profound pronouncement on very basic things—the beauty of life, the finality of death, and the persistence of human aspiration and hope are doubtless among them—and he leaves the auditorium with the conviction that his sense of values has been shaken and then restored in better accord with the deeper realities of existence. Like Bach, Bruckner was, of course, an intensely religious man, and the message of much of his music is a religious one, but it is not necessary to be religious in any doctrinaire sense to appreciate the majesty and spiritual profundity of what he has to say. All that is needed is an awareness of some of the more splendid mysteries that beset the human psyche, along with sufficient patience to get the many little symphonic details into proper relation. As for Mr. Walter's interpretation of the symphony, it was very near perfection. His tempos were as correct and appropriately pliant as any I have heard in a performance of this work; he seemed to have identified himself with Bruckner's thought and feeling to a degree that I have seldom encountered; and the Philharmonic sounded better than it had all season.

THERE were a few points about "La Grande Bretèche," the forty-five-minute opera by the young American composer Stanley Hollingsworth, which was given its première on Sunday afternoon by the N.B.C. Opera Company, that justified one in considering its creator a musical dramatist of some skill. Its libretto, a neat enough little melodrama, derived from Balzac, about marital infidelity, was chosen with a sense of operatic fitness; there was never any doubt about Mr. Hollingsworth's appreciation that the human voice is the main communicative instrument in this art form; and the music he supplied was written in a style sufficiently eloquent to evoke occasional suggestions of mood and atmosphere. I am afraid, however, that the net result struck me as somewhat tame and uninspired, mainly because the music never rose to the level of lyricism and passion that the story seemed to demand. This fault was particularly noticeable in the passages sung by the two principal male characters—passages that called for affirmative musical expression instead of the angular and detached declamation the composer had conceived for them. Perhaps it can be said that the main trouble with "La Grande Bretèche" is the simple one that seems to afflict so many contemporary operas—a lack of the sort of melody that is worth singing and that can crystallize moments of emotion by lending them magic. An excellent cast, including Gloria Lane, Hugh Thompson, and Davis Cunningham, did its best to infuse life into the proceedings, but in spite of their efforts, I found the broadcast rather dull.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE PROBLEMS OF YOUTH IN BOSTON, MASS.

[*Memorandum from the President of Boston University to the Dean of Women*]

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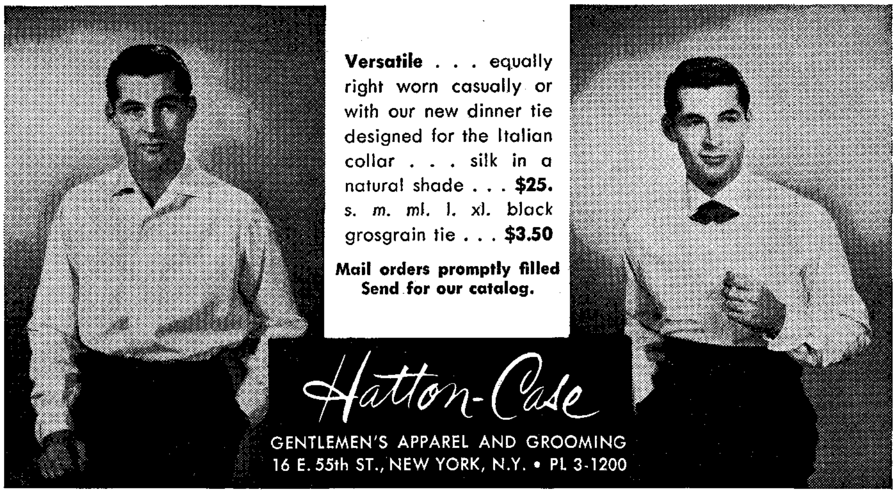

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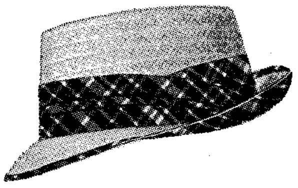

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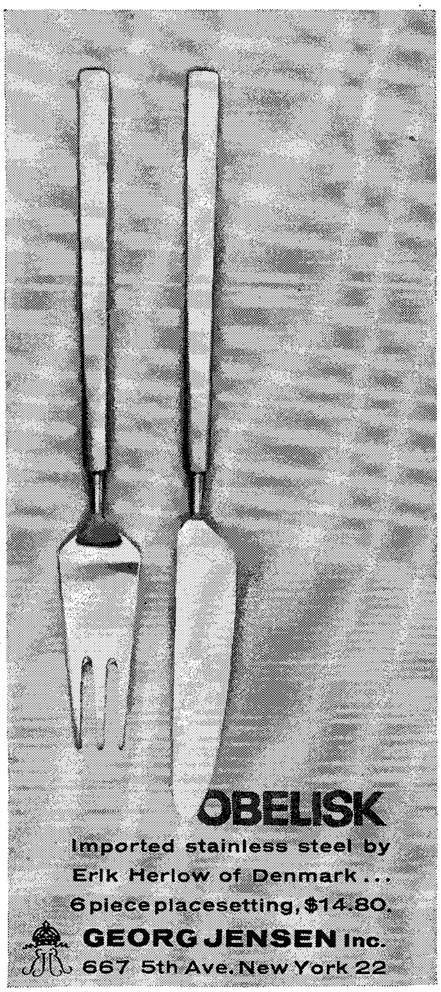

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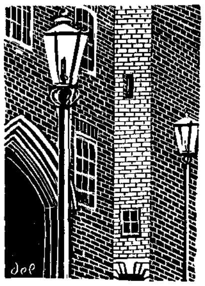
LETTER FROM LONDON

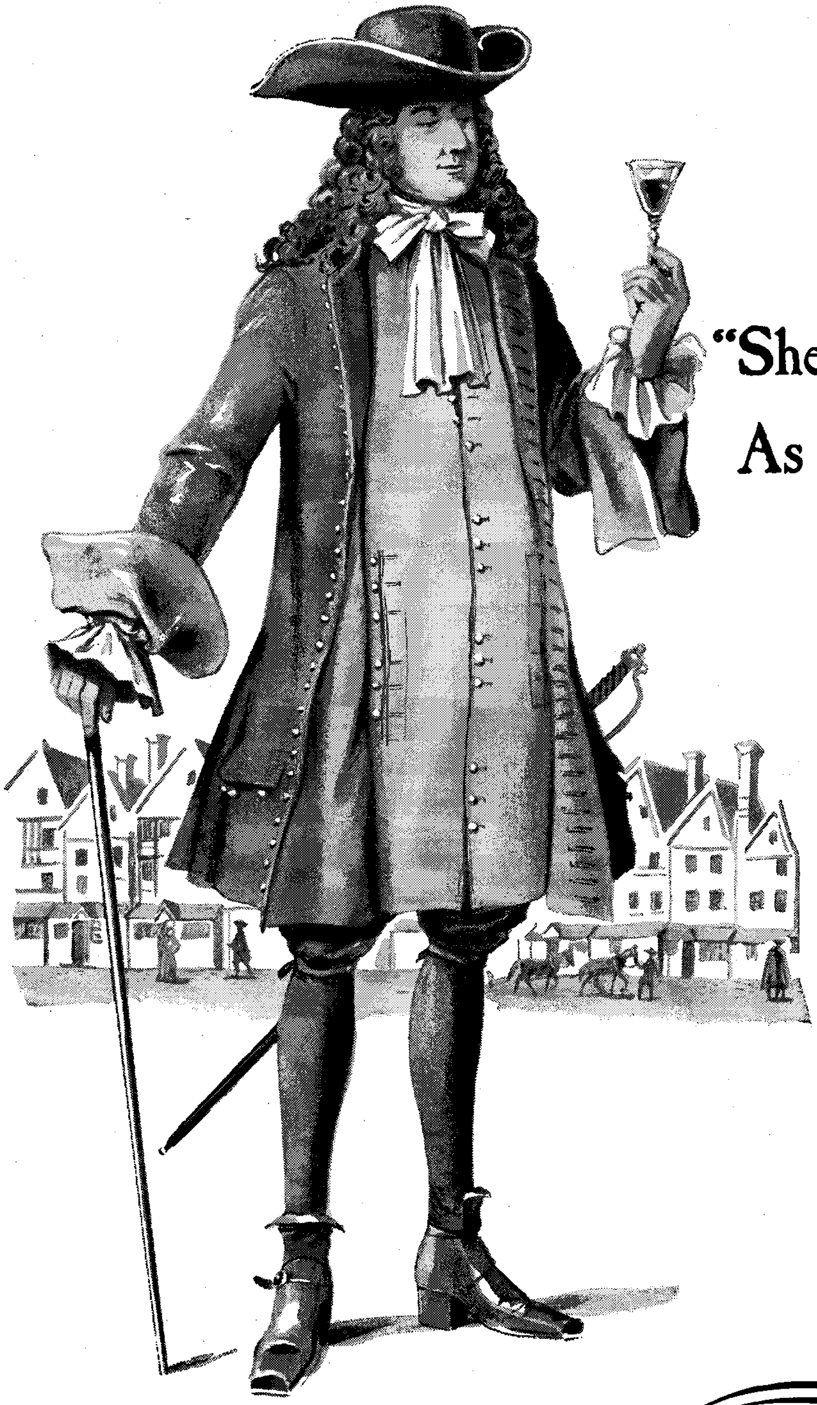
FEBRUARY 6



AFTER the lacerating emotions of the last three months, a kind of post-operative calm seems to have settled in here—for the moment, anyway—along with the Macmillan government. Some of the serious consequences of Suez are beginning to loom, however, and the political lull may not last long. The War Office bill for the brief, catastrophic military adventure—it comes to around thirty million pounds—has just been presented. Far graver as a statement of possible national loss in Egypt was talk of a further cut in the supplies of fuel oil allotted to industry, which sent trades-union leaders alarmedly packing off to find out the facts of the situation from the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Thorneycroft, and the other Ministers concerned. They came away with the not very startling or encouraging report that the Ministers were "gloomy," but they did manage to extract a promise that there would be no new cuts before the end of March. After that, no one, apparently, is willing to predict what will happen. Sir Thomas Williamson, the Trades Union Congress chief, who led the anxious delegation, said stoutly when he emerged from the conference that there were "hopes" the situation "might not be so bad as it seems now," which was taken by ordinary citizens to mean that things seem downright frightening now, and that the "hopes" depend on pretty wholesale changes of heart in Texas, about which public opinion is cynical. According to the experts, the oil shortage has caused surprisingly little dislocation so far, owing to the ingenious substitution of various other fuels in industry (also, the winter has been amazingly mild, which, of course, has helped), but another reduction would be a body blow. There is now much worried speculation about unemployment, the rattling old skeleton in the welfare-state cupboard that still terrifies the middle-aged, who remember it actively dancing through their childhoods; already a number of industries—some automobile factories, for instance, and the building trades—are pulling in their belts and working short time.

There is also general worry over the reports—unofficial, but not officially squashed with conviction—that General Wheeler's timetable for clearing the Canal for limited traffic by early March is meeting with delaying tactics in Cairo. A motion has just been put before Parliament by four M.P.s—two Conservatives and two National Liberals—to the effect that "this House views with dismay" the slowness of the Suez clearance, and asking, "in view of present United States policy," for an immediate Commonwealth and European conference to decide on everybody's course of action in case Egypt, as she has threatened, should say no to letting British shipping through after the Canal is reopened. Whether or not this motion gets around to being debated in the House of Commons, it certainly raises a number of points that, in the view of many anxious people here, are still bedevilling the Western alliance. To be sure, the visit to Washington of Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, is looked upon as a hearteningly successful step toward getting transatlantic good relations working again, and the Prime Minister's speech at the Pilgrims' dinner for the retiring American Ambassador sounded the same good-relations theme with vigor. But although this top-level lead will undoubtedly bring about a more cheering state of affairs in time, all sorts of English evidently still feel resentment toward the United States (rather than toward its travelling citizens, who frequently say how glad they are to find none of the anti-Americanism they were led to expect in this country) for being, as they suspect, so eager to placate Nasser and his friends and to punish England and France. The steep rise in American crude-oil prices since the emergency has not eased this widely held suspicion, needless to say. Mr. Dulles and his latest, much-quoted utterance that American boys would feel happier in the Middle East without English and French soldiers alongside them hardly improved the situation, either, though the more sensible comment here was that he had, after all, a perfectly good reason for what he said; if he had phrased it a little more tactfully, his point would have been readily, if not exactly enthusiastically, understood. All in all, it is difficult for any observer to report that things are yet as they should be between old friends and allies.

ONE possibly basic effect that Suez has had, or at least hastened, has been to start the English looking, as they have never looked before, across the Channel toward the Continent. The



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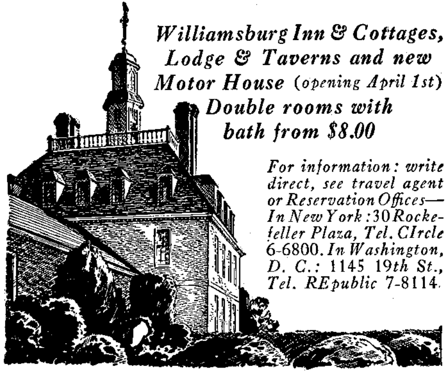
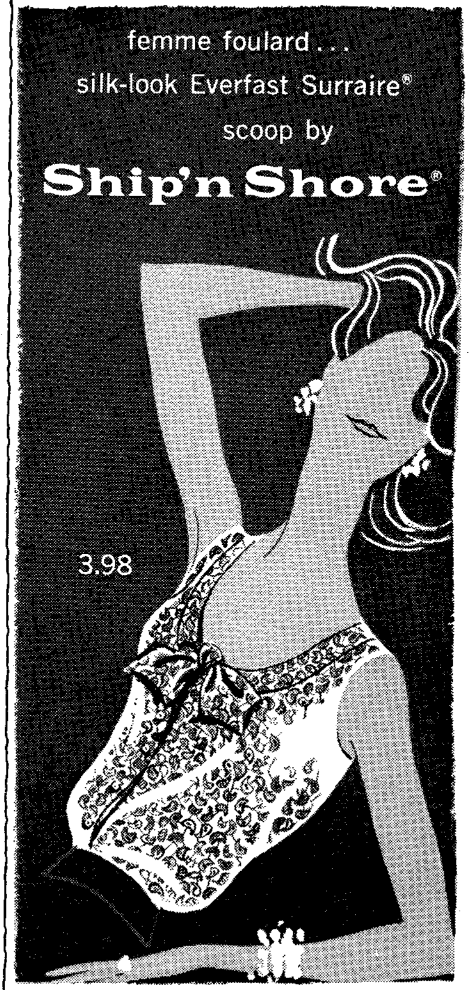


appalling shakeup of those few short weeks that began in a pandemonium of conflicting patriotic opinion and ended in a mood of bleak national stocktaking has apparently convinced many (even of the Old Guard, who refused to admit it before) that England is no longer a great European power but one of several weak ones—with the single difference that she has a strong family overseas. The spectacle of the way a weak, divided Europe has fared in the United Nations amid the three giants—the United States and the Soviet and Afro-Asian blocs—has possibly been responsible for more talk about European coöperation than has been heard in years. Up to now, of course, all ideas about any European political alignments remain up in the air, and the principal subject under discussion is how far Britain might come into the European common market, which the Foreign Ministers of France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg are to bring to the treaty stage in Rome this month. Various British Ministers have spoken up lately in noticeably warm support of greater British participation in European affairs—among them Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who in Paris last December referred to a "grand design" for Europe that would swallow NATO, the Council of Western European Union, the Coal and Steel Community, and Euratom, the proposed European atomic-energy pool. There are, of course, loud cries of indignation from many sections here at the idea of Britain's having anything to do with the common-market project. Its principal press opponent is Lord Beaverbrook, whose papers have launched a crusade against it, insisting that it would finally disrupt the Commonwealth, flood the market with cheap foreign goods, and bring everybody's comfortable welfare-state living standards down to peasant levels with a wallop. The government, however, has just invited the Council of Western European Union to meet in London at the end of this month to take the discussions a step further. This might be the historic moment for Europe to pull itself literally together, if there is still time—or so it is being increasingly felt by many reflective English.

SINCE Suez, some forty-five hundred of the British nationals who were expelled from Egypt and forced to leave their "sequestered" property behind have turned up in this country. Only about seventeen hundred of them can count this so-called homecoming as a genuine return to the place they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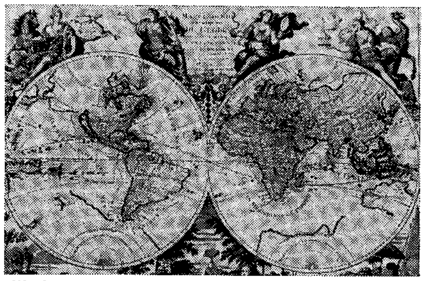
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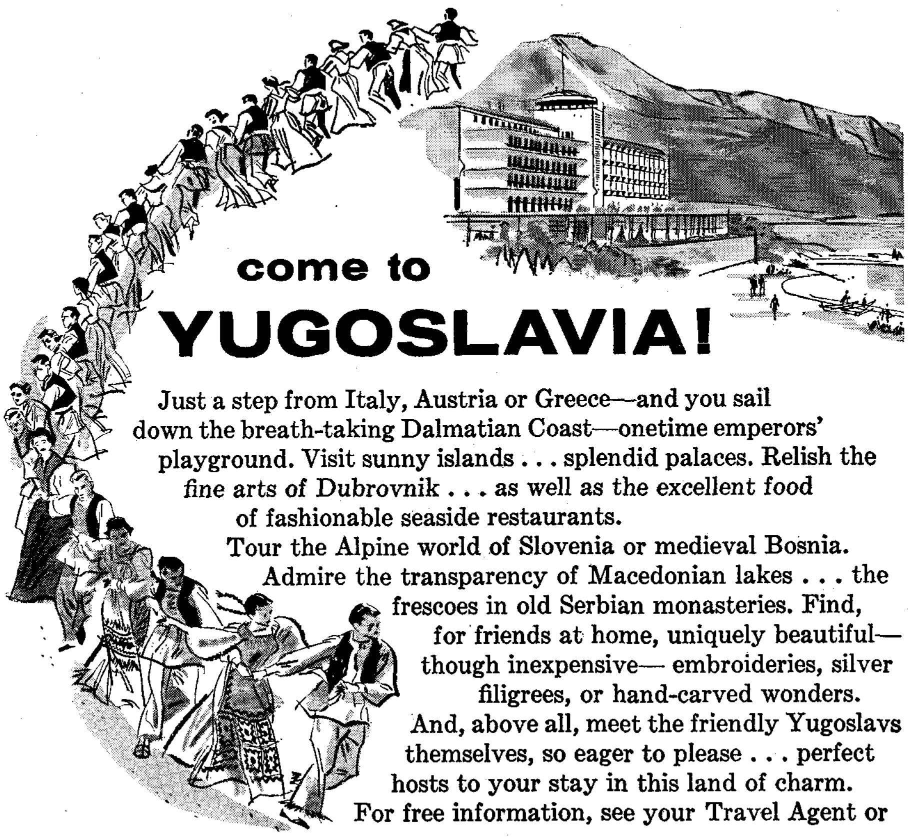
started from. The others, more than half of whom are Maltese, are British by passport only, and their position—pitchforked into a sunless English winter for the first time, without cash, friends, or warm clothing—has been particularly hard. Old wartime barracks in various parts of the country were hastily dusted down for the refugees' reception, but to date the nearest thing to home they have is the tall Regent's Park house where the Anglo-Egyptian Aid Society (staffed by volunteer workers, all of them former residents of Egypt) toils valiantly from morning to night, listening to stories, handing out weekly sums for living expenses, advising on jobs, and fitting out families—down to the last black-eyed baby—with wardrobes to keep out the local chill. So far, the government has given a hundred thousand pounds for the refugees' relief, and the public has whipped up seventy-five thousand more. In some quarters, the public response has been criticized as meagre compared to the great flood of gifts that poured in for the Hungarian refugees, but it is possible that many sympathizers feel—as lots of the exiles themselves feel, with some asperity—that the financial burden ought to be borne fair and square by the home government. As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister has just announced that the government will do this, and will also take over from the hard-pressed Aid Society the job of "assisting these people and enabling them to start their life again"—in many cases as émigrés to Australia, which has opened its doors hospitably wide. Most of the refugees, when you talk to them, are astoundingly cheerful, confining their bitterness to the country that threw them out. They do not say that they ever want to go back.

THE big ballet event of the season was the recent world première at Covent Garden of "The Prince of the Pagodas," given by the Royal Ballet, which is the proud new title recently bestowed, by the Queen's command, on the two Sadler's Wells troupes—both the senior, Covent Garden branch and the junior branch, which dances at the theatre that gave the company its famous name. (Londoners will probably never stop affectionately and absent-mindedly using it, in spite of the dignity of the new one.) This work is John Cranko's first full-length, three-act ballet, and it has music by Benjamin Britten, sets by John Piper, and stunning costumes by a young designer, Desmond Heeley. Cranko has provided a superb first act and a spasmodically brilliant second one, and disappoints only



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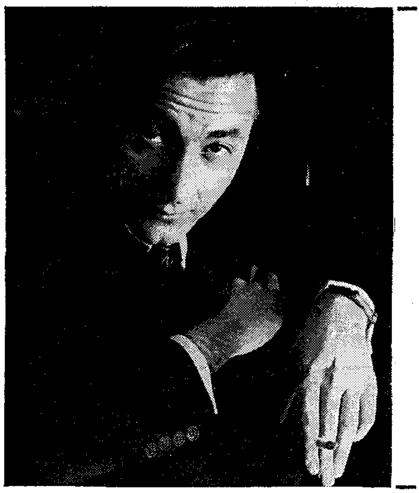

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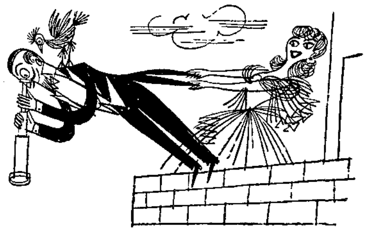

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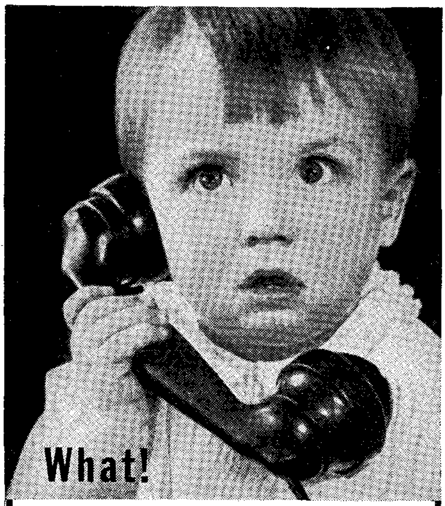

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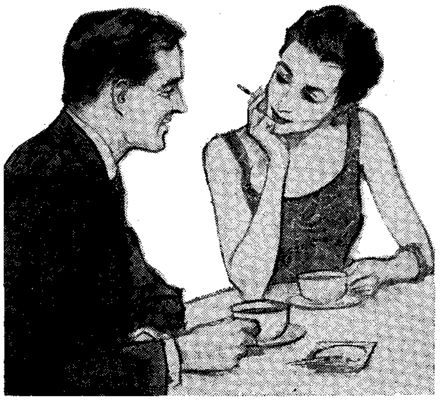

in the long-winded, uninventive third. The plot is classic fairy-tale, being concerned with a Lear-like king with a Regan-Goneril elder daughter and a Cordelia younger one. The ballet is perhaps too full of exuberant stunts. To visit her lover, the Prince of the Pagodas (danced by the best and youngest of the leading men, David Blair), the young princess (danced by the exquisite Beriosova, who is spoken of as being next in line to the great Fonteyn) skims up into the flies like Wendy on her way to Never-Never Land. Britten's score is an ingenious one, with a delightful bit of pastiche Balinese gamelan tinkling fitted into the pagodaland scene, but it often seems to present a stiff challenge to the choreographer trying to fit movements of the human body to the music. John Piper's pagodaland set provides quite a corps de ballet of fantastic moving pavilions, which trundle cheerfully around the stage, whirring distractedly from their innards, sprouting chinoiserie trimmings, and carrying on like a fairground in full swing.

Besides the Cranko ballet, London has been seeing a couple of the productions that were mounted for the Royal Ballet's Moscow visit, which was intended as a reciprocal cultural return of the Bolshoi visit here but which never came off, owing to the uncultural return visit of Soviet troops to Hungary.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

GODCHILDREN

Children of mine, not mine but lent
By generous parents, what sweet grief
I take from our clumsy make-belief,
Neither fulfilled nor discontent.

From my mock-parenthood I learn
Domestic uses, while you feed
Promiscuously in your need
For love, and all love serves your turn.

The bond I gave to make you free
In childhood was my soul in prayer.
I had not thought to bargain there,
But you stand sponsors now for me.

My fantasy is this: alone,
Like orphans in reverse, are whirled
The seedless godfolk of the world,
And then redeemed by this bright loan.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

•

"Is the following sentence correct? 'The reason why he went to prison was because he was found guilty.' "

No. The word "because" should be replaced by "that."—*Graphic Arts Monthly.*

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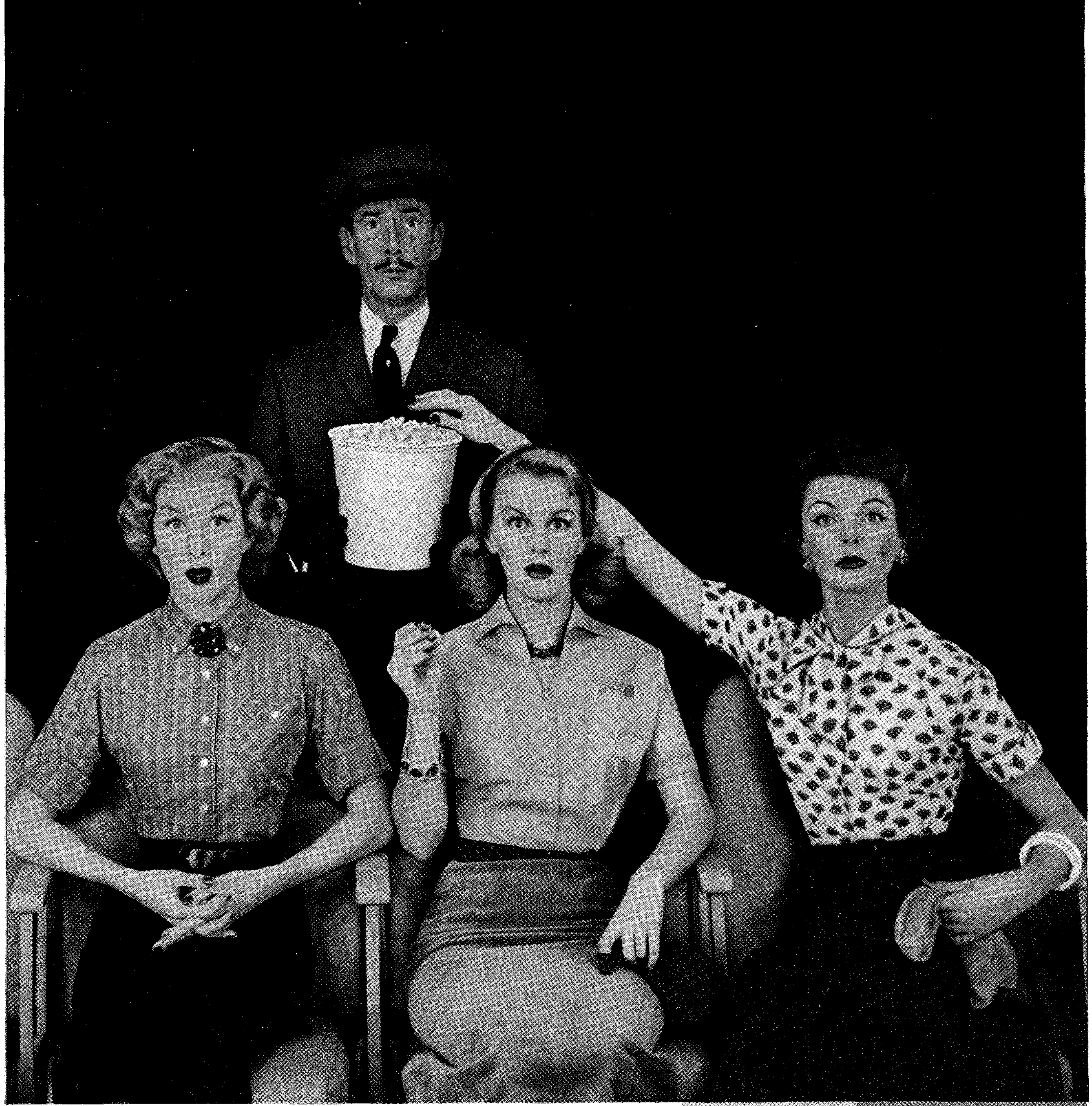

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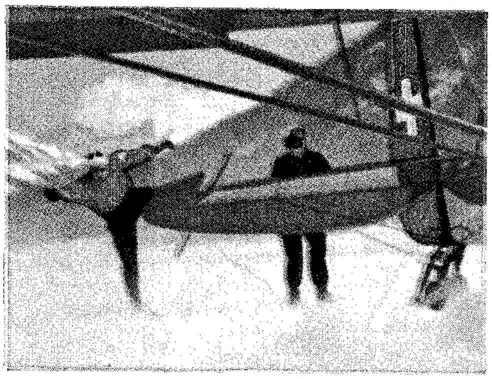
2. **"'Hang on tight!'** Fredd had yelled as the motor revved up. We taxied and took off. The plane, a Piper Super Cub, was aloft for only 300 yards, but that was plenty. My arms aching, I let go. And that's when it happened.



3. **"A rough spot** in the snow as the plane landed, caught the edge of one ski, throwing me for a ground-loop. A close call, but since nothing was broken, I laughed it off. Not that I suggested we try the stunt again. I like to quit while I'm ahead.

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BOOKS

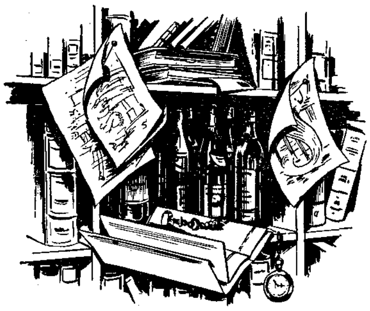
Money-Makers

THE Harper Prize Novel for 1957 is "Tower in the West," by Frank Norris. Mr. Norris's novel was picked by three august judges—Jessamyn West, Hamilton Basso, and Orville Prescott. Now, it is a commonplace about publishers that, as a class, they are trained to think rapidly but not very clearly, and it appears that the Harper people see nothing stultifying in the premise on which their biennial contest is based: that outsiders—in this case, two novelists and a book reviewer—are better fitted to appraise the quality of manuscripts than publishers are. This premise may or may not be sound; it is only odd that publishers should be the ones to state it. The Harper people, indeed, are so far from regarding contests as a form of editorial hara-kiri that they heighten the recklessness of their gesture by awarding the prize-winner ten thousand dollars—a much larger sum than they would be likely to venture on an author whom they had found the courage to recommend by themselves. But if it goes without saying that all such contests are, or ought to be, intellectually humiliating to their originators, the matter is made worse by the fact that everyone else involved, including the reading public and the supposedly lucky winner, is apt to derive more harm than good from them. For when distinguished personages consent to sponsor a novel, a presumption of unusual excellence is established; the novel is expected to be worthy not so much of its author, who may be unknown, or even ill-known, as of its celebrated godparents. In practice, this presumption has proved unwarranted. The poor godparents simply do their best with the candidates that are set before them. No doubt many of the candidates are conspicuously repellent, but a few are attractive enough to deserve a second glance (one recalls the Shavian maxim that the least plain girl in a house is the family beauty), and of this number perhaps two or three arouse guarded enthusiasm; in the face of an imminent deadline, and whispering mutual exculpations, the judges make their choice. Since in nine cases out of ten the winner is no masterpiece and since the readers who purchase it with more than ordinarily high hopes will be more than ordinarily chagrined to discover themselves with just another workaday novel on their hands, they will wish to vent their spleen upon someone. The publishers and judges are their appropriate targets, but the unfairness of the world is such that the author is the man who will be held to blame. Innocent wretch, he has written as well as he was able and has been under no misapprehension that his little work was "War and Peace." His one fault has been to follow the gleam of gold and permit his manuscript to be entered in a contest. Nevertheless, having won the prize and made himself the vessel of unrealizable expectations, he is sure to be punished, and his punishment will consist of being damned beyond his deserts. Money talks, but, alas, prize money talks back.

All this is by way of saying that while Mr. Norris's novel is not much, it unquestionably appears worse than it is because of the fanfare of its arrival. Overlong, unexciting, and yet competently amassed and fitted together, "Tower in the West" is concerned with architects and architecture and is dominated by a man, already dead before the novel opens, who we are told was a genius and who bears a blurred resemblance to both Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. Readers coached in novel after novel to recognize great architects as inspired figures, dreaming their prophetic dreams in the very teeth of the crass world of business and then fighting to turn those dreams into a reality of shining steel and stone for all our sakes, will gain ample satisfaction from "Tower in the West," which is the history of just such a man, just such a dream, and just such a reality. (The eloquent amateur philosophizing of Sullivan and Wright may have had too little influence on architects and too much on authors. In real life, great architects

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
B. Wiseman

"If Ibsen had written a novel, this is the kind of novel he would have written, except that he couldn't have supplied the wit and wild humor."—S. N. BEHRMAN, *The New Yorker.*



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are tough cookies, and when they dream, it is strictly for cash, or as a come-on for cash.) The tower, we can be sure, stands for aspiration and those other things of the spirit that are symbolically lofty; high buildings=high thinking, and the outward tarnishing of a work of art follows as a matter of course the inward tarnishing of man.

Born in 1907 and a former editor of *Time* and *Newsweek*, Mr. Norris has only lately found his way to fiction, and it may be for this reason that both his manner and his material seem rather dated. Much of "Tower in the West" might have been written twenty years ago, when Sinclair Lewis's star was waning and that of John P. Marquand was beginning to rise. The particularity of Mr. Norris's settings and the conscientiousness of his stagecraft are reminiscent of, say, "Dodsworth;" his mildly satirical point of view toward his narrator's point of view is reminiscent of "The Late George Apley." "Tower in the West" is recounted in the first person by an old man of limited experience and moderate wisdom, who has spent his life in the shadow of his dead brother. His worship of this ghost is downright mawkish: "I am no Thomas Jefferson Hanes. He was an artist; I am largely an appreciator. He was a creator; I am a conservator, a curator, you might say. How I loved, revered my brother." Fraternal piety leads him to take on all the burdens of the dead man, among them his unfinished tower, his two young children, and his sorry bitch of a wife. She being pregnant by another man at the time of her husband's death, the narrator promptly abandons the girl he loves and with what seems to the community indecent haste proceeds to marry his sister-in-law, who refuses to give him a divorce for many years. Hard lines? Yes, but Brother's honor has been preserved. Mr. Norris takes us step by step and decade by decade along the narrator's often painful and never very successful path through life; we watch the tower aging and changing, we watch the conservator aging and failing to change, and in the end we are given to understand that he regrets nothing. His spoiled life has been worth the living. But we who must take the dead creator mostly on faith cannot help feeling a good deal more cheated than the narrator does. It is as if Mr. Norris had tricked us out of our natural reward by continually hinting at the great man he might have told us about and then telling us at length about a man who has no greatness whatever—

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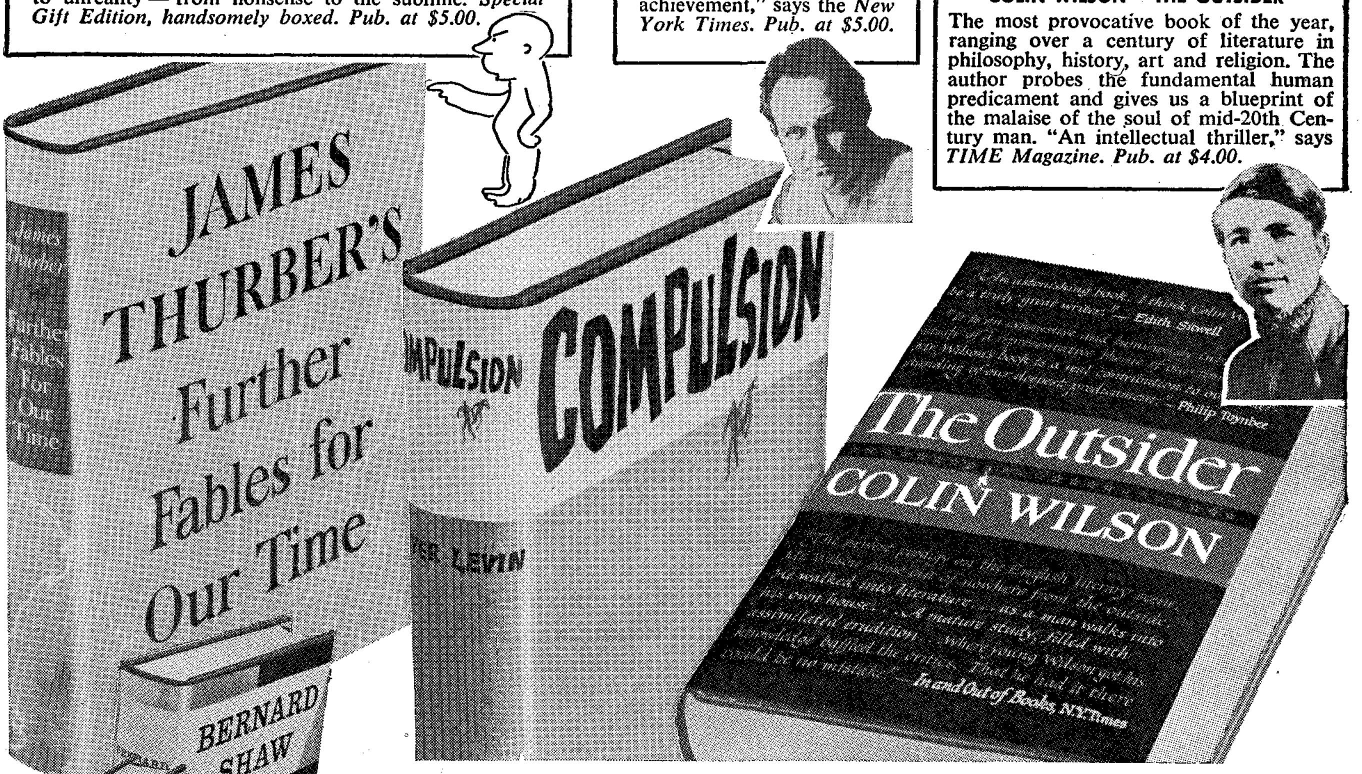

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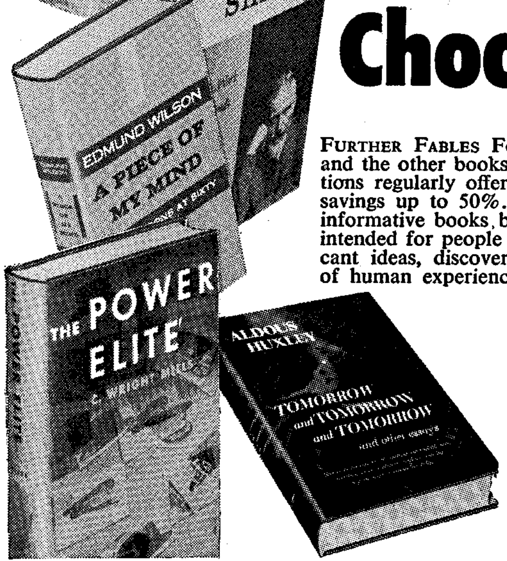

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who is only selfless, platitudinous, and dull. There have been and are many great architects in the world, and they deserve worthy counterparts in fiction. Maybe next time, with the boldness of a second try, Mr. Norris will march straight to the heart of the subject whose outer boundaries he has measured in "Tower in the West."

THE Harper Prize Novel for 1957 has already made its author a packet of money and will be making him still more in the months to come, but one of the really big money-makers of the winter season should be "Twilight for the Gods," the new novel by Ernest Gann (Sloane), which is the February choice of the Literary Guild. Mr. Gann, who wrote "The High and the Mighty" a few years back, is a lucky fellow. He knows just who his customers are and what they like, and he serves it up to them by the platterful. The feast calls for enormous helpings and no surprises, since each course must be as easy to recognize as it is preposterous. If, as in "Twilight for the Gods," we are to be given an account of a voyage in an old, run-down sailing ship, then of course it will be the ship's last voyage; against all odds, the assortment of eccentric passengers will be got safely ashore before the ship goes down; the captain of the ship will be a grizzled man in early middle age with at least one black mark against him in his rarely spoken-of past; he will be a misogynist who loves his ship better than he has ever loved a woman (Mr. Gann's captain openly calls his ship his wife); nevertheless, he will fall for one of the lady passengers, who also harbors a guilty secret; and before they part she will say, "I'm only sad because I enjoyed pretending a little while, Davey . . . and now the pretending is over." Mr. Gann's slapdash novel will make a terrific movie, full of wind, waves, sharks, and gruffly tender moments. If one of the usual stable of Hollywood writers had been assigned to prepare a screen treatment, he would have been hard put to it to earn his pay. This possible embarrassment has been avoided by giving the assignment to Mr. Gann.

"THE GUARDIANS," by J. I. M. Stewart (Norton), is a mildly pleasant little novel about a scholarly intrigue in Oxford—Oxford, England, not Oxford, Mississippi. Mr. Stewart, who writes detective stories under the name of Michael Innes, is himself a don at Oxford and has no difficulty bringing

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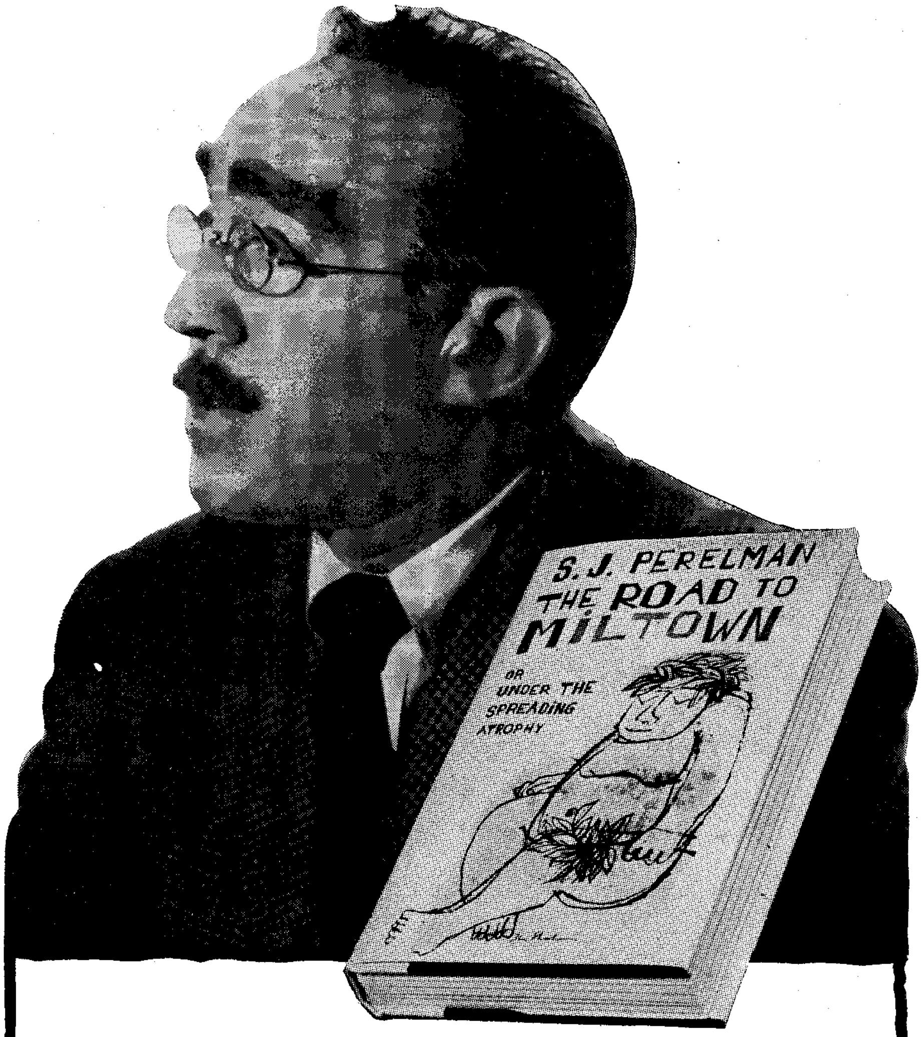
that agreeable city to life. Henry James's "The Aspern Papers" has served as a useful model for more than one contemporary writer; Mr. Stewart wisely makes no bones about how much he owes in that direction. His hero, an American named Quail, has come to Oxford to procure certain papers from the surviving relatives of a long-dead writer named Arthur Fontaney. Mr. Stewart sees to it that the resemblance between Fontaney and Jeffrey Aspern is discussed over the tea table; to make the source of his inspiration still clearer, he occasionally imitates, and even parodies, the high Jacobean style: "Quail now ventured to shift his gaze to the principal garment in which the tramp was enfolded. This struck him as having less the character of an overcoat than of a decayed yet still formidable fortification. In the main an affair of massive abraded surfaces, it had here and there recesses and subsidences which suggested some slow shrinkage of the life within." Throughout most of the book, however, the author is having too good a time advancing his ironic little twisting and turning toy of a plot to be bothered with parody. Luckily, his amusement is infectious, and though we scarcely believe a word of what we read, we read on with temperate delight. Especially recommended for Anglophiles. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PHILADELPHIAN, by Richard Powell (Scribner). In attempting to present a full-length portrait of a self-made Philadelphia success, Mr. Powell has weakened his work considerably by dividing it into four parts, the first three being sketchy, episodic accounts of the lives, ambitions, and failures of the great-grandmother, the grandmother, and the mother of Anthony Judson Lawrence, who is the subject of the book. Except for an infinitesimal improvement in financial and social standing as generation succeeds generation, the lives of the three pathetic, scheming women responsible for bringing Anthony into the world are almost identical. Each one, after cold calculation, comes very close to triumph, and each one is defeated at the crucial moment by some perverse, because uncharacteristic, impulse of her own. The moral seems to be not, as the book states, that it takes three or four or more generations to make a Philadelphia aristocrat but that it takes a male. One beaten-down,



"Just before they made S. J. Perelman they broke the mold."

These words came from one who knew S. J. Perelman well, or as well as he wished to know him.

What you will wish to know is that Perelman's new book has just been published, that Dorothy Parker says it is by far his best, that it is already in its second printing, that it is called:

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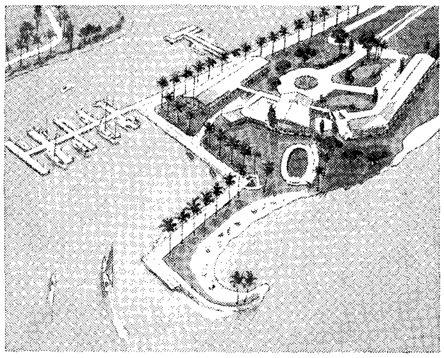

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yearning old mother is springboard enough for any hero; three old women, all anxious for him, all feebly fighting, are in danger of sending him floundering. The superfluous sections aside, Mr. Powell has written in a brisk manner about a smart, dull young lawyer who marries money and takes himself and his possessions very seriously.

Our Revels Now Are Ended, by Carl Jonas (Norton). In a very fast, direct, and businesslike style, Mr. Jonas gives us a hair-raising picture of an unfortunate young woman who is so determined on self-importance that she thinks it perfectly natural to spoil the lives of all who try to come near to her. She is frozen, untouched by any living thing, and her only affection is for flowers. Her name is Mildred Cartwright Warren, and we watch her closely during her marriage to the youngish, rich, ambitious publisher of a newspaper in a Midwestern city. The time is early in the nineteen-fifties.

Spring List, by Ralph Arnold (Macmillan). A tiny, funny novel about the struggle between two rival but quite polite publishers for the book rights to the war diaries of a celebrated English soldier. The scene is England—London, mostly.

GENERAL

Fighting Warsaw, by Stefan Korbonski (Macmillan). This book is one of the most absorbing, inspiring, and ultimately disheartening documents to come out of the last war. The author, who was a young lawyer and a member of the Polish Peasant Party when Poland surrendered to the Germans in 1939, joined the underground government that started immediately and that functioned under the London government-in-exile. He played an important part in the Warsaw uprising of 1944, and his account of the two-month-long murder of the city of Warsaw, while the Russians sat on their hands, is sickening. After the Red Army had run the Germans out of Poland and tricked the heads of the underground government into taking a one-way airplane trip to Moscow, Mr. Korbonski became chief of state and carried on the struggle for a free, democratic Poland until the Communist Security Police arrested him, by which time the game was up and Poland was once again a slave state. The book, which is detailed, and written with humor, modesty, and a surprising lack of rancor, makes it

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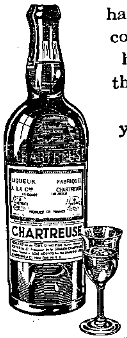

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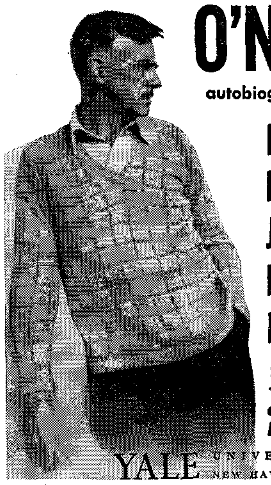

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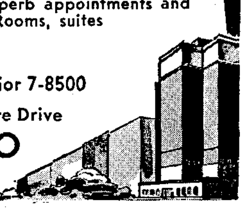

quite plain that there is an indomitable quality in the Poles that will prevent them from ever giving up their great dream.

AFFABLE SAVAGES, by Francis Huxley (Viking). "The train left Belém at six in the morning," this extraordinary book conventionally begins. "The engine was wood-fired, and burning embers shot out of the funnel and blew in at all the windows. . . ." The scene is northeastern Brazil, our guide is a young and companionable Englishman, and we are on the first leg of a long journey inland to live for several months among a tribe of tamed but not yet debased jungle Indians. We leave the train for a river launch, and then we change to a canoe, and after that we make our way along a wilderness path, and finally we reach the village that will be our home: "Only sixteen Indians lived there, in four huts and a couple of rather mean shelters hastily put up, and soon they came to Pari's hut to see us." During the weeks that follow, we become acquainted, we learn the language, we hunt with our hosts, we join in their feasts, we loll in our hammocks and gossip. And then it is time to leave: "Next morning we had a quick breakfast of my coffee and Pari's manioc flour, shouldered our loads and were on our way again just as the sun rose." But what has happened in the interval is something that we only now begin to realize fully. This has been no mere diversion, not simply another entertaining jungle jaunt. We have been led, by a hand so skillful that we scarcely felt its touch, through a thorough anthropological study of a primitive society. Illustrated with photographs by the author.

WILSON: THE NEW FREEDOM, by Arthur S. Link (Princeton). The second installment of Professor Link's large biographical project, which was begun in 1947 with "Wilson: The Road to the White House." The new volume tells the story of Wilson's struggle in the first years of his administration to get Congress to support the program he called the New Freedom, which involved, among other things, the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, the revision of the tariff (downward), and the passage of the Clayton Antitrust Act—a struggle that irrevocably transformed Wilson from a conservative into a progressive. The author never loses sight of his man in the maze of high politics, and we get flashes of Wilson behind the austere

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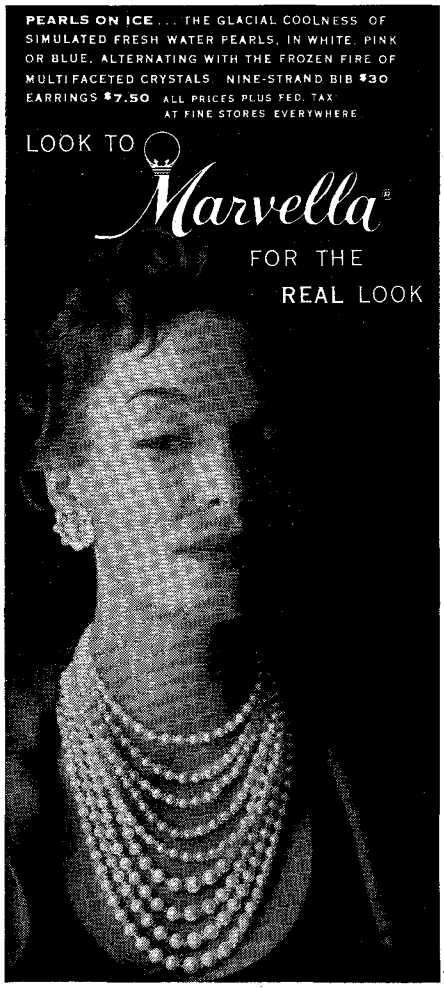
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mask he showed to the world—the newly inaugurated President who complained that it was not the work that "tells on a fellow" but the problems for which "your own judgments and principles furnish no standards;" the lover of funny stories and of golf, who insisted on playing "ten or eleven holes of golf almost every day, heat or no heat;" and the devoted family man who, in the years described here, was stunned by the death of his wife. Professor Link never conceals the less agreeable side of Wilson's nature—his disdain of opinions that ran counter to his, his truculence, his dependence on his own intuition—but the book draws an essentially affectionate portrait of the first American statesman to emerge as a world leader. Photographs.

AN AGE OF FICTION, by Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton (Rutgers). A brief survey of the French novel from Gide to Camus—a period that, as the authors note, contains "an extraordinary number of major novelists." Marcel Aymé may be somewhat less major than they think, and Henri de Montherlant somewhat more so, but in the main Miss Brée and Mrs. Guiton make good sense on the writers they tackle, and they are particularly enlightening on Malraux's fictional compositions in light and shade, Cocteau's free borrowings from earlier authors, and Aragon's proletarian pastorals.

LONDON, by Martin Hürlimann (Studio-Crowell). The people, palaces, and public places of London, recorded with arresting precision by the gifted Swiss photographer who recently performed the same excellent service for Paris and Rome. The volume includes a hundred-odd pictures in photogravure and six in color, and all are superbly reproduced. The one flaw in the book is its size—only seven by ten inches—but even this is largely compensated for by the unusual clarity of Mr. Hürlimann's work. Eric Walter White contributes a useful introduction.

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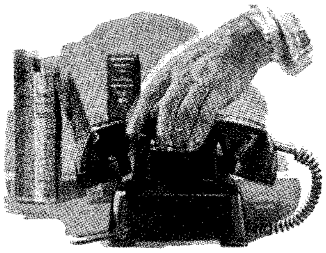

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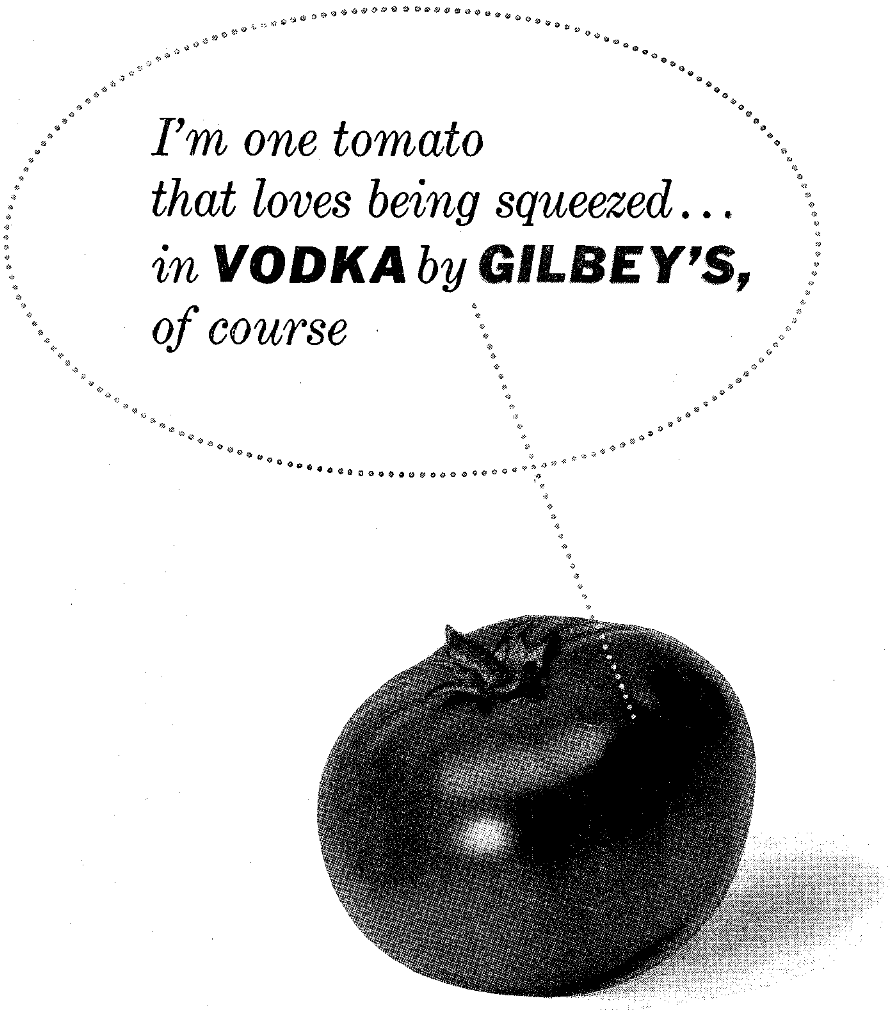
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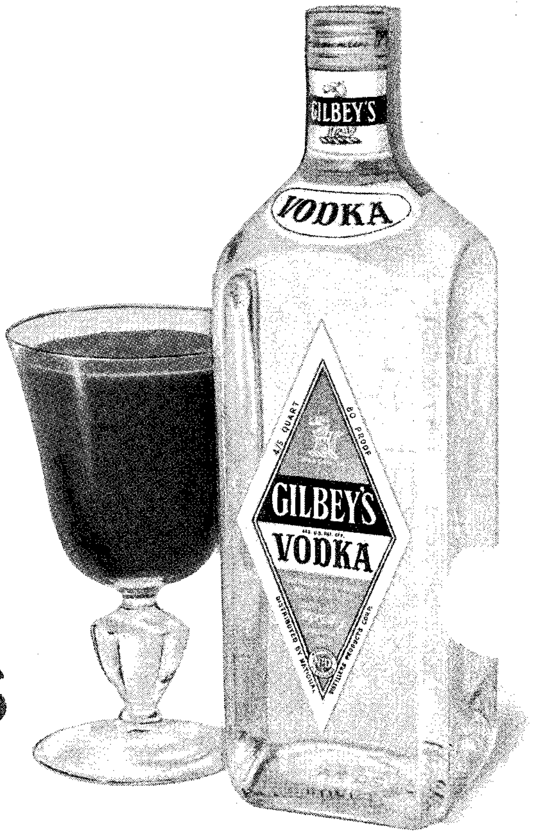
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